THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded

FEB. 14, 1914

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DRAWN BY
PENRHYN STANLAWS

The Future of The Republican Party—By Former President William H. Taft

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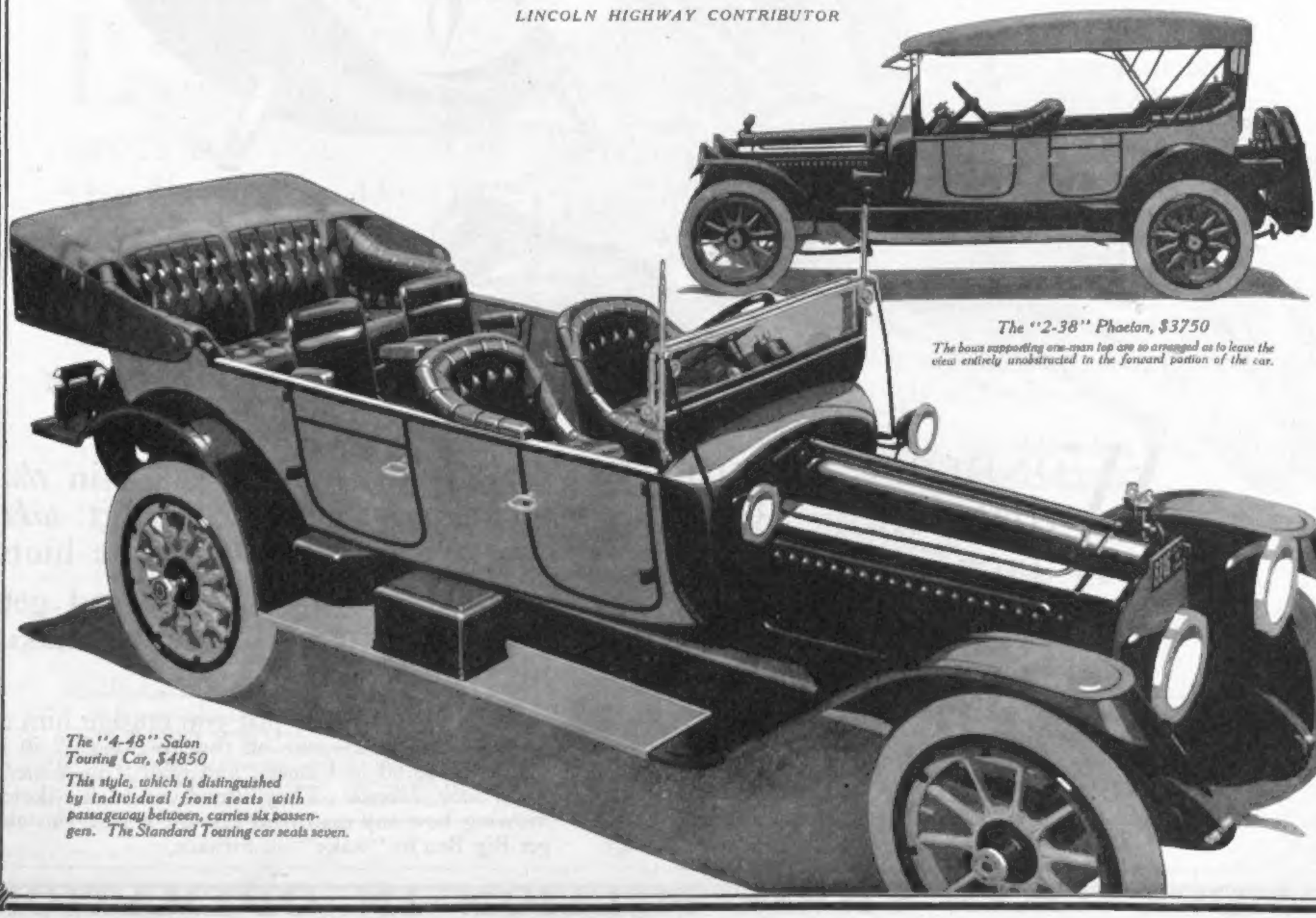

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The Future of the Republican Party

By WILLIAM H. TAFT

FORMER PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

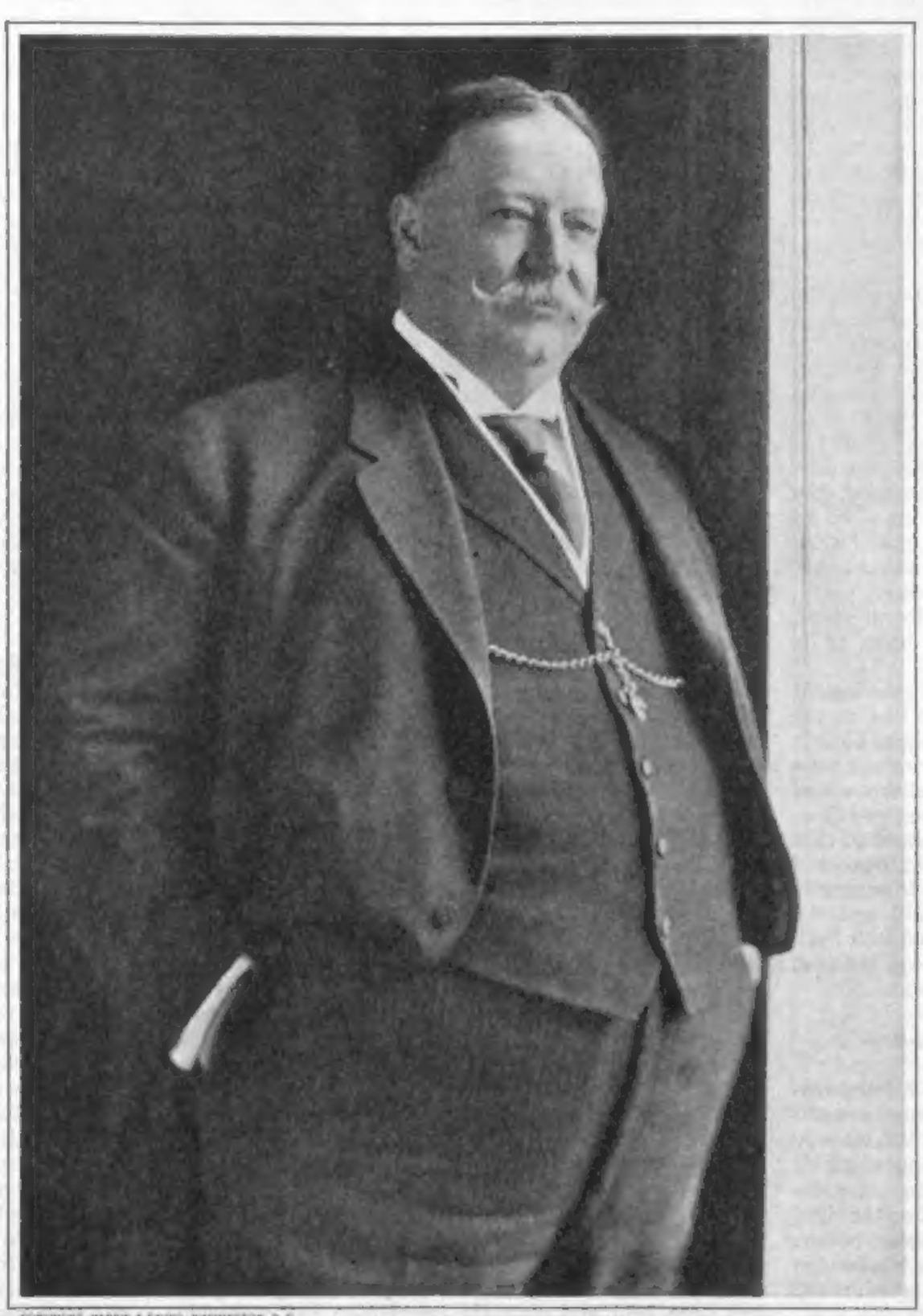
IN THE last election, under conditions as unfavorable as possible, the Republican candidate received three and a half million votes. Of those who would have voted for him, had they thought his victory possible, Colonel Harvey, whose political judgment has been frequently vindicated by the event, thinks there were perhaps a million more who voted for Mr. Wilson, the Democratic candidate, in order to make certain Mr. Roosevelt's defeat.

There is no doubt that many other Republican voters did not vote at all, because they had no hope of Republican success and, as between the other candidates, they did not care or know how to vote. In some states, also, notably in California and South Dakota, through the machinery of election, it was made impossible for Republican voters, numbering at least two hundred thousand, to vote the Republican national ticket.

An examination of the statistics of the last election and of the last census will show—as Mr. Noyes, of the Washington Star, has demonstrated—that there were probably about seven million persons entitled to vote who did not go to the polls at all. This was an unusual proportion of stay-at-home voters. Under these circumstances it is not too rosy a view of the condition of the Republican party to say that there were on election day five million voters who, in spite of the Progressive dissension, would have been glad to see the Republican candidate elected, and may be counted on as still having political convictions of the orthodox Republican kind, with no tendency toward so-called Progressive affiliation.

The Roosevelt Following

MR. ROOSEVELT'S vote was about one hundred thousand over four millions. He was regarded by many of his supporters as a man of destiny. He had the prestige of uninterrupted political victory. The dramatic features of the attempt on his life, at almost the crisis of the campaign, attracted many votes to him out of sympathy, and hushed hostile criticism of him at a time when it might otherwise have had considerable effect.



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The Republican Party Has an Opportunity for Usefulness to the People of This Country That Never Has Been Exceeded

The Republican candidate did not prove to be strong as a vote-getter in this campaign. He had been subjected to such severe criticism and bitter attack for nearly four years, and his personality and motives and sympathies had been so represented or misrepresented to the American people, that many Republicans preferred Mr. Roosevelt as a man, and were not embarrassed by the new doctrines he was proclaiming, because they felt they would lose their possible danger under the influence of the responsibility of power. Many Republicans were affected by unfair accounts of the proceedings of the Chicago Convention, colored to give the impression that injustice had been done by the controlling majority. Mr. Roosevelt is a genius in the matter of securing publicity for what he says, and his persistent attack on the convention, circulated with all skill, had a great effect.

In addition Mr. Roosevelt received the support of a large number of voters who were not Republicans, but were real members of the Progressive party and sincere subscribers to its platform. These included former Democrats who thought Mr. Roosevelt's radicalism more extreme than that of Mr. Wilson and more to their taste. Mr. Beveridge says this element was large.

In a second class were many earnest people, without special party ties, a number of them well-to-do, believing in fixed principles of righteousness and justice, and stirred by their observation of the inequalities and suffering in human society. They had come to believe that these inequalities and this suffering could be largely relieved by governmental measures. They were greatly impressed with the recent development of altruism and the increase in the spirit of brotherhood among men. They believed that the Progressive campaign was the harbinger of a radical change for the better. They believed that Mr. Roosevelt had the genius and courage through political power to bring it about. They brought to his support almost a religious fervor that no argument of fact could affect.

Lost Prestige

ANOTHER company of Mr. Roosevelt's supporters were the discontented, who were glad to find their home with a party that was a protest against everything that was, and gave, therefore, promise of a change in their own condition. They hoped to secure in the Progressive movement the political organization of all those who were not fortunate or successful into a controlling majority of the electorate. They held that right and justice were not immutable, but that they were to be determined by the vote at a popular election. Their ultimate purpose, of which they themselves were only dimly conscious, was to take from those who have and give to those who have not; to redistribute the property of the country and thus create a socialistic democracy.

If the necessary additions and subtractions from the votes as cast are made, it is clear, therefore, that Mr. Roosevelt was far from receiving at the polls the support of a majority of all the voters who had had the right to a voice in the selection of the Republican candidate at Chicago.

Let us now consider how far the voters who cast their votes for Mr. Roosevelt are likely to remain with him in the Progressive party in his future presidential campaigns. The earnest enthusiasts, who fervently believe that a millennium of righteousness is soon coming, and through him, will remain loyal to him. The discontented, who wish a radical change of society, will, of course, continue to support him until they become the whole Progressive party, either by winning to their policies his other supporters or by driving them out of the party by a disclosure of the logical result of their propaganda.

But what of the Republicans who voted for Mr. Roosevelt in 1912?

The especial enmities toward the Republican candidate of 1912 that grew out of his Administration can hardly be revived against any future Republican candidate likely to be chosen. Then, too, the charge of injustice in the proceedings of the Convention of 1912 cannot avail to keep Republicans from a candidate chosen under a new system of representation likely to be adopted.

Again, Mr. Roosevelt as the man of destiny will not, after his defeat in 1912, have the same prestige in his future candidacies that retained for him in the last election many of his supporters in former campaigns. For these reasons Republicans who voted for Mr. Roosevelt the man, and who did not embrace his new doctrines or cease to be Republicans,

will probably in future elections return again in large numbers to the old party. The Republican party is too strongly intrenched locally as a regular political organization to be driven out of local politics. Though there are parts of the country in which the Progressive party has real local organization and substance, this is not true generally. As the municipal and state elections occur from time to time, the voters will naturally divide themselves by the old Democratic and Republican lines, and many of the sergeants and non-commissioned officers of the old Republican army who were Progressives will slip into their old allegiance. Indeed, in many places they are now seizing every opportunity to do so. Recent elections have shown a great shrinkage in the Progressive vote, and this when Progressive leaders have avowedly made their party views an issue.

To be sure, the Progressive party is largely a one-man party, and the significance of by-elections where Mr. Roosevelt is not a candidate may be exaggerated. The congressional elections of 1914 will be a more reliable test. Still, the elections already held seem strongly indicative of general Progressive disintegration. The truth is that the Progressive party was born in a passion and lived in an excitement that cannot be maintained permanently; and the natural tendency, under normal conditions, is for the average Republican who left the party in 1912 in order to vote for Mr. Roosevelt to return to it.

There are those who fear that the possible failure of Mr. Wilson's Administration might greatly recruit the Progressive party. I cannot think, for reasons I shall give later, that additions to that party from such a source will be great.

Mr. Roosevelt's political future is very relevant to a consideration of that of the Republican party. Though conditions are such as to make another election of him to the presidency seem improbable, his party may well be numerous enough to prevent the success of the Republican ticket in the next election, and he may again contribute as materially as he did in 1912 to the election of the Democratic candidate. This, however, depends on circumstances that have not yet disclosed themselves.

If the tariff bill and the currency bill—taken with the general hostility to the security and profits of invested capital that has characterized state legislation and party platforms, and authoritative declarations by representatives of the Democratic and Progressive parties, and by some so-called leaders in the Republican party—shall bring about hard times, we may have a revulsion of feeling against the party in power and a reaction in public opinion.

In such a case the present Democratic control of the House of Representatives may be greatly impaired or destroyed in the congressional elections of 1914; and when the present Administration comes to meet the test of popular approval in November, 1916, the Republican party, with its less aspiring but more practical and definite aims, and with its more conservative views, may bring to its candidate the requisite plurality.

Such a popular revulsion will hardly inure to the benefit of Mr. Roosevelt in such a degree as to put him at the head of the poll. A reaction such as this is likely to be, if it comes, is generally not measured and is from one extreme to the other. If the people come to believe that the radical revision of the tariff downward, or the new currency bill, or both of them, have produced the hard times, and find that the new policies have not made the difference in the cost of living sufficient to neutralize the direct loss in wages or employment, they are apt to turn to the old and the regular opponent of the Democratic party, and look back with favor to those periods of industrial prosperity that were enjoyed under Republican Administrations.

Democratic Pledges Redeemed

IT MAY be, however, that the Democratic Administration will successfully carry out its present program without a panic or hard times. If so, though Mr. Wilson may lose to Mr. Roosevelt the votes of those who do not think his Administration is radical enough, he is likely to be renominated and reëlected. He has certainly got off on the right foot in putting into force his announced domestic policy. His foreign policy I prefer not to discuss; nor is a foreign policy relevant here, because it is not one on which many votes turn, unless it results in a war.

Mr. Wilson has established his leadership of the party and has maintained discipline in a way that commands admiration. He has kept before the members of his party in the House and Senate the fear of their Democratic constituencies and the threat of a popular appeal in case of insurgency. I do not agree with his tariff policy, but I am glad that the promises made by his party have been promptly carried out. This is a government by parties and there should be party responsibility. When a policy has been pledged the party should carry it out, and the leader who leads his party to performance is to be commended.

The present Democratic party, in its very notable efforts to impress the country that it does not give a hearing to interests sought to be affected by proposed legislation, and in the declarations of its present successful leaders—especially Mr. Bryan—shows a tendency to radicalism. Though Mr. Bryan has favored a good many propositions that would require for their adoption amendments to the Constitution of the United States, and has approved many novel, economically unsound and ultra-radical remedies for what he has regarded as the defects of our present system, he has not been taken seriously in these matters; and when yoked with Mr. Wilson he has not been thought to be such a grave threat to our present form of government as the Progressive party.

Mr. Wilson regards the freedom he expects to confer on the people in the tariff bill, and the valuable agency he hopes to furnish for their enfranchised business by the currency bill, as two long steps toward the better condition that he paints with much felicity of phrase and much buoyancy of hope. He may think it is wise to let the country digest these reforms before proceeding to anything more radical. There are still in the Democratic party certain conservative leaders of influence, and there is a feeling of hope among moderate men, in spite of some of the more recent declarations of Mr. Wilson, that his earlier views and teaching of politics and political economy are likely to have influence on his future action.

The Choice of the Old Guard

THOUGH he has expressed some support of the initiative and referendum and recall, we have not as yet heard him advocate applying these remedies to Congress and the National Government, or embodying them in an amendment to the Federal Constitution, as proposed by the Progressive party. Mr. Wilson has announced himself as opposed to judicial recall, and we may very well assume that *a fortiori* he is opposed to recall of judicial decisions. Until some change comes, then, which shall make Mr. Wilson, or the Democratic leader in the next presidential campaign, as radical, as bold and as effective in putting into force dangerous theories as Mr. Roosevelt and his party, a feeling of preference for the former will prevail with moderates and Republicans.

Though, as a limited choice, the Republicans prefer a Democratic Administration, they are not reconciled to its continuance in power, enabling it to carry out its views on the tariff, currency and other subjects. More than this, there is danger that if the radical wing of the Democratic party and the radical Progressive party were to secure power enough in both Houses, and Mr. Wilson were to yield to supposed party exigency, they might greatly strengthen the tendency to change our form of government, and thus bring about a result which it is the chief object of the Republican party to avoid. It is looking into the future, but this danger is sufficiently possible to require for the country's sake that the Republican party shall be rallied and fortified, and shall hold itself in a position to be able to improve its opportunity for success whenever the Democratic party shall lose its hold on the mandate of the people.

This brings me to the possibility of uniting the Republican and Progressive parties. Mr. Munsey, who very generously supported the Progressive party with his newspapers and in other ways, is strongly in favor of such a union. Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Beveridge are very sure that it is impossible. In order to bring it about it is proposed to change the system of choosing a presidential candidate by altering the basis of representation of the Republican voters in the convention and by changing the method of determining the credentials of delegates.

There ought to be no difficulty growing out of the controversy in the convention of 1912. The nomination there made was made legally, in accordance with the rules that had been laid down in advance and had been followed in previous conventions for the selection of delegates. It may be that the method of selection was not the best and that it gave an undue weight to the votes of the delegates from the Southern states, considering the amount of actual support in the Electoral College the party could count on from those states; but this had long been the rule in successive Republican conventions, because the party did not wish to recognize by apparent acquiescence the unconstitutional disfranchisement of colored voters in the South.

The unfairness of changing the rules of the game after the game had been begun, after the preliminary campaign had been held and after the convention had assembled must appeal to any man with either a sense of conformity to law or with a sportsmanlike instinct. Therefore those who insisted on abiding by the result of the convention as it was lawfully worked out under the rules that then governed the party are not in the slightest degree estopped from changing them if it be deemed wise now to do so.

The Republican party and the Progressive party agree in respect to the tariff. They both believe in a revision after a report of the facts by a competent and impartial board of investigation, with adequate power to secure evidence, and then in a revision that shall enable our producers to meet the competition of those foreign producers who, but for our tariff, could drive our producers out of business on account of the cheap labor available in foreign countries.

It is true that some attempt has been made to distinguish between the Republican Tariff Board and the Progressive Tariff Board; but the distinction is too fine for anything but platform use. The Progressive tariff in some mysterious way is going to secure the benefit of the protection in greater wages for the workmen and in less profit to the manufacturer or producer than a Republican tariff. But it has not as yet been vouchsafed to any but the elect to understand how, after trade sets in under the proposed tariff, fish is to be made of one employer and fowl of another, so that one protected employer who does not pay his employees enough is to be deprived of the benefit of the tariff law, and another who does pay his employees enough is to retain it. We may surmise, therefore, that this ground for distinction could be made to disappear in case the two parties united.

The bitter attacks and counter attacks of the leaders of one party on the other might seem to the inexperienced to count much against such a union; but political leaders do not make a fetish of consistency in matters personal or impersonal.

Thus far the two parties could go in a protocol of union, but no further. It is hard for me to understand how any one can suppose the groups among Mr. Roosevelt's supporters that are really progressive, which as old Republicans leave him are becoming proportionately more influential in his party, could be induced to come under the Republican banner. They really believe in the most radical parts of the Progressive platform, and, but for their hopes in respect of these, would cease political activity.

On the other hand, how could the great body of the existing Republican party subscribe to the Progressive program of national initiative and referendum, of national recall of judicial decisions, and all the other novel cures for ills, fancied or real, that have been eagerly massed in the Progressive creed in order to hold the votes of many groups, each one of which in the past carried on a separate campaign for a special remedy?

For these reasons I concur in the views of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Beveridge that a union of the Republican and Progressive parties is not feasible. But this is not at all to say that an opportunity may not be cheerfully given, and as cheerfully embraced, for the Republicans who have been Progressives to return to the Republican fold; and I have already indicated the reasons why I think they are likely to do so. Whether there be hard times or not, therefore, the return of these Republicans, and the natural reaction against an Administration from the inevitable disappointment of many who do not find the performance so glorious as the promise, will increase the number of Republicans in the House of Representatives and will greatly augment the Republican vote in 1916, even if it does not give the party victory. It is foolish, therefore, to speak of the death of the party.

Mr. Roosevelt Analyzed

HOWEVER, I do not wish to be limited to a consideration of the future of the Republican party for the next four years. I think it has a far higher and nobler mission, which it may take a decade or more to develop and make clear; and it is of the utmost importance that it shall do nothing now or in the future to impair its usefulness for this mission.

Those of us who believe that Mr. Roosevelt's new theories of government will seriously impair that which we hold essential to the maintenance of liberty regulated by law—and who at the same time know that he is a man of the greatest mental activity; of wonderfully attractive personality; of lightning quickness of apprehension; of exceptional facility for picturesque and forcible statement and the making of phrases that seize the public attention; of remarkable skill in selecting means of publicity; of extraordinary power to ignore the arguments and statements of facts of his adversaries; of still more extraordinary power to induce his followers to do so, and of indomitable courage to carry out his many theories by the exercise of governmental power, should he acquire it—are justified in thinking that the most important thing to the country is to defeat the Progressive party in presidential elections.

The Republican party thus has an opportunity for usefulness to the people of this country that never has been exceeded, even in the crisis of the Civil War or in the free-silver campaign of 1896.

It may take longer than a decade to work out the real issue to be decided so that it shall be seen and understood of all men, because the present situation is clouded with much irrelevancy.

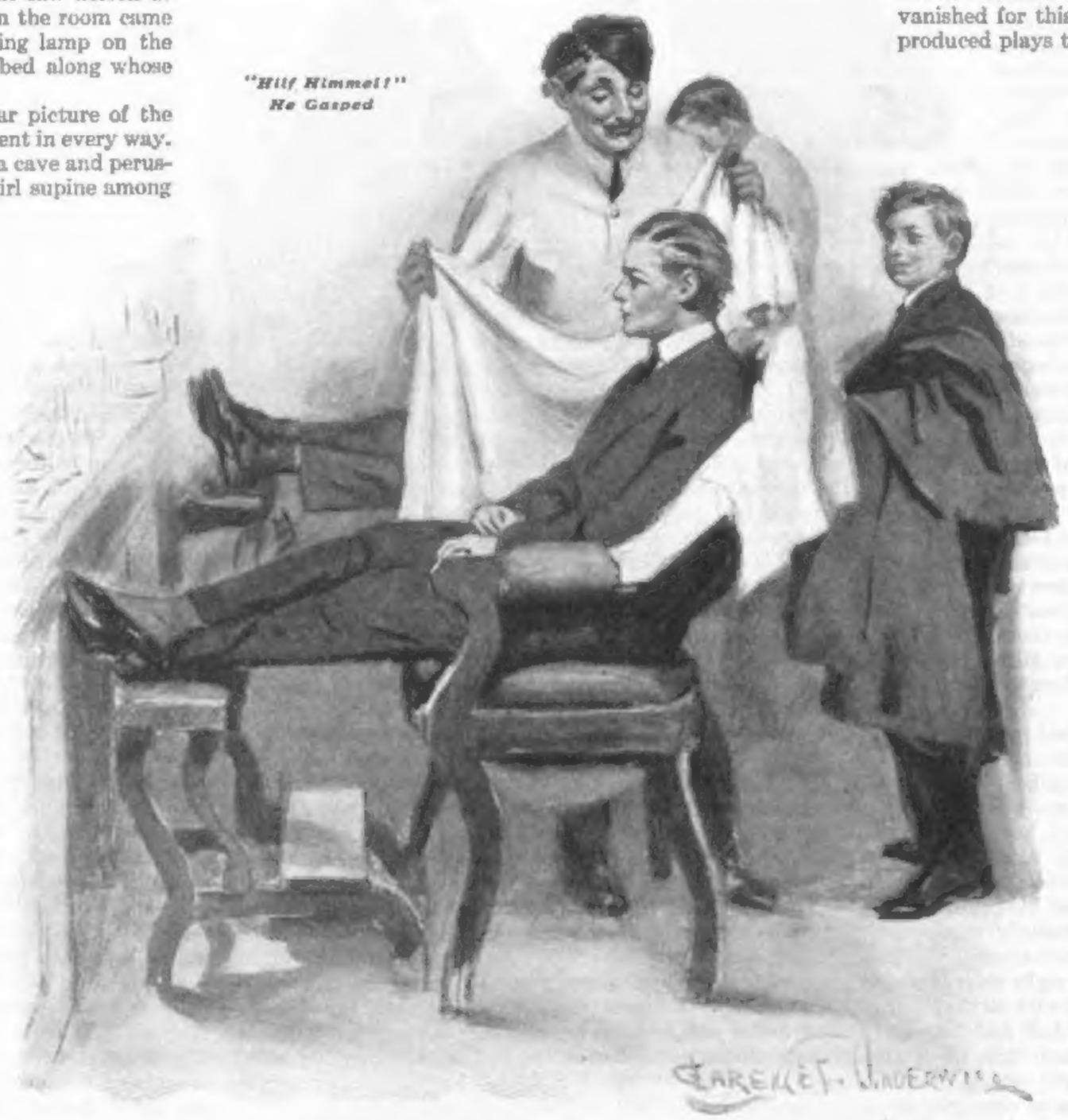
The Republican party has been charged with being the promoter of special privilege and the protector of special interests, the friend of the greedy corporations and the betrayer of the cause of the people. This charge is made to rest, first, on the party's advocacy and maintenance of a protective tariff that favors one industry and not another. The theory of its justification I have already stated, and it is a theory approved and followed by every important nation but one in the world. To charge that it confers special privilege on any person is as unjust as to say that the national banking system does so. There is no restriction on any one's engaging in any protected industry

(Continued on Page 32)

A MAN FOR A WHILE

By Rupert Hughes

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD



"Hilf Himmel!" He Gasped

THE little gilt clock tinkled once from the dark. But what did she care whether it referred to half-past midnight, one o'clock, or half an hour worse than that? Her wildly wide eyes were almost gulping down the pages of a novel in which she saw herself as the heroine. All the light there was in the room came from the wicker-shaded electric reading lamp on the stand by the wicker and mahogany bed along whose edge she was coiled.

Somehow she suggested the familiar picture of the Reading Magdalen—she was so different in every way. She was not a reformed siren prone in a cave and perusing Holy Writ. She was a very nice girl supine among the sheerest of linen and the fleeciest of blankets. From her boudoir-cap of shadow lace there was an escapade of curls.

The hand that held the book was jeweled with rings, and there were several bracelets on the long round arm that had reached out to apprehend a chocolate cream and forgotten its errand in the excitement of the book.

The light slipping through the little trellis of the wicker shade splashed from the graceful figure in the delicate fabrics and faintly revealed a bedroom of exquisite equipment. Miss Edmée Pritchard was beautiful, well-bred, well-fed, well-guarded, well-clothed and deliciously miserable. She did not want to be any of the things she was. She did not want to coil up in an embroidered nightgown and a lace cap and read a book and munch chocolates. She wanted to be, or pretend to be, a young man in a derby hat and a coat full of pockets and tweed breeches and starched collars; and she wanted to smoke a placid cigar in the midst of thrilling adventures, with a lovely over-undershot bulldog bandy-legging along at her side.

That was what the heroine of the book was doing at that moment—all except the cigar. The heroine was just pretending to smoke that. The book was intensely convincing—to any woman; for a woman wrote it and put into it the fulfillment of the ancient womanly ambition to be or seem to be a man for a while at least. Thousands of women were reading that book that very night. Of the six best sellers it was the one best. A middle-aged lady had written it because she needed the money. It was her first book. Critics said it ought to be her last. They told what posterity would do to such ephemeral trifles. But what call had they to speak for posterity? For all they knew, posterity might select this as the one masterpiece of the epoch. And what business was it of posterity's anyway? Posterity may have worse taste than we have. This book certainly revealed imagination, it was written from a full heart and with a lofty motive—a widow's desire to pay the undertaker for undertaking her husband.

The author put into her novel the unsatisfied dreams with which other women permeate their children. She had always wanted to be a boy or masquerade as one. Even after she grew matronly and very fat in a very womanly way, she still wanted to be a boy. Her soul flung off her too-too-solid flesh and wandered as a lad. When, then, at forty-two she cast about for a subject to write a book on she was inspired to put her frustrated ambition into fiction. People write better about their frustrated ambitions than about those they have attained. There is poetry in what we don't get.

She gave her heroine all she had not had herself—slenderness, athleticism, trousers and adventures, tight curls and slim hips, a flat chest and a rich contralto voice. She reared her heroine as a boy in order to take advantage of certain provisions of one of those wills that get into fiction oftener than into probate.

Among the hundred thousand purchasers of the novel none was more enthusiastic than Miss Pritchard. She had just reached the point where the heroine was fascinating the most wonderful hero a woman ever wrote. He thought she was a young man, yet found that (s)he exerted a peculiar spell over him. (S)he had been saved by the hero from the intensely embarrassing courtship of a rich and therefore wicked lady whom (s)he had unintentionally captivated.

At this point Miss Pritchard's heart beat so fast that it hurt, and a fierce longing to imitate the heroine wrung her to an ecstasy of anguish. She was stabbed with a sudden impulse, like a stitch in the side, to make this great adventure her own; to get a look at life from the midst of the procession instead of from the windowsill of womanhood.

Thousands of other women had been wrung to that same anguish, and that was why they recommended this book to other women so that they might suffer comfortably too. But of all the women who read and were wrung by the heroine's career as a young man, there is no record of any one who was moved to go and do likewise except Miss Edmée Pritchard.

She read and resolved. She gritted her highly polished teeth and tossed her fragrant curls and exclaimed: "I will!"

She got to the floor, looking in her classic drapery more or less like the emblematic goddess of Chicago with the motto "I will." She swaggered and slapped her thigh, as male impersonators have always done, and stuck her thumbs in her armpits and cried again: "I will."

And she did. And this is what happened:

II

FOR a woman to pass herself off as a man was no new thing. Literature and the drama were full of it. Miss Pritchard had seen Rosalind in the forest of Arden reading the love poems that Orlando wrote to her without knowing how near she was. Miss Pritchard had reveled in that delicious scene where Rosalind draws her cloak over her knees and pretends to be what she is and says to Orlando: "Come, woo me." Had not even Phebe loved her?

Then there was Twelfth Night, where Viola acted as a page to a man who never suspected her; she carried his love letters to a woman and that woman made love to the page. People had even taken Viola for her own twin brother.

And Portia had fooled her own husband by simply changing her hat for a mortar board. She had not even troubled to put on doublet and hose.

Miss Pritchard had seen all these plays and many others; and operas in which women had glittered in male attire. She had seen Della Fox in white flannels and Vesta Tilly in a whole wardrobe, and other female impersonators. There was something fascinating about girls in boys' clothes.

The shock of the male costume on women has about vanished for this generation. Once when college girls produced plays they presented them in awesome seclusion before audiences as feminine as a harem. Now the best of the colleges give performances before mixed audiences, and the portraits of well-born young ladies dressed like Romeo or Orlando or Robin Hood are published in all the newspapers.

Mixed bathing has made prudery ridiculous. Miss Pritchard, like thousands of other girls, rode cross-saddle in short skirts and the frankest of high boots and knee breeches. It is an age when almost everybody admits that a woman is a biped, not a pedestal, and modesty is no longer estimated in direct ratio with the number of petticoats. Miss Pritchard was as good a girl as anybody has a right to expect who does not count ignorance and helplessness as virtue. She had the twentieth-century woman's desire to be good and wise too. She wanted to know the world as men know it.

Her father was good, yet he did not wear skirts, as Abraham did, or hide himself in a cloister. He wore trousers and smoked and saw the world, belonged to clubs, and went to baseball games and prize-fights, and made a lot of money and did a lot of fine things with it. Miss Pritchard reasoned that a woman could not be a true helpmeet to her future husband unless she learned the world as he learned it. To learn the world she must see it as a man, unhampered by the gallantries and coquetries that keep a woman in an eternally false position.

These and other reasonings that beset Miss Pritchard's young heart were reasons after the fact; the fact being simply that she had a girl's mad longing to be a boy for a while at least. She wanted to get away from her stupid home town and wander through strange cities, passing herself off as a man among men.

The opportunity was ripe if she seized it at once. Her father had been called unexpectedly to Europe. Her brother was going to the North Woods to camp. Her mother was dead and she herself was the housekeeper, with only an old cook and a rattle-brained maid to hoodwink. She could tell them that she was going to visit one of her aunts.

She saw to it that her father's and brother's things were packed, and she made note of what they were. She would have stolen some of them, but her father was tall and fat and her brother was smaller than she. On one occasion, indeed, she had dared what nearly every girl dares—she had put on her brother's clothes and dashed about the house in mad hilarity; had even made one swift foray across the front porch. But her brother was indignant at the profanation and complained that she had disgraced the family, besides starting several seams. She could not use his clothes. She must have new things all her own. And they must fit.

She saw her father off on the train. He never dreamed what desperate plans were seething under her curls. He was worried about her getting home safely in the cab. It was intolerable that a woman of this day and generation should be so worried over. Such anxiety was really distrust.

That evening she went to a dance. It was a great waste of time at such a crisis, but she had accepted the invitation weeks before. She was taken thither by a young man, one Stuart Portener, who was considered a most chivalrous young person. Edmée had once felt meekly honored by his attentions. Now when he took her hand to aid her from the carriage and caught her elbow in his palm in formal if not in actual assistance up the stairs, and when he fought for her supper at the buffet and brought it to her where she waited helplessly, she took his attentions as insults.

The other girls, too, sat along the wall and were selected by the fellows; picked up, whirled round the floor a while and deposited again. Girls had to be taken to parties, taken home from parties, babied, coddled, dolled. Their greatest charm was their helplessness; the harder they

leaned on the man the better the men liked 'em. And then—as if girls weren't hampered enough by such traditions—they hampered themselves further by wearing skirts, and wearing them tight.

But she had written her own emancipation proclamation. She would step out of skirts into bifurcated freedom. She realized that many of the home-town people would think it shameless for a woman to appear without one skirt. Petticoats were out of style. But as she looked about the ballroom and noted all the bare arms and bare throats, and the tight and flimsy fabrics swirling away from the transparent silk stockings, she felt that the men were far more modestly dressed. They were bare only from the Adam's apple up.

She should certainly not permit any false and ludicrous prudery to restrain her. She grew so impatient of further slavery that she pleaded a sudden headache and asked her escort to take her home. He did so, and then went back to the more complacent slaves.

Alone in her room again, she sat down like a little general to figure out her uniform and her campaign. And now the difficulties began to loom and multiply. It is one thing to declare war and another to march out equipped for war. She ate feverishly of her chocolate creams, feeling that she might never eat them again, unless on the sly—which is the way men eat them.

She made a list of things she must have. Men talked of the simplicity of their wardrobe, yet what a deal of things they wore. How on earth was she to get them? She could not go to any of the shops in town and buy them ready-made. Everybody in town knew Miss Pritchard and would know that her brother and father were away.

"Say, Bo, What's the Game? Making a Get-Away?"

She took up again the novel that had inspired her and ran back over the pages to see how the heroine acquired her wardrobe. Unfortunately the author had skipped these fascinating details entirely. In the opening chapter the heroine was already established as a boy.

Edmée reverted to Shakspere. She remembered that Rosalind had said something about being "caparison'd like a man," but the reader is not told how she acquired her outfit. The other heroines similarly made their momentous changes between the acts off-stage.

As Edmée brushed her hair for the night she ran across another problem. What was she to do with all that hair of hers? She hated to cut it off. Her hair had been very much admired. She had spent so much time on it that she had rather a sneaking fondness for it herself. It could be done up in so many ways. It was so comfortable, so luxurious about the cheeks and shoulders. When she went horseback riding she simply tucked it under her hat, but she could not do that as a really, truly boy. Still, no high emprise can be achieved without sacrifice. Her hair must be laid on the altar of adventure.

She took up her largest shears, opened their jaws upon a long and wonderful strand—and decided to wait.

Next came the vexatious choice of a name. She thought of all her heroes. What a gallery they were—figures in novels, actors and their rôles, the mute demigods of the moving pictures!

The struggle for a handle to affix to herself was so arduous that she understood why her own poor mother had left her to be called Babe for six months before Edmée was settled on.

She found a dictionary and ran through the catalogue from "Aaron," "Abel," "Abraham," "Achilles" to "William," "Xavier," and "Zachariah." She felt that she could never live up to or down to any one of them.

At length she settled on "John Knox." It was so awfully virile. Perhaps it had been used before. There was a John Knox she believed who had something to do with the history of Mary, Queen of Scots—one of her husbands or something. But it was a good name.

And now, having a new name, she discarded her embroidered and frilly nightgown for a suit of her brother's pajamas. They were a trifle tight in places and she was afraid that she resembled a chorus girl rather than a young man, but she practiced attitudes and walks before the tall cheval-glass that had seen her trying on so many feminine vanities. When she had perfected her gait and her poses to a satisfactory masculinity she was ready for sleep.

She dreamed her way through numberless thrilling transactions—assisted by the chocolate creams perhaps. She was always John Knox and she was proud of it.

The next morning early she kissed her brother goodby. He was off for the Canadian jungle in search of big hunting. She did not tell him that she was about to make a raid upon the jungle of life in search of bigger game.

She ate her breakfast alone, propping her father's morning paper against the coffee urn in the most approved manner. On the first page was an account of the death of a woman out West who had been supposed to be a man; she had practiced law for twenty-five years and no one had suspected her till she died.

On the next page was an account of the dance Edmée had gone to the night before. The account was wrong in every important particular. She had often observed that newspaper stories of things she happened to know about were always almost all wrong. Therefore the accounts of remote affairs must be correct, for the papers could not be wrong all the time.

She took new courage from the history of the undiscovered lawyer-woman, and throwing down the paper, as her father did, she slid her hands into imaginary pockets along the sides of her skirts and repeated in her most guttural tones her epoch-making "I will." And now the momentous hour had arrived.

First she must buy her trousseau—or whatever men called their clothes. She was afraid to venture into a haberdashery and so took refuge in a department store. But here, too, there were men clerks in the men's furnishing-goods department. She was inspired to pretend that she was buying some things for her brother. She trusted that the news of his departure would not have reached thus far yet. When the affable salesman asked her the size of the collars, shirts, underwear and hosiery she remembered that she had forgotten to make note of these. She announced with ferocious blushes:

"He's just a little smaller than me."

Then the gentle salesman blushed, for he did not know what size that was. And he dared not wield his tape-measure. The upshot of it was that Edmée said that she would go home and ask her brother and come back. She never came back.

She could not ask her dressmaker to fit her with trousers. Her dressmaker had made her many things called mannish, but what a gulf there was betwixt mannish and manly!

One thing was evident beyond question—she could not get her wardrobe in her home town. She had planned to make her début in another city, anyway, so she must go there and buy her costume under an assumed name.

She told the cook that she was going to visit her Cousin Ellen or her Aunt Clara, she wasn't sure which. She would not take her woman wardrobe and be impeded by a set of trunks. She took along a suitcase only. That was manly. And she carried it herself. That was manly too.

III

SHE arrived at the largish city of Wickham in the early afternoon. She went to the best hotel and registered under the halfway name of Jane Knox.

The hotel clerk raised one eyebrow as he murmured ingratiatingly, "Miss or Mrs?"

"Miss!"

"Alone?"

"Alone!"

"Company?"

"What?"

"Are you with the troupe?" the clerk continued.

"Troupe?" she gasped. "What troupe? Oh, no indeed."

"What line?"

"I came on the G. & B."

"I mean do you want a showroom?"

"A showroom!" Did he take her for a show girl? "I want a guestroom with bath."

"Oh!"

She lunched in solitary state. When she went back to her room the telephone rang, and the voice of the hotel clerk invited: "Say, little lady, I got an evening off tonight and a couple comps. Wouldn't you like to take in the show at the opery house?" She sat on him as hard as one could over the telephone.

It was her first voyage alone into the haunts of men without the protection of one of them. She was beautiful and she was adrift and apparently inquisitive of life; it was inevitable that she should be the victim of male initiative and enterprise. But she felt as if she walked among reptiles, and rejoiced to think how free she would be of these odious approaches once she was believed to be a man.

A prisoner still of conventionalities, it would not be pleasant even in a strange city to ask men to furnish her with men's clothes. They would wonder why she wanted them. Suddenly another inspiration came to her rescue. The hotel clerk had asked if she were an actress. Actresses, she knew, often wear men's clothes on the stage. They must get them somewhere. She would go to the shopkeepers and say:

"I am an actress. In my new play I disguise as a man. I want a complete outfit."

She walked into two or three tailoring establishments, but each time on meeting the amazed smiles that greeted her she backed out with a little: "Oh, beg pardon."

At length she found a hole in the wall where an elderly seamster sat crosslegged and crook-armed like a big tarantula on a table. She entered and stammered her well-rehearsed "I am an actress" in complete stagefright. But the tailor was a dejected old thing, who knew even less of theatricals than she did, and he welcomed trade of any sort.

When he stood her up on the block she felt like a slave on sale. When he adjusted his glasses over his nearsighted eyes and put out his spidery arms with the tape-measure like a bit of web, she shrank away from him in repugnance and followed the example of Miss Muffet.

Once safely in the street she walked rapidly till her galloping heart calmed a little and her fierce blushes were allayed. She began to grow skeptical of those romances in which nice women appeared in men's clothes without the trouble of obtaining them. They began to take on the quality of the fairy story, where everything is easy except the essentials, which are impossible.

After a deal of travel her obstinacy resumed control. She would put aside modesty as a shameful weakness, the very fetter with which men kept women in jail.

She entered the next tailor shop she came to and told her errand bluntly to a slightly offensive man in clothes that fitted a little too well. His eyes widened. He welcomed her with more cordiality than she enjoyed. She hated his ingratiating gallantries as he measured her breadth of shoulders, her sleeve length and her girth of chest. When he measured her waist he kept his arms about her a moment too long, and she slapped his face so well that he nearly measured his own length. She was about to make a magnificent exit when she realized that she would never get her clothes if she walked out of every shop. She therefore accepted the tailor's gushing apologies and resumed her place on the pedestal.

He was so respectful now that he measured rather her aureole than herself, and made guesses that promised ill for the result. When the ordeal was over Edmée asked the price and the hour of delivery in her most businesslike tones. It was not the price but the date that dismayed her. He wanted a week for the job and named the fourth day hence for the first try-on. To loiter for seven days about a strange town in her ambiguous condition was intolerable. She said that she must have a suit at once, as her troupe was leaving Wickham that very night. The tailor fell back as if she had slapped him again and asked if she thought he was a miracle worker already. Then he bethought him of an uncalled-for suit that might serve her. He thought, but did not say, that perhaps its very errors of proportion would make it appropriate to the unmasculine form of his unusual customer.

Edmée did not admire the pattern, the fabric or the cut, but beggars cannot choose and she said she would try it on. He referred her to what he called a dressing room, a small booth with a misfit curtain for a door. The thought of making a change—two complete changes—in that little cabinet was so repugnant that she declined with emphasis.

She went next to a big men's shop where the signs in the window guaranteed to make a stevedore look like a Beau Brummel for next to nothing. She declined the attentions

of the "first man forward" and went to a doleful old gentleman in the background. She nearly floored him with her demand. The thought of his commissions was all that saved him.

A dozen times she was prevented from running out of the store only by the group of staring and whispering clerks in the front. She selected two suits, tried them on in a dressing room with a door, and submitted to the timid flutterings of the shop tailor, who agreed to have the necessary alterations made and the suits delivered at her hotel by dinner-time.

Having ventured thus far she desperately went on with her purchases, and bought all the awesome things one sees men wearing in the back pages of the magazines, also shirts and collars and ties, shoes and two hats, a stick and—since the sky was cloudy—a slip-on against the probable rain; also an umbrella with a big rough handle, a kind of swaddled shillalah.

The total bill was appalling—almost as much as her father had paid for her last dinner gown.

All that was needed now was to take off her hair and put on her gear. She hurried back to her room, and trembling with excitement shut her eyes on the ghastly deed and—snip-snip-snip, her hair was no longer hers.

She laid the long curls out before her and found them strangely lovely. Big tears began to beat down on them and she buried her face in their softness and wept bitterly. It was expensive this emancipation. At length she raised her wet face and looked into that cynical mirror. She shrieked at what she saw and turned away in disgust.

She hated her little bullet head, and it looked as flat at the back as if her neck went on uninterrupted to her forehead. She missed that mass of hair above the nape that had given her so intellectual a look. She did not know the name of it, but it was her occiput that she missed. She did not know that she lacked it till she found that she had never had it.

Her hair was quite impossible. It was all in ridges and steps, as if it had been chewed off by a careless dog in a great hurry. It would never do. Delilah had cut off her own hair, and now she was neither Delilah nor Samson.

She sank down and had another good cry. Her tears rivaled the shower that pattered on the window. She realized that the ministrations of a barber were absolutely necessary. Should she go to him as a man or as a woman? She could go as a woman and tell him that she had had an accident or been ill, and wanted to wear her hair like a boy's till it grew out again.

But there was something so cowardly about this that she resolved to visit the barber in her male regalia. She must begin somewhere. Why not in the barber's chair? That in itself would be a thrilling initiation.

She would get her hair corrected before dinner, dine in some men's café, go to a theater and have a game of billiards afterward—she had learned to play billiards a little at a houseparty and one or two of the young men had told her she played a wonderful game—for a girl. After the billiards she would have a bite of supper at some mannish grillroom—and then stroll back to her hotel and turn in.

Her very brain swaggered a little as she meditated such a magnificent way of spending an evening. What the ordinary man would call a period of lonely boredom would be to her a saunter through elysium.

The adventure was already begun with the socks she put on in place of the long stockings of yore. Adjusting the complicated machinery of the garters was a fascinating problem. And so it went till she was knotting her four-in-hand about her high collar.

She might have played Narcissus to her image in the wash-basin if that hair only were properly clipped. She wrapped up her exiled tresses in a handkerchief and tucked them in the suitcase where she folded all her womanly habiliments. Meanwhile she had carried her strategy a step farther.

Manifestly she could not leave the hotel as a man. March might come in as a lamb and go out as a lion, but a girl could not. She would pack all her things in her suitcase, lock it, have the bellboy take it to the checkroom and bring her a check for it along with her bill, which she would pay to him. The long slip-on would hide her mannish costume in the elevator and she could slip out of the ladies' entrance into a side street, unquestioned. Then, when she had found another hotel, she would enter that as a man and send over for her suitcase.

It was a perfect scheme, and John Knox congratulated Edmée Pritchard on their ability to concoct it.

At last her two suits came. She thrust one of them into the bulging suitcase and thrust herself into the other. The vision she made enchanted her—all but the hat and the hair.

She remembered her father's scheme for adjusting his hat to his head after having his hair trimmed; she folded up wrapping paper and packed it inside the sweatband till the hat sat in its place on her skull. It was a soft hat and she pulled it down in the exquisitely tough shape her college brother affected. It thus collaborated with the turned-up collar of her slip-on to hide that mangled hair of hers. When she had it adjusted to her liking she found herself with one hatpin in her teeth and the other thrust through the hat and groping about her cranium for the hair that was no longer there. She scratched her skull before she realized her blunder, and threw down the hatpins in disgust.

She locked her suitcase and put the key in her trousers pocket. What a wonderful invention, pockets! She had thirteen of them now where she had been used to none, except the one that hung by a chain from her arm.

She rang for the bellboy and slipped the suitcase through the door to him. When he brought her the check and the bill and she had got back her receipt and the boy was gone, she sallied forth to the elevator. The slip-on reached almost to her shoe-tops, and she hoped that the few inches of trousers leg that showed there would escape the elevator boy's attention or would be accepted as part of a slit skirt. She reached the iron grating just as the car was filling with a load of politicians going down to dinner. She squeezed in among them and they talked over her head without noticing her.

She slipped out of the elevator with them, and hastening down the narrow corridor to the ladies' entrance stepped out into the world, a man for a while. The rain was coming down in cool, clear streaks. The streets were alight and glistening. The air was ozone. It was the air of a new world. She breathed deep of it. It was thrilling. Umbrellas were going by like porpoises in schools. Nobody gave her a second glance. She was a man among men. She was a citizen.

A man left the crowd and set his foot on the steps. He paused to put down his dripping umbrella. She noted that he was a remarkably handsome man, big, solemn, almost sad. She had a womanly intuition that he was lonely, his eyes were so deep and dark. Then she rebuked herself. She must not rely on womanly intuitions for a while now, and she must not fall in love with a man just now—not till after she returned from the great expedition into the world.

The man had not seen her. He had stood looking at the passing huddle. It was that that made her think him lonely. Abruptly he seemed to throw off whatever was oppressing his mood, and he slanted up the steps with resolution, still looking back.

She was just starting down and he ran into her. His arm—as firm as marble it was—struck her and hurt her cruelly. He was startled and turned with instant apology. There was a world of regret in his prayer.

"Oh, I beg a thousand pardons, mad——"

He had already caught his hat from his head before he looked at Edmée—Mr. Knox. He followed his first apology with a second:

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir."

Edmée met those eyes of his; they were splendid eyes. She rejoiced to think that she had fooled such wise eyes first of all. She answered in her most contralto tones:

"Don't mention it, old man."

She felt that was what her brother would have said. And then she slid her umbrella open with exultance; it was like hoisting a flag to the peak. She marched down the steps and joined the procession of life.

The man on the steps stared hard, then put up the umbrella he had just put down and started wonderingly to follow. But he had not gone far when that particular umbrella was lost irretrievably among the bobbing porpoises.

She Felt Like a Slave on Sale

IV

PRETTY Miss Pritchard, alias Mr. John Knox, felt that she had found out why no man she had ever heard of wished to be a woman; and why every woman she had ever talked to wanted to be a man. She had never cared much whether she voted or not, but she had always longed to do what she was doing now.

It was almost impossible for her to remember that only yesterday she had been a mere girl, who would have accounted it a pleasure to dike herself out in chiffons and feathers and fluffs and hang ribbons on herself. She could hardly believe that up to now she would have accounted it a privilege to go Maying in the sunlight or Juning in the moonlight with some strong young man as her protector, such a young man as Stuart Portener, whom she had kept dangling after her for a year. Now she realized how unworthily effeminate all these feminine things had been, for now she was gloriously habited in a machine-made suit of hand-me-down clothes, with a soft hat pulled down over her cropped hair and a shapeless mackintosh dripping from her shoulders, with the collar turned up almost to her hat brim.

She reveled in liberty. When she stopped to peer in at shop windows no man dropped alongside and murmured odious compliments, especially as the windows that attracted her now were not the glass houses filled with women's fabrics and gewgaws, but the severe windows where men's things were exploited. Outside of these she stood like the peri disconsolate at the gate of Paradise and coveted the gorgeous scarves and ties and brilliant half-hosiery, the multicolored shirtings, pied bathrobes and prismatic pajamas.

Before one plate-glass wall she lingered a long time. Here athletic goods were shown: baseball bats, masks, sweaters, cleated shoes, golf clubs, guns, fishing tackle and camping outfits! And she enjoyed tobacconists' displays; open boxes full of cigars

packed like brown sardines, calabash pipes and terrifying plugs of chewing tobacco. How virile men were!

Any sense of immodesty that might have troubled Miss Pritchard was lost in the rapture of experience. Her unhobbled ankles felt as if the wings of Mercury had fledged there. While she was crossing her first muddy gutter habit had made her bend down to gather up the skirt of her raincoat; but nobody had heeded and she had dropped it as if it were red hot.

Nobody heeded her at all. That was in itself strangely comfortable, like the *incognito* of a prince. Had she been a girl alone—herself by herself—how much attention she would have attracted at this crowded hour! Now she was so inconspicuous that men jostled into her and never dreamed of apology.

She was disappointed in one thing only. She was not so high as she had thought she was. She had been accounted a tall girl and many a man had felt humiliated at her side by her superior altitude; but then she had walked on her tiptoes with little stilts on her heels, and she had piled a Pelion hat on an Ossa coiffure.

Now she went flatfooted with flat hair and a felt hat pulled flat over that. And her sack coat and the slip-on over that killed her lines. She found herself no match at all for the men.

And she had considered herself athletic too; but it was astonishing how frail she felt on equal terms, and how the hurrying men jarred her when they collided with her. In one dark spot between lampposts she almost stepped into a puddle. To avoid it she swerved sharply to the left and confronted a hasty wayfarer, who frankly and intentionally smote her with his elbow so hard that she almost sat back into the pool.

Forgetting in her excitement that she was no longer a woman, Edmée bristled against the ungallant ruffian so pugnaciously that he looked down at her and—laughed! This infuriated her; she drew back her open hand to box his ears. He laughed again and fell into a curious spidery attitude that reminded her of the pictures of prizefighters that hung in her brother's room. Perhaps he was a prizefighter. A nice adversary to pick! The thought alarmed her. His behavior alarmed her more.

He made certain swift and bewildering feints and passes in the air as if he were about to pummel her. Instinctively she cowered away behind her hands lest one of those sledge-hammer fists should hurt her. At this her annoyer whooped with joy, pushed out his lower lip and spat over it. The stream of passers-by stopped short and clotted about the obstruction. Men were hoping that there would be a good fight and grinning at the brute's jeer:

"Get on to de new White Hope!"

Edmée was high-tempered, haughty, used to deference, swift to resent any infringement of chivalry. She blazed with wrath; the flat hand she was about to wield crooked into little talons.

She dropped her umbrella and both her hands went womanishly into catty little claws, and she was blind enough with rage to "write the ten commandments on his face," as earlier generations of women put it.

The bully saw the menace in the youth's eyes and was about to answer it with one scythelike sweep of his arm when a man stepped between them. Edmée saw that it was the big, solemn, sad-eyed man who had run into her on the hotel steps and apologized so pleasantly. He towered over the brute who had towered over her. He did not crouch like a pugilist, but his fists looked ominously ready and formidable. And he spoke to the bully in the deep, lonely voice with which he had apologized, only in a grimmer tone:

"If you've got anything to say to my brother, say it to me."

The crouched bully crouched lower, his amusement and his pride puffed out. He cringed like a poodle yielding to a great dane. He whined:

"Why don't yer brudder look where he's goin'—walkin' on bot' sides de street?"

The big man did not honor him with an explanation. He simply demanded again with a still more ominous tone:

"Is that all you've got to say?"

The bully's eyes were shuttling here and there. He was taking the measure of his adversary, looking for an opening to strike through or searching for a sign of bluff. He would have been glad to back out of it, but the crowd was egging him on, fearing that it might lose its entertainment. Everybody waited in the fierce thrill of anticipation. It was the fascinating spectacle of two strong men fronting each other in blazing fire. The air was sultry with hatred. A blow would mean disaster to one or both.

Edmée felt sick. It was the first time she had ever seen two grown men make ready to batter one another into helplessness. It was frightful. As she watched she was shunted aside by a tall figure advancing roughly. His wet rubber coat smacked her cheek. She saw a helmet and heard the growl of authority.

"Well, well, what's the matter here? Speak up!"

The smaller man spoke up.

"Dis big stiff's a-pickin' on me."

The policeman turned to Edmée's hero.

"What's bitin' you? You tryin' to start somethin'?"

Edmée's hero laughed: "I was trying to stop something, officer. This pup was pickin' on this boy here."

"What boy? Where's the boy?"

The boy was gone.

Edmée realized that to leave her defender in the lurch was a dastardly thing to do. But she could not help him and he looked well able to take care of himself. It would be quite unendurable that she should spend her first night of emancipation in a cell. Besides, she was not dressed for inspection by a judge. She had not even had her hair cut properly, and she doubted that she would be allowed to keep her hat on in court.

These things had shot through her mind in a volley and she dared not abide the issue. She just oozed through the increasing crowd, which the policeman dispersed speedily. The incident was over. It was one of the hundreds of daily confrontations that come to nothing, though it might have furnished the city with a tragedy.

Edmée had met her first adventure. It had shaken her confidence. She had laid aside certain privileges with the inconveniences of her skirts, but the clothes had not made the man. She had not gained any new power to cope with the rough conditions of her new estate.

Men had seemed to get along together so much better than women. Yet at any moment evidently a fight might explode over the least clash of interests. Just because she

(Continued on Page 53)

THE TALE OF A TAIL-ENDER

I ONCE managed a ball club that finished a bad last in one of the big leagues. I have since managed another club that wound up in the first division after a slashing, dingdong battle right from the jump. Out of the depths of my experience I am moved to profane expression: It's great to be a winner in baseball, but it's plumb hell to be a loser!

I knew I was going to have trouble with the Rabbits the moment I stepped into the clubhouse, after we had lost the opening game of the season, and heard some one whistling a ragtime air. Think of that! I mean think of a ballplayer whistling just after his club had lost a game—nosed out in the tenth on a tough-luck play we were too. Especially think of a ballplayer whistling a cheerful tune after such a thing!

Perhaps, though, it does not sound so horrible to you as it did to me that day. In my old club, if a man had done that he would either have been pelted to death by slow degrees, with shoes and gloves, or eaten alive by our manager—probably the latter. It was my first experience with cheer in the clubhouse of a losing ball club—that day in the Rabbits' quarters.

Good Ballplayers are Just as Easy to Find as a Million Dollars—Just as Easy

That is not their regular name, of course—or even their regular nickname. I am drawing the kindly mantle of charity over their true identity. The name fits them pretty well at that. They were—and, by the bones of King Kelly, they are—consistent burrowers in the standing of the clubs. They seem to be tail-enders at heart. I believe I could have done something with them in the course of time; but—heaven help me!—I could not stand both the whistling Rabbits and an interfering board of directors!

I am a survivor of a club that is still referred to as one of the greatest baseball machines of all time. I went to that club as a mere boy fresh from college. We won several pennants before we all suddenly got old at the same moment seemingly, and the machine bogged down between seasons. That was a great bunch in my old club! We were the stormy petrels of the big leagues, with a fighting spirit that flared fitfully on and off the field. They are still telling stories about it whenever and wherever baseball people get together.

Our manager was a noted driver of men. He was arrogant in victory and intolerant in defeat. He was the absolute boss of his ball club, and he ran it to the incessant cracking of the old bullwhip, figuratively speaking. My friends tell me I am a worthy graduate of a stern school, and that I have most of the methods of my old master and many of my own invention. It may be so. Certainly I never got accustomed to taking defeat cheerfully—not even after a year with the Rabbits. I think I am as hard a loser as anybody in the world; and I am glad of it.

Well, as I stepped into the clubhouse that day and heard the whistling I glared round for the whistler. I found the melody was coming from the fellow who had pitched the game. He was standing out in the middle of the floor, naked as September Morn, having just come out from under the shower; and as he dried himself with a big towel he whistled like a mocking bird. The rest of the players were scattered about the room dressing; there was a lively hum of cheerful conversation and even snatches of song.

I was dumfounded for a moment and then I found my voice. I delivered one of the most virulent addresses ever heard inside the walls of a baseball clubhouse—and there has been considerable virulence spilled about baseball clubhouses at one time or another—take it from me! I believe my old boss would have thrilled with pride could he have heard me. He was a master at extemporaneous comment and appreciated high art in those matters. I am unable to print my remarks in full, because I do not want to get this publication barred from the mails.

"So," I said sarcastically, addressing my remarks to the pitcher, "you whistle after you've been licked, do you? And you," I remarked, turning to another melodious soul, "you hum, eh? And the rest"—I swept the entire clubhouse—"the rest of you are able to smile, are you? Why, you big fat-headed stews"—and so on, and so on for fifteen minutes.

Such was the tenor of my statement. I made no hit with the Rabbits, you may be sure of that; but never again did I hear a sound of mirth in the clubhouse after we had taken a licking; and we took many and many a licking that season—some ninety-odd, to be exact. The year before they lost over one hundred games however; so I improved them a few games anyway.

I know I was never popular with them and I know they were never entirely popular with me after that whistling incident.

I went to the Rabbits as bench manager at a salary of six thousand dollars a year. By bench manager I mean I directed the club from the bench—or, to be exact, from the

coaching lines, as I appeared on the field in uniform, though my playing days were long since over. There are two kinds of managers—bench and playing managers—the latter being active players.

Most managers have been ballplayers at some time or other, though we have had successful teamdrivers who were never big-leaguers. Nowadays the tendency is toward the bench manager. I think the bench manager is in a better position to direct his club than a man who is in the game; though some of our greatest managers had their greatest success while they were active players.

My salary of six thousand dollars does not sound like much money for a manager, perhaps; but let me tell you something: The twenty-five thousand dollars said to be paid Frank Chance, of the New York Yankees, and the big amount that is alleged to be the stipend of John J. McGraw, of the Giants—rumor runs it all the way up to thirty thousand dollars a year—are very much the exceptions and not the rule in baseball—not by at least fifteen thousand dollars.

I believe I have seen it printed that Connie Mack, of the Philadelphia Athletics, draws round twenty-five thousand dollars a year; but Connie owns a fat interest in his club. It seems that baseball people nowadays cannot bear to mention any sum of money under twenty-five thousand dollars; but the six thousand I received is a much more popular figure with the magnates when it comes to paying out the cash—even now.

The Rabbits represent a city that takes a very violent interest in baseball. The people are rabid fans and most of them are assistant managers by nature. However, I think the fan who feels he can run a ball club a little bit better than any manager that ever lived is confined to no one city in the United States, but is peculiar to the country at large.

American baseball fans are alike in every city in that they want a winner and have mighty little time for a loser. I know of but one club that can go along drawing well at home regardless of its position in the league race—and that is the Chicago White Sox. The personal popularity of Charley Comiskey is largely responsible for that.

Curiously enough, however, some clubs that are 'way down in the standing, and can hardly draw flies at home, are good cards on the road. The Detroit Tigers are always strong road cards, no matter how they are doing in Detroit. The personality of Hughey Jennings and the wonderful prowess of Ty Cobb carry them along; so you see it does not take many headliners to get the money with a ball club. Everybody wants to see Hughey pick the grass and hear him yell "Ee-yah!" And everybody wants to see Ty slam out two-baggers and steal bases, no matter where the Tigers stand.

On the other hand the Philadelphia Athletics, champions of the world, are not exceptional drawing cards. All teams have or have not what I might call color, and the Athletics are somewhat lacking in color.

As for the Rabbits—poor devils and typical tail-enders! I never knew of their drawing much anywhere or at any time except early in the season, and in one series late in the season when we met another team almost as poor as the Rabbits in a struggle for seventh place. As a matter of fact the newspapers never referred to the series that way. They worked it up as a contest for the "cellar championship"; and a lot of people came out to jeer us.

The Magnates' Dream of Paradise

THEY received me with great acclaim in Rabbitville; in fact the reception was so pleasant that I regarded it as ominous. I felt as a ballplayer always feels when admiring friends present him with a floral horseshoe when he steps up to bat—that it was a forerunner to a strike-out. I saw right away I was up against the proposition of the fans' expecting too much of me. They expected me to take a chronic tail-ender and gallop right up into the first division.

We got away to a bad start, however, and we never seemed to improve as the season went on. A tail-ender is like a poker-player in bad luck—it will go along that way for a while and then get worse. The league was lopsided in strength that year, there being two clubs of real class and five without any class at all; and we were the worst.

Once in a coon's age all the clubs in a big league are so well balanced that only a few points separate the leader and the hindmost club right up to the finish; and such a race as that is the magnates' dream of Paradise. It means wild excitement and plenty of money for all hands. That beautiful balance is the main idea of baseball, too, but it is rarely achieved.

As a winner always gets the money—and as money is the prime reason for baseball, so far as I can learn—it is obviously to the magnates' advantage to have a winner. The secret of a winning ball club is comparatively simple. Get good ballplayers! There is still a lot to be done after you get them, of course; but get them first, and consider your other troubles afterward. Good ballplayers are just as easy to find as a million dollars—just as easy.

I have seen many explanations for the fact that this or that club is always back in the fight—bad management; bad luck; cliques among the players; parsimony of the owners; outside interference, and the like. And though it is true that these things will all contribute to tail-ending, they are none of them so efficient as inefficient ballplayers in bringing a club up last.

Outside interference eventually had something to do with failure in Rabbitville—though, come to think of it, I was a good deal of a failure before I encountered the interference—but I think my case is one of the exceptions in that respect, and that magnates are not all so shortsighted. Anyway, I know my troubles really began with the ballplayers.

The newspapers were very good to me—better than I deserved perhaps. They went pretty strong in their

I Think I Never Saw a Ball Club With Less Fighting Spirit Than the Rabbits

promises on my behalf during the spring training season and let me down easy during the early part of the season; but, as we kept on losing games day in and day out, the writers would only have made themselves ridiculous by continuing to boost me as a great manager. The baseball fan is one fellow you cannot fool very long—not about baseball anyway; so finally the papers began casually referring to my sins of omission and commission.

The relations between baseball and the newspapers are very peculiar when you come to think about it. A baseball writer will say things about a ballplayer or magnate or manager that would furnish an ordinary citizen with excellent grounds for a libel suit; but it is rarely that anyone connected with baseball thinks of resenting the statements—and never by legal process. It is because baseball people realize that the newspapers make baseball, I suppose.

Anyway the papers in Rabbitville said plenty about me before the season was very far along, and I think I got a bit more than my share of the blame. I think they should have split it fifty-fifty between me and the club. One bad ballplayer can make the best manager in the world look mighty bad at times, while a bad ball club makes him look proportionately worse.

I remember a remark by McGraw of the Giants one day when a carefully thought-out play, which would have been a wonder had it gone through, was spoiled by the stupid baserunning of a player; and the result rather reflected on the managerial judgment.

McGraw had been waiting for weeks for the moment to attempt that play, and when it was "gummed" through sheer boneheadedness he remarked:

"Well, I can think for 'em occasionally; but, by gosh, I can't run bases for 'em! That's one thing they've got to do themselves."

And that's the way it was with the Rabbits and me to a great extent. I flatter myself I had just as many good baseball notions then as I have now; but I could not get them across. Maybe you think it is pleasant to stand out there on the coaching lines, the sweat running down the back of your neck and your ears frying in the crisp comment of the crowd as you watch some thick-skulled young man make you look like a boob by failing to follow out a simple instruction! I could forgive the mechanical imperfections all right; but the bone—the ivory—my! my! I sometimes felt that a good old-fashioned punch in the jaw might have proved illuminating to some of those fellows—but that would only make talk.

I was familiar with the Rabbits only in a general way before I signed to manage them. From what I had read I gathered that all the club really needed was managing. The manager the year before I took hold was a ballplayer in the club and they said he had failed because he was not strict enough with his discipline. I do not know what they said about the manager before him; but I understand they say I overdid the discipline thing. So there you are!

As a matter of fact the Rabbits were not used to discipline; but they curled up under my methods even tighter than they were curled up when I started to unravel them. I kept my managerial predecessor in the club as a player, and he developed into a great clubhouse lawyer—that is, he was there with the hammer for me and my methods.

Well-meaning friends of mine used to hint, too, that he was lying down on me on the field—not playing up to his capacity; but I do not believe it. I have often heard charges of lying down made against ballplayers, but I doubt whether they are often correct. I believe a ballplayer thinks too much of that old average to do much lying down. There are often cases of extreme laziness and lack of interest, but not much deliberate lying down under fire—though it has been known—it has been known.

The Rabbits were popularly supposed to have at least four good pitchers, one good catcher, two good outfielders and at least two good infielders when I took hold. I do not know who supposed it first; but I had read it and heard it said, and I halfway believed it when I went there. If I had only stopped to think the matter over I should have realized that when there are that many good ballplayers in a club it is almost a real baseball outfit.

Lack of Fighting Spirit

THE Rabbits were amazingly overestimated—especially by the hometown fans and writers. That was why so much blame eventually fell on me. I will swear I do not see how people ever got the idea that those fellows were big-league ballplayers!

I had often read paragraphs stating that So-and-So, of the Rabbits, would be a great player with another club. They said that of the former manager. As a matter of downright fact that fellow was a player who looked good because he was with a bad club; he was just a bit better than the average, and in comparison with the rest of the Rabbits he showed up pretty well. Ultimately he was traded to a championship contender and—if you'll pardon my baseball language—he was a piece of Roquefort with them, which proved my judgment of him anyway.

Many and many a player with a poor club has the reputation of being a great man because he is so much better than his comrades; yet if you put him with a real championship outfit he could not make the regular line-up.

Most of the Rabbits had been with the club three or four years and were thoroughly permeated with the spirit of the loser. They seemed to look on the members of the front-running clubs as superior beings from another world, not as ballplayers the same as themselves. Naturally they were usually whipped before they put up their hands, so to speak.

You would think they would have been filled with ambition to emulate the example of the winners and try to horn into all that glory and World's Series money themselves; but I do not believe anything was farther from their thoughts. They just did not seem to think such a thing was possible for the Rabbits. By jingo! I believe if I could have made them forget they were the Rabbits I could have done something with them; but they had been kicked and cuffed round the big league so long they seemed to have the notion that that was what they were for.

I think I never saw a ball club with less fighting spirit than the Rabbits, which is one strong reason why they were tail-enders. They could lose ball games day in and day out without at the same time losing their good nature or their attitude of patient resignation; and I do not believe any championship club was ever good-natured—I mean as a club—or was ever resigned to losing even one game.

I do not like to see a good-natured club either. I like to hear of the boys squabbling among themselves—maybe having a fist fight or two during the heat of the pennant race. I do not even mind a little judicious quarreling with the umpire if it does not get the boys put out of the game. I like to see a ball club taking an interest in life.

I shall never forget that whistling pitcher! He was about the best hurler in the club; and a couple of years before that, when he first came into the league, he had made a

pretty good record. The trouble with him was he was endeavoring to live forever on that one good year. I had taken the trouble to look up his record and it struck me he worked mighty few games for a big, strong fellow like him.

Not long after the clubhouse incident an opposing club was getting to another pitcher of mine in a game in which we happened to be out in front. Anxious to save the game I motioned to the whistling pitcher to warm up, preparatory to relieving the man in distress. The whistler was sitting on the bench, hunched up in his mackinaw and viewing the proceedings without interest. He did not notice my motions until one of the other players nudged him. He looked up in deep astonishment.

"Me?" he said, tapping himself on the chest as if he could not bring himself to believe it.

"Yes—you!" I bawled. "Get out there and get ready!"

Slowly he rose and slowly he shambled off to the warm-up station in far right field. I was so amazed I did not even sweep his rear with biting words. I watched him lazily lobbing the ball to a subcatcher out in the field; and, though I doubted whether he would ever work up a perspiration by that method, I finally beckoned him to come in and relieve the other fellow.

He came as he had gone out, slowly and disinterestedly. He pitched in the same manner, and in a few minutes the opposition players were slamming his delivery all over the lot. I was boiling inwardly; but I said nothing until the game was lost and we were in the clubhouse. Then I called him aside.

"What was the trouble out there today?" I asked. "You didn't have a thing! Sick?"

"Oh, no," he said indolently; "but I'm not supposed to be used much for relief work."

I did not even inquire the source of that supposition. I was too dazed. And that bird was drawing his little old four thousand dollars a year too—a pretty sweet salary for a tail-ender.

I had another pitcher, who was supposed to be a fairly good man and who was also frequently written about as a twirler who would be a marvel with a better club. Maybe he would; but I have another idea about that.

I told him one morning that he was to work that afternoon against a club that was ordinarily easy for him.

"Why," he said in deep surprise, "I can't work today. I'm not ready. It's not my day."

"Not ready?" I asked. "Not your day? What do you mean? You haven't worked for a week. Is your arm sore?"

"No," he said; "but I'm not ready. It's not my day."

"Well, let me tell you something," I howled: "You work this afternoon, day or no day, ready or no ready. It's your turn; and you get out there and show me something."

He was pounded to a fare-you-well that afternoon. He did not have even a prayer. I went to him after the game, more out of curiosity than anything else, and said: "Say, old man, when do you think you'll be ready? When's your day?"

He thought a moment and finally replied:

"About Friday."

On Friday I put him in against a tough club—and he held them to three hits and no runs!

All that was certainly a revelation to me after my long years of experience with a bunch of fellows who were standing round with baseballs in their hands, just crying to get into the game.

There was still another pitcher, who ought to be one of the best in the land right now, but who is plugging away in a minor league, where I sent him at the first opportunity. I do not like to accuse any ballplayer of being yellow; but this fellow had a heart in him about the size of a pea when he faced an opposing club. If you will tell me why a man should lose courage in a game of sport I will answer a question that has puzzled baseball managers and football coaches for many a year.

This chap I am talking about would warm up like a Walter Johnson. He had absolutely everything; but the minute he got out on the firing line—zowie!—away went his nerve, and with it all he knew about pitching; and he was the easiest kind of proposition. People were saying that he, too, would be a great man with a good club. Yes, he would! I sent him far, far away; because a fellow like

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THE SUMMONS

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

A SIXTY-MILE gale was tearing out of the North. It shrieked in the chimney, rattled the windows, slid under the door with a derisive chuckle and piped triumphantly through cracks in each side of the deep, plastered fireplace.

On a stool in front of the blaze was hunched a thickset, baldpated man of about fifty years, chewing on a match. He shivered when the blast struck him and changed his posture.

"Snow behind that, boy!"

A wolfhound, crouched on the hearth at his feet, rolled bloodshot eyes at him but did not move. His master rose heavily, pawed over some old clothes on the floor of a cupboard and brought out a shirt. This he proceeded to stuff into the fissures as far as it would go. The dog, which had been trying vainly for an hour to find comfort on the stone slab, now flopped his other side to the warmth and whimpered dolefully.

The room was about sixteen feet square and bare of floor except for a pair of soiled Navajo blankets; bare of wall, too, save for a cracked looking-glass and a chromo lithograph of Anna Held. It was the only room in the house, and the house topped a hill.

Its door opened on to a small veranda. Over one window hung a torn green blind; the other window was boarded, very roughly. An ancient fourposter occupied one corner, the blankets and quilt tossed in disorder just as the sleeper had left them on rising; and beside the bedhead was a tall cupboard, the receptacle for everything not in immediate use. The other furniture consisted of a washstand, a couple of chairs and a table. On the table were an oil lamp, an alarm clock and a bottle of whisky.

It was late for anybody to be up in that country; and presently the man reached for the bottle, took a fine long pull from it, and began reluctantly to undress. All of which was as it should have been.

He had removed his coat and was rubbing his ribs, in doubt whether to risk taking off more, when the wolfhound reared from the hearth, the stiff hairs along his neck and spine bristling. He rumbled deep in his chest.

There was somebody on the porch. A hand groped along the door and the man stepped swiftly to the table and blew out the light. Next he opened the washstand drawer and drew a sixshooter from under some towels. His every movement was noiseless. Tiptoeing back to the door he placed his ear to the panel and listened. Heavy breathing sounded on the other side.

"Who's there?"

A protracted pause, and then a voice replied thickly:

"Open up!"

Before complying he whistled softly to the dog, which crossed over and ranged behind him. Then he turned the handle.

"Who is it?"

A foot was thrust into the aperture to prevent his closing the door.

"Let me in!" a voice begged. "I'm most dead with cold."

The door moved back a few inches, the occupant keeping warily behind it, and a tall man lurched into the warmth with an inarticulate exclamation of thankfulness. The dog gave a savage growl.

The intruder headed straight for the fire, without looking round, sank on his knees in front of it and held his numbed hands to the blaze, groaning:

"Lord, I'm froze! Shut that door and light up, Sam. I ain't a-going to hurt you."

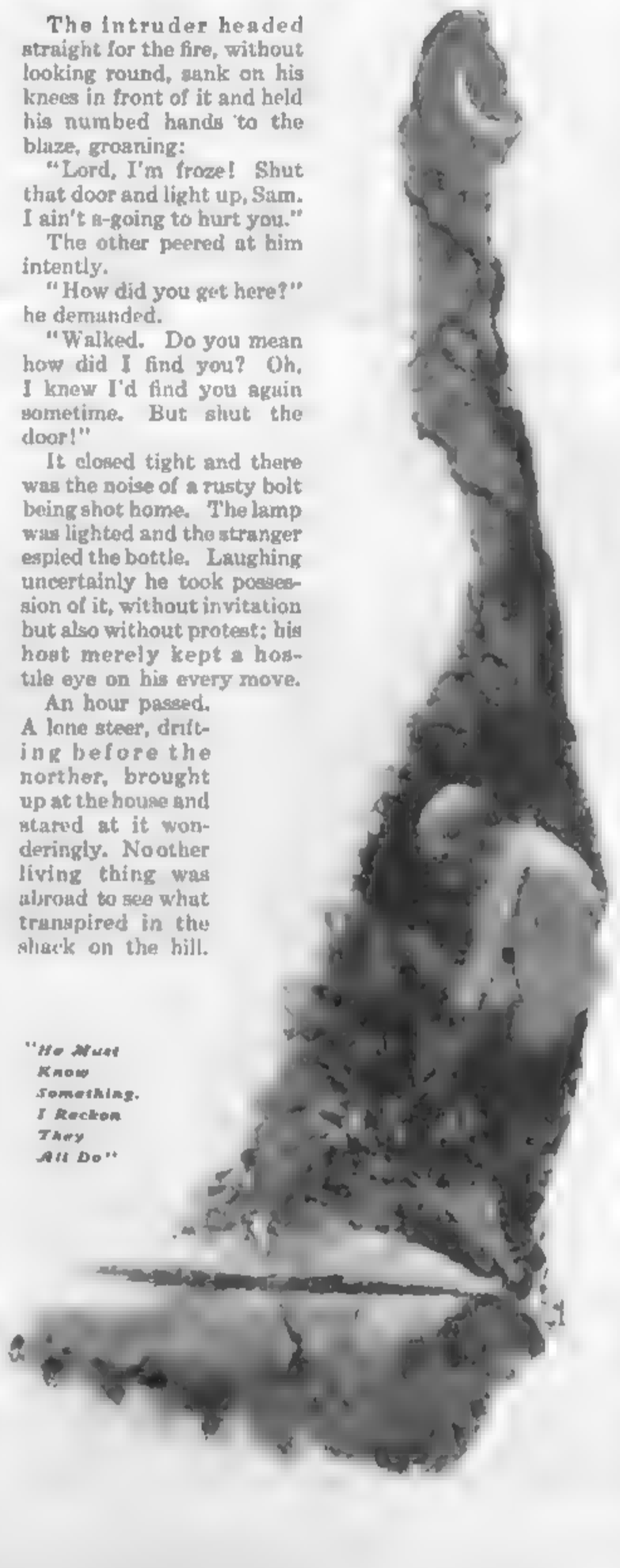
The other peered at him intently.

"How did you get here?" he demanded.

"Walked. Do you mean how did I find you? Oh, I knew I'd find you again sometime. But shut the door!"

It closed tight and there was the noise of a rusty bolt being shot home. The lamp was lighted and the stranger espied the bottle. Laughing uncertainly he took possession of it, without invitation but also without protest; his host merely kept a hostile eye on his every move.

An hour passed. A lone steer, drifting before the norther, brought up at the house and stared at it wonderingly. No other living thing was abroad to see what transpired in the shack on the hill.



"He Must Know Something. I Reckon They All Do"

Occasionally a voice was raised in loud expostulation and then quickly hushed. Suddenly two voices mingled—the one even, persuasive, firm, strongly insistent; the other threatening. There followed a loud oath, a muffled cry of warning broken off short, the crash of a chair on the floor, the deep growl of the wolfhound, and the scraping of feet. The light vanished. Alarmed, the watching steer snorted and plunged away.

And now the house was soundless, only a dull flicker behind the green blind showing that it was occupied.

At last the door opened and a man's head protruded. It was bald and shiny. There came a swift rush of nimble feet and the wolfhound pushed between its master's legs and bounded into the open air with a whine of relief. Shaking as with ague the man said:

"How you scared me!"

A rough wind buffeted him, biting to the bone; but he did not heed it. He came out, walking on the balls of his feet, and made the circuit of the house, stopping twice to listen.

"I reckon it was only some cattle," he muttered.

Behind a hurrying wrack of clouds glowed a pale moon. It cast a misty, deceptive sheen over the hill. Below him was a wide blur—the Gourd bunkhouse and corrals. It was fully two hundred yards to them and all was silent and dark there. After waiting for several minutes he reëntered the house.

When next he appeared the bald man was dragging something heavy, the extremities of which trailed behind and seemed to catch with grotesque skill on every projection that could hamper progress. Twenty paces north of the house was a dense clump of scrub oak. Toward this he bore his burden, panting and straining under its weight. And in the middle of the patch he set it down beside the top of a cistern.

The lid was swollen from disuse and the rains of years, and came off hard; but he heaved it clear by fierce tugging. Then he rested. Next he stooped above the form on the ground, raised it until it rested across his knees, and then eased it through the opening.

A sliding sound, a plop and a splash—and he started feverishly to replace the lid, keeping his eyes steadfastly averted while he rammed it into place.

Would it never fit in? His breath came sobbingly in his extremity of haste.

Having replaced the top the bald man fairly ran back to the house. Once more in his room he replenished the fire, the perspiration gleaming in beads on his face and neck, despite the freezing air. A subdued summons to the scouring wolfhound, a second and longer pull from the bottle, and he bolted the door with care. Silence again settled over the house on the hilltop.

Two weeks later another norther raged across the Gourd pastures. And the same individual sat at a table in the bunkhouse at the foot of the hill, playing pitch with three others.

"Say, Sam," remarked his partner as he shuffled the cards, "you shore do spend more of your time with us boys than you used to do. It's a good thing too. It'll improve your mind a heap. I declare if you ain't getting sociable in your ol' age."

"Old age nothing! Go on with the deal. It's just too dog-gone lonesome for me up in that li'l house all by myself in this kind of weather, Mit. What do you bid? It's your say."

The telephone started ringing madly and the cook threw down his cards in supreme disgust to answer it. The instrument was in a narrow passageway leading to the kitchen. As he took down the receiver Mit heard a click-click-click all along the line and divined that every rancher's wife within thirty miles was on the wire.

"Hello! Hello! Hello!" Mit stood a yard from the mouthpiece and bawled at the top of his lungs. "Who the Sam Hill yes this is say, you-all, git offen the line, will you? What do you want anyhow? Hello! . . . Yes, Gourd Ranch speaking. . . . How? I cain't hello! Hell-o!"

"Don't holler so loud," advised Uncle Henry from the table. "You don't have to carry clear to town, Mit. The wire'll carry the sound, Mit."

The cook cocked a baleful eye in his direction and continued to bellow into the telephone; but, all efforts to establish connection proving fruitless, he hung up viciously and rejoined the players. He was in a glorious rage.

"What the blazes did you want to put that dog-goned thing in for, anyhow, Bass?" he inquired of his employer. "We always done fine without it."

The boss drummed on the table and Uncle Henry spoke for him, which he was always ready to do.

"It'd be all right, Mit, if you knowed how to use it good."

"Knowed how to use it! Knowed how to use it! Do you reckon I'm ignorant, Uncle Henery? Do you think I cain't handle a telephone right?"

"You speak too loud," responded Uncle Henry in a tolerant tone, and wagged his head. "It says plain to speak slow, distinct and not too loud."

"It'd work fine," stormed the maddened cook, "if only all them women wouldn't butt in. I declare a man cain't pick up that machine to order a sack of flour maybe without every ol' sister between here and Doghole crowding in on him. They just seem to set round and wait for the bell to ring. That's the trouble with a party phone."

To which Uncle Henry nodded assent.

"That's right," he acquiesced. "And some of the men are 'most as bad. Only last week Ed Cairns was talking over the phone to Lanigan about some steers. You know Lanigan—on the Canadian? Fifty-two he offered Ed; and Ed was plumb anxious to get it, because he just naturally had to ship out something on account of short grass. But Ed, he figured maybe he could boost the price half a dollar.

"'No-o!' he says to Lanigan. 'I don't reckon I want to sell that bunch, Mr. Lanigan,' he says. 'It's like the market'll go higher.'

"And just then I swan if Ed didn't hear a sort of click, and here comes ol' Bill Thurber's voice, just like he'd tried to hold in and couldn't hold no longer or he'd bust: 'For Heaven's sake, Ed, what sort of talk is that you're makin'? Let him take them steers! You know right well you ain't got any grass.'"

They went on with the game. A second interruption came from the telephone—two short rings and two long; then again and again, with a peculiarly insistent, almost threatening note. Sam Bass was dealing. As Mit started to answer the call Sam laid down the cards and remarked in his flat voice:

"I'll go talk, myself. It's like they want me anyhow, Mit. Maybe they've heard something about them cars for the twentieth." And rising clumsily he went into the passage.

"Yes?"

A whisper, surcharged with mystery, came over the wire:

"Is that Mr. Sam Bass speaking?"

"Yes, this is Bass. Hello! Who wants him? Hello! Hello! Who're you?"

The voice at the other end came fainter, yet distinct. It said in a measured murmur:

"You're wanted to appear before the grand jury at two o'clock on Monday."

There was a moment of breathless suspense, while Bass swallowed a lump in his throat. Then he inquired, with a slight husk:

"Grand jury? What for? What does the grand jury want me for?"

There was no response. He waited and asked again—shouted to know who was there; rang central furiously. Not a reply could he get and central was unable to furnish him any information.

So Bass came back to the table very slowly and picked up his hand. He appeared thoughtful. More than once his attention wandered from the play, so that the cook could contain himself no longer; they were partners and stood to lose nine dollars.

"Of course, Sam," he broke out scathingly, "if a feller don't need to care whether he wins or loses he can play pitch about as he pleases, Sam. But I don't own the Gourd—nor I don't happen to own four thousand fat cows, neither, Sam."

"What's the matter?" inquired Bass, who did.

"Matter?" wailed the cook. "Why, consarn it, you overbid. Look how we stand! I declare if I hadn't seen you play tol'able pitch before now, Sam, I'd swear you didn't understand the first principles of the game."

"Oh, all right!" his employer responded with a galling want of concern. "Go ahead. I was thinking of something—that's all. Say, you-all—did any of you boys hear what was coming up before the grand jury next week?"

One by one they shook their heads, engrossed by the cards. He seemed vaguely troubled by their negatives, and suspicious and resentful.

"Anybody heard of any ruckus? It seems to me I done heard some talk in town about a feller being cut up or something. You boys hear anything about that?"

"Uh-uh," answered Mit, intent on his neighbor's lead.

"It's like," put in Uncle Henry, who always had an explanation for everything—"It's like there's been a killing somewheres, and they're laying low so's to catch somebody."

The owner of the Gourd wet his lips.

"What makes you think that, Uncle Henery? You heard about anything being—found? Or—or missing, maybe?"

"Not me," replied Uncle Henry. "I'm only telling you what could easy be so."

"Oh, let's play the game," protested the cook, "and cut out this grand-jury talk. Who cares about a grand jury anyhow? If they've got anything on me it wouldn't worry me none. I got too many friends. Yes, sir!"

Bass abandoned the subject for the nonce; but when they pushed back their chairs to go to bed he remarked with exaggerated carelessness as he stretched his stout arms above his head:

"I do believe I'll telephone Tom Harkey."

"Tom Harkey!" exclaimed Mit. "What the tarnation for? What's eating you, Sam? What do you want with the district attorney, anyhow? Besides, you couldn't git him at this time of night. He'll be abed hours ago, Tom will."

Realizing that what the cook said was true and that persistence in the matter would appear strange, Bass went up the hill to his house without telephoning.

The next day was Thursday, and it had been his intention to drive to the county seat to arrange with the station agent for some cattle cars; but he woke listless and so disinclined for work that, when the horse wrangler inquired whether he wanted the bays hitched, he ordered him to leave them in the corral for possible use later. And all the morning he moped aimlessly round, wandering from bunkhouse to stables, from stables to spring—preoccupied, fretful, keyed up to answer every telephone call.

Toward noon he climbed the hill and, after a circumspect survey of the buildings below, invaded the oak thicket. There he looked for a long time at the cistern, his face sick with the misery of fear and indecision.

At last he seized the crossbar of the top and gave a wrench. To his considerable surprise the lid came up readily, so that he almost fell. Bass remained with it in his hands, puzzled, frightened. Then he mustered resolution to peer down the well. The water came to within three feet of the top. That was all he could see.

"I wonder," he muttered—"I wonder how deep it is."

Imagining he heard a footfall amid the brush he replaced the lid and went in to wash for dinner. After the meal, while Uncle Henry was cleaning up, Bass went to the telephone and put in a call for Tom Harkey. It took him a solid hour to get him.

"Say, Tom," began the rancher, "what's the grand jury going to take up Monday evenin'?"

Now the district attorney scarcely knew Bass; he was puffed up by reason of political success and he resented the use of his Christian name. Moreover he had been called away from his midday meal.

"What business is that of yours?" he shot back.

At any other time the rancher would have resented the rudeness, but he returned humbly:

"Well, somebody done phoned me last night, Mr. Harkey, to appear before the grand jury at two o'clock Monday evenin', and I was sort of wondering."

"You be there!" snapped the district attorney. "That's all you've got to do."

Pricked to a show of heat, Bass cried back:

"How do I know somebody ain't putting up a joke on me? Hey? That ain't the way to summon for a grand jury. They'd ought to serve papers. I don't reckon I'll go."

He paused, rather regretful for the tone he had employed; and the official at the other end waited, as though to give him ample opportunity to say all he wished. Then he spoke again in his deliberate, jury voice:

"If you don't appear before the grand jury at two sharp on Monday, Bass, I'll have you brought there. Do you understand that? . . . What's that? What for? I haven't anything more to say. You be there!"

And when Bass attempted to expostulate he discovered he was wasting breath, Harkey having rung off.

The cowman did not go to Doghole that day, though he hitched the bays to a buggy and started. Halfway there he was seized with a nameless apprehension and abandoned the journey. Yet he did not immediately go home. It would have looked ridiculous, riding out in that fashion,

There Was Somebody on the Porch. A Hand Groped Along the Door

only to return without cause; so he drove across country to inspect some fencing being done in one of his pastures.

All the afternoon he wandered about, occasionally meeting people on the road; and he stopped every one for a chat, though his habit was to be aloof and unsociable.

One of those he caused to pull up was Tud Arthur, with whom he had not exchanged more than a perfunctory nod in five years. They scrutinized each other's horseflesh with expert deliberation and ventured a few cautious, modulated comments on the prospects for rain. This necessary prelude to any conversation having been duly observed the rancher queried:

"Heard of any trouble round, Tud?"

"Nope," answered Tud.

Bass flicked the reins across his horses' backs and said next:

"What's comin' up before the grand jury?"

"Search me! Same ol' things, I reckon."

"You didn't hear anything about a cuttin' scrape—or any fights, maybe did you, Tud? Nobody been killed or hurt that you know of?"

"It's been so peaceful," replied Tud, with a hint of resentment, "that I have to pinch myself to make sure I'm alive and kickin'."

"Well, I heard some talk about —— You haven't heard any one tell about findin' anything, have you, Tud? Anything a grand jury might take up, I mean?"

"No-o-o. What're you gettin' at, Mr. Bass?"

"Oh, nothing! Nothing!" was the hurried reply. "Well, I must be drifting. Drop by and see us, Tud. Adios."

Bass whipped up the bays. As Tud got his slower freight-team under way he glanced back at the rapidly disappearing cowman and murmured reflectively:

"Now I wonder what he's got on his mind. What did the ol' geezer stop me for that way? I wonder if he —— Pshaw! No. That calf's growed by now. Giddap, Beanbelly! Whoopee, boys! Step lively! Pull her out! Pull her out!"

During the next twenty-four hours a curious indecision marked all the rancher's actions. Always hitherto a man of immense force Bass showed a vacillation in the most trifling matters that amazed his employees. When Oscar inquired whether he wanted certain starved cattle to be brought to the hospital at headquarters, where they fed the weakest of them, he regarded the puncher with a lack-luster glance, as though his mind failed entirely to grasp the gist of the query, and replied: "All right!" Then, as Oscar moved off: "No; wait! I don't reckon we will." Then, perhaps observing the curiosity of the other, Bass summoned him back with: "Oh, suit yourself, Oscar."

The cistern behind the house exercised an irresistible fascination for him. He went out to look at it twice. On the first occasion he merely pried off the lid and gazed down at the water, darkly glimmering; but on the second visit he took a long pole to take soundings.

"Now we'll see how deep it is."

To his stupefaction the pole showed less than four feet. The walls of the cistern were of rough stone, with deep interstices.

"She must of caved in and filled up," was his surmise.

And very gingerly he began to poke round the bottom. His pole came in contact with something soft and he hastily hauled it out. His hands were jerking and trembling as he replaced the lid.

"It's there!" he said in a distracted whisper; but the realization brought no relief.

His mental distress grew hourly and became so acute that it could not escape notice. Yet such was his habitual taciturnity that no one dared comment on it except the cook. He, being privileged, rallied the boss.

"What's come over you lately, Sam?" Mit demanded at supper on Friday night in the presence of seven Gourd men.

His employer simulated surprise.

"Come over me? How? What's the matter? I'm all right, Mit. Sure, I'm all right!"

"All right!" the cook echoed. "If you're all right then I'd hate awful bad to be sick. Why, you look like Heck's pup! Anything on your mind? Is that raise you owe me a-worrying you?"

"What would there be on my mind?"

"Don't ask me, Sam. You keep your own conscience; I've got enough to do with my own. All I know is that you look mean enough to've killed a man."

In a voice that was faint and dry, despite his utmost effort, the cowman repeated:

"Killed a man?"

"Glory be! I declare you look right now as if you'd seen his ghost!" asseverated Mit.

His employer grew ashen to the lips. He coughed, got a grip on himself and turned on the cook a sickly smile.

"Your jokes're liable to get you into trouble some day, Mit," was all he said.

So odd was his bearing that the men at the table took cognizance of it and studied him surreptitiously throughout the remainder of the meal. Bass felt their glances to his marrow, reading suspicion where none was. It added to his nervous depression; and, before he had well finished, he pushed back the bench and departed up the hill.

"Say," queried Oscar when he had gone, "what's the matter with the ol' man? I never saw him like this before."

Uncle Henry shook his head gloomily.

"Sumpin' on his mind, I bet you. Yes, sir; when a man looks at you like a cow that's fixing to die he's plumb worried."

"Well," said Oscar, "what is there that could worry him all that? Do you figure the ol' man's got in bad somewheres?"

This was more than the cook's hot loyalty could brook.

"You shut up, Oscar!" he ordered. "If you'd talk less and eat less maybe you'd half earn your wages."

"Well," Oscar insisted, no whit abashed, "you never can tell nowadays. Better men than Bass have slipped before now, Mit."

The next morning the boss drove off in a buggy along the road to Doghole.

"I've just got to find out," he told himself. "I can't stand this."

Yet on arrival at the county seat it was long before he could compose himself sufficiently to confront any officials. Finally he entered the sheriff's office, hesitant and somber.

"Say," he began without preamble, "I got a summons over the telephone Wednesday night to appear before the grand jury on Monday evenin'."

The sheriff, a loose-jointed man with a red mustache, nodded. He did not invite Bass to sit down, nor did he extend any of the civilities the cowman's standing usually earned him, but waited sternly for him to conclude his business. The fact was the sheriff suspected his visitor of having spent three hundred dollars to defeat him in the last election and he was slow to forgive.

"Well, what's it all about?" In his anxiety to appear indifferent Bass was almost belligerent.

"You be there at two o'clock and you'll find out."

"But how do I know it ain't a joke, Peeler? That isn't the way to summon a feller."

"It's no joke!" came grimly from the sheriff.

Bass paused a minute, pondering his next words.

"Well," said he, "I doubt that I'll come. I'm mighty busy; and if you can't tell a man what he's wanted for I can't waste time on it."

That brought the sheriff very much alive. He leaned forward across the table and shook a threatening forefinger under the cowman's nose.

"Look here!" he warned harshly. "You'd better mind what you're about. We don't tell everybody what they're wanted for when they feel like askin'—some less'n others. And you're one of the some. You be ready when you're called Monday evenin' or it'll be the worse for you."

The cowman tried to glare defiance, but the fight was gone out of him; he turned and walked out.

"All right," were his parting words. "I'll be there, sheriff. You've got the law on your side, I reckon."

Sunday he passed in a fever of restlessness. Four hack-loads of visitors journeyed from town to shoot quail and spent considerable time loafing in the bunkhouse. Indeed, at the noon hour it was discovered that every mother's son of them had accidentally found himself in close proximity when the dinner bell was clanged; and they trooped into the meal with the Gourd outfit.

Some of them Bass knew; some he did not know. Their salutations were cordial enough, but distant, for the rancher was reputed to be a hard man to approach. To Bass this seemed peculiar; he wondered why they avoided him—why the low-toned talk hushed when he drew near. He could not stand what he thought was surveillance and withdrew to his own quarters for the remainder of the day, where he tilted on a stool in front of the fire and brooded.

That night he could not sleep. His dog, hearing the restless tossings and mutterings from the bed, put its paws on the quilt and shoved a cold nose against his cheek. The brute sensed its master's anguish. And Bass uttered a low cry, clasping the wolfhound convulsively round the neck.

About midnight he got up from the bed and stepped outside. There was a crescent moon and outlines were faintly visible. Clad only in shirt and trousers, with his feet bare, he went to the cistern and stood looking down at it a considerable time.

"It's right peaceful down there," Bass murmured. What would he not have given for peace! "Mit done said I looked like I'd killed a man. He must know something. I reckon they all do."

His legs felt weak under him and he sat down abruptly on the edge of the cistern. With his head in his crossed arms he sat there, oblivious to time and cold. Hearing a low, steady moaning the wolfhound came out of the house to investigate and found his master racked by dry sobs.

The grand jury had been in session an hour on Monday when Bass flashed through the streets of Doghole behind his bays and pulled up at the courthouse. He went straight to the jury room and presented himself to the sheriff. It was on the stroke of two. "You wanted me," he said in a calm voice. "Well, here I am!"

"Come on in," returned the sheriff affably, for he had carried his point; and he held the door open.

Inside were the jurymen, seated round a long pine table. Bass perceived the district attorney standing at the far end. Harkey was squat and aggressive; he was haranguing the twelve good men and true in biting, nasal sentences.

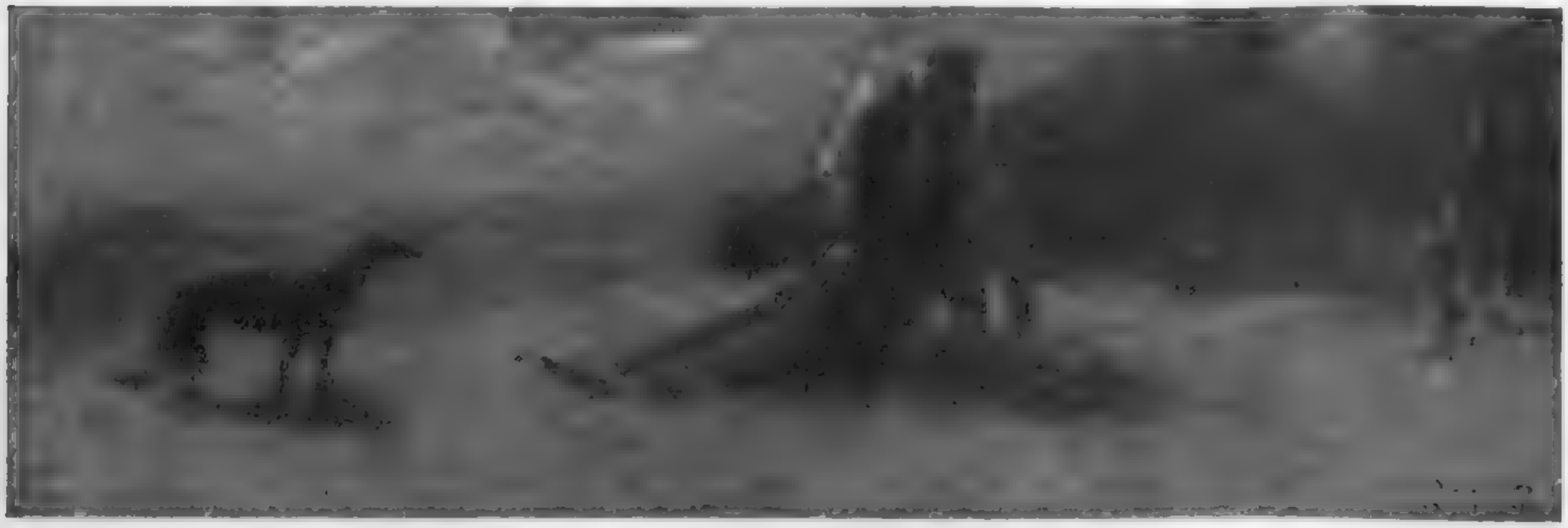
The rancher gave no heed to the official hand that waved him to a chair, there to abide the pleasure of the district attorney. Instead he walked to the head of the table, bowed gravely to Harkey, faced the jurymen with level glance and said simply:

"I'm going to tell you all about it."

With one arm still outstretched the district attorney paused in his speech and surveyed him in wonder. It was patent to the sheriff—who inclined to the same opinion—that Harkey thought Bass was drunk.

"Yes?"

(Continued on Page 28)



When Next He Appeared the Bald Man Was Dragging Something Heavy

TRAITORS BOTH

By Calvin Johnston

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"Don't You Care at All for a Plain Man Like Me?"

THE afternoon was so cloudy, with little specks o' snow in the air, that all three of our rooms was dark. Mother had been gone to work since 'bout daylight; and Cans, the yellow dog, and me kep' loungin' up closer and closer to the parlor stove, till at last he put his nose against it and howled as though blamin' me for not tellin' him the fire was out. It's healthy for a dog's nose to be cold anyway, but he never did mind bein' sick by a hot fire, with mother payin' so dear for coal.

Pretty soon I warmed up splittin' kindlin' from a board with the butcher knife, and laid it in the cookstove all ready to light just before mother got home in the evenin'. Then I got the bread out o' the 'frigerator, which kept it warmer than the oven.

Cans chattered so loud while eatin' his share that I took the old skirt out o' the broken window and stuffed in a pillow. "That ought to keep you warm," I told him, and set my gran'father's picture up before us. 'Though I couldn't see very plain, 'count o' my eyes ailin' a little, I knew he had on his uniform of a gineral in the Union Army and played that I was one o' his command. I didn't mind bivouackin' in a little cold under his orders.

I was watchin' the frost grow like flowers and bushes over the windows when the hoarse clock struck three. Then, it bein' time to go visitin', we went downstairs and 'cross the court to Comrade Whimsey's shop, where Cans limped up to the hot stove and wasn't 'shamed to have a chill, just like a beggar.

Comrade Whimsey was mendin' a boot—he has dozens of 'em ranked in marchin' order round the walls—but he brushed off his leather apron and got up to shake hands. He is a stooped, wrinkled little man, but very strong. Some folks think he's a queer sort, but I bet you he knows all about war and lots o' things.

"Somehow I've been feelin' like I was back with my old comp'ny," he told me. "In the army you tramp along all day, seein' nothin' but boots; and now I get to thinkin' there's a comp'ny o' dead men drawn up in these old boots round the shop walls."

We hadn't lived neighbors very long; so I'd brought over gran'father's picture to show Mr. Whimsey, who peeked at it in the dusk.

"Rigimintels!" he said. "Fine clo'es meant somethin' in them days."

He looked round at the boots again and I asked if troops didn't stand that still when under fire.

"Boys o' these days ought to know o' '65," he answered.

"We boys ain't much to them o' wartimes," I said, for Mr. Whimsey was very strict with people who didn't understan' this.

After a while he told how he and Captain Dick o' his comp'ny had 'listed in the same little town, which had now grown up into this very city; and how the captain had been staggered by the blowin' up of a cannon at Wilson Creek soon after.

"He never did git over them staggers, Davy," he said; "and sometimes in battle he would shake his head and snort like a blind warhorse.

"The quake o' the big guns did it. At Lookout Mountain, when we went over the works, he had me and another comrade take him by each hand and run ahead with him. That's what I call good spirits—goin' into hellfire without bein' able to see the next step before you. And when we overrun their riflepits and orders were to halt, Cap Dick says: 'I can't see where to stop!'

"And grippin' our hands he dragged us ahead, with the comp'ny followin' by jerks; then, with a roar, they broke the line and stampeded after, with the whole army lungin' at their heels—and the heights was swept agin general orders as Cap, tearin' loose, went right into a live, snortin', fiery battery, with our bayonets stabbin' and slashin' over his shoulder—then over his breast; for, Davy, he went down with a broken thigh ——"

Bang! went the little anvil by the stove—and we both jumped.

Mark Doran, the railroad fireman, who visited his Uncle Whimsey every week, had come in through the back room and now stood before us in the dusk like a giant.

"Another salute for Captain Dick," he said—"a comrade under fire in war and peace." He raised the hammer, but Mr. Whimsey straightened up and caught his arm.

"No—no; not in peace," he said. His eyes were dim even in daytime, but now they shot sparks like the anvil when it was struck. "There mustn't be any salute to him here!" Mr. Whimsey hobbled up and down the shop. "There mustn't be any salute," he said; and then, as Mark laid aside the hammer: "Captain Dick—to hell with him! In peace he was a traitor to his old comrade—he and Danby o' the cavalry."

Mark patted him on the shoulder.

"Well, if I didn't think I was doin' the right thing!" he said. "Now I take it all back—and that salute was in honor o' Davy."

"Thank'e, Mark, thank'e," said Mr. Whimsey; "though, o' course, Davy knows you're jokin' about himself. Such honors must be fought for."

I nodded to this, feelin' a terrible hurt that the captain who'd rushed the line had turned traitor in peace; I looked along the shelves where the boots stood in files o' four and saw there was no leader.

"Captain Dick! He could lead a charge in battle; but he can't stand with our boys under fire—at Judgment," 'clared Mr. Whimsey.

Mark held up his hand.

"Listen!" The five o'clock whistles were blowin' and I called to Cans, "Your mother'll be comin' home—I'll race you 'cross the court and get my fire goin' first," said Mark.

The evenin' was comin' down cold and still, and the walls of houses were already spotted with lights. Mark gave me ten steps' lead and for the first time that day Cans barked as we all came in abreast and went upstairs in a scramble.

Mark was head fireman in the parlor and I had the kitchen—the kindlin' was already laid in both stoves. He made a clatter with the drafts and then, puttin' his hands to his mouth, turned on the blower; so I had to keep runnin' in to see if he was gainin' on me. Then he puffed from deep down in his chest, which turned into a deep, coughin' roar. This was the exhaust and made him think the stove was his own engine—old Ninety-four—when she burnt up the breeze on a straight track.

"Come see the warbonnet dancin' on the couls!" he shouted.

There it was—just as his old mill wore it on her stack when the throttle was wide.

"Gee! That's some speed!" I said, and he nodded.

He shut the drafts and the light from the firebox burned steady and red. It seemed that the rooms were warm in a minute; and lightin' the kitchen lamp we leaned our chairs 'gainst the wall for a while, listenin' to Old Cricket, the kittle, chirp away.

Everything else was still, the people who lived downstairs not havin' come home yet to start their supper fight. Then Mark pulled down his cuffs with a scared look; and, though I couldn't hear mother comin', I knew that he could.

The street door below was opened and shut, and the stairs whispered. Then mother stood in the doorway, with snowflakes shinin' on her eyelashes.

"It's stormin'," said Mark to me, "and she's been out in it. She'd better come in by Ninety-four."

"As if a little snow could hurt a healthy woman like me!" laughed mother as Mark took her cloak and bundle.

She looked very little beside him just like a girl; and in takin' off her hat her hair scattered over her face and shoulders so she had to blush and step into her room to fix it up.

Mark still held her cloak as though weighin' it on his finger, and shook his head; then he spread it over the chair by Ninety-four, where I could see the light shinin' through it.

That cloak of mother's was wore pretty thin.

He never would stay to supper, though there was easy enough steak for three, with potatoes. As he was firin' regular and could only visit Mr. Whimsey 'bout once a week, he always thought he'd better eat there.

Mr. Whimsey lived in two rooms off the shop and had everything cozy; they might beat their steak on the anvil, too, which would make it more tender than our wood beater.

"Maybe I can come back," said Mark. "Maybe Uncle Whim will come too."

"I'd like very much to have you both," said mother. "Why, Mr. Whimsey is so hospi'ble to Davy that he fair lives in the shop! I know, 'cause there's hardly a lump o' coal burned here durin' the day."

After he'd gone mother and I talked over what had happened at the big store where she worked, and she asked how was my eyes, which had been dim for a while; and I told her I could see now almost well enough to read. It was a fine supper; and after we'd washed the plates and the dish Mr. Whimsey and Mark came over and brought back the gineral's picture, which I'd forgotten.

"Is gran'father just like that picture?" I asked mother.

"Well, well! Didn't you ever see him? He looks a fine old man too," said Mark.

I shook my head, not knowin' what to answer; but mother said:

"The old gineral never did forgive his son for marryin' me—'cause my folks were the plain, ever'-day sort, I guess. And, though he lives here in the city and heard o' Davy when my husban' died years ago, he's never cared to come see us."

"Davy looks like his picture too," said Mark; but Mr. Whimsey caught him up.

"Boys are not what we was in '65, no matter who they look like," he said, and I nodded.

We talked about ever'thing and roasted some chestnuts that Mark had. At last it was time for Mr. Whimsey to turn in. "Taps," he said, and turned out the light.

All of us were hidden by the dark but mother, who stood before the open door o' Ninety-four with the red light o' the coals shinin' on her.

"Gee!" said Mark, as if to himself.

"What for?" I asked.

"Why, I see her that way many a time—when the engine is ridin' into a stormy night and the firebox light fans 'cross the clouds. I've seen Mrs. Dean driftin' 'long with us—so I have."

Mother didn't laugh at this as I did, but stepped to one side; and when tellin' the visitors good night in the kitchen she didn't shake hands with Mark. Later, when they'd gone, she stood a minute starin' into the coals.

"Wasn't that funny about Mark seein' you driftin' above the engine?" I asked, laughin'.

"Hush, Davy boy!" she said; and, steppin' out o' the red light, she would never cross it again from that time.

I went to sleep on my couch in the parlor and dreamed that Captain Dick was stood up 'gainst a wall and shot as a traitor; so next day, after the fire had died out, I went over to Mr. Whimsey to ask if he minded tellin' me 'bout it.

He Showed Me How He Would Have Fought Danby o' the Cavalry

He was busy countin' the money saved out o' his pension which Mark brought from downtown the first of every month. Mr. Whimsey kept it banked in a cracked patent-leather shoe.

"It's different from dead men's shoes, which heirs have to wait to step into," he splained. "'Cause my heir, Mark Doran, can step into his money any time—thirty-eight dollars all in silver eagles."

He told me right off 'bout Captain Dick.

"It used to make me sick thinkin' o' him and Danby," he said; "but, if you don't b'lieve I'm reas'n'ble nowadays, listen to this."

He splained that during the war he'd trusted Captain Dick to pay the tax on his land, but on comin' back home had found he was cheated.

"Soon as the war closed, Danby o' the cavalry and Captain Dick had set up as law partners," said Mr. Whimsey; "and Danby told me that the captain, who was in Washin'ton just then, had bid in my land and was owner of it by law in his own right. What d'ye think o' that! And ain't I tellin' it reas'n'ble?" asked Mr. Whimsey; so he was—whisperin' it out very plain.

"And Danby showed me the papers too," he told me, "and said he was Captain Dick's partner in the deal. Maybe I didn't say they was thieves and traitors, Davy! And the blue mark on Danby's jaw turned red as fire—but he wouldn't fight me. 'Killin' us won't git back your land,' he said; so I hurried on 'way out West, afore I'd bloody my conscience by killin' him unarmed."

He was speakin' lower and holdin' on tight to the arms o' his chair.

"S'pose," he asked—"S'pose I'd waited for Dick—and branded him and killed him "

"It'd been treatin' him jus' right," I answered; but he put his finger on my breast.

"And shame all my comrades o' the old command!" he said, standin' up proud and fierce. "A boy o' '65 wouldn't do that."

I felt 'shamed; but he clicked his heels together and showed me how he would have fought Danby o' the cavalry with sabers.

"On guard!" he cried out. "Now attack—edge to edge! At the left cheek—point thrust!" He stared round with a white face, as though in a strange place.

At this minute Mark came in, though I thought he'd gone back home 'cross the city. O' course he noticed the old man's wild look and patted him on the shoulder.

"Why, howdy, Mark?" he said, as though forgettin' the traitor, and sat down very weak and trembly.

But I couldn't get over it. I 'membered the stampin' feet and the eyeballs rolled down, and the teeth bristlin' 'long Mr. Whimsey's under jaw—in that minute I knew I'd seen a man in battle.

When the whistles blew Mark walked 'cross with me.

"Uncle Whim shouldn't worry over that land pirate," he said. "It's a funny thing that he lived with us folks out West for twenty years and spoke o' Danby as his enemy, but never did mention Captain Dick till last night."

"You don't s'pose Mr. Whimsey came back after him, do you?" I asked; but Mark said:

"No. When I began railroadin' and was comin' here for a better job, Uncle Whim just wanted to move his shoe-mendin' business here, too, and see how his old town had grown into a city. We've been here five years now and I've wondered why he didn't hunt up his old comrades."

We figgered out that he didn't want to talk to 'em 'bout Captain Dick and maybe give 'way how he'd been a disgrace to the comp'ny. Mark was very solemn—and I thought it was 'cause of Mr. Whimsey till after the fires were goin'. Then he came up to me with the same scared look he had whenever he heard mother comin'.

"Davy," he said, "I don't aim to bring misery to a fambly. I knew you first of all and you've got your rights. S'pose I was to be round your house all the time and you didn't take to me!"

I wanted to answer that o' course I took to him, but couldn't speak just then. Ever'thing in me and round me was tearin' loose and changin'—in a kind o' storm. Mark stood up straight afore me and I'd never noticed his hair to be so red.

"Now before answerin'," he said, "you ought to know the worst of it—I'm goin' to ask Mrs. Dean to marry me. It ain't likely she will, 'cause my folks were just plain people; but if she thinks—without my tellin' her—that I'll make good, and you'd like to have me round the house "

It seemed to me as if he was in battle too. I told him I would take to him and we shook hands. Then we leaned our chairs 'gainst the wall and waited for mother without talkin'. For the first time Mark wasn't scared, though she was s'prised to see him again so soon.

"If you don't mind I'm comin' back a while this evenin'," he said; and durin' the supper mother seemed so worried that I wanted to tell her I'd felt that way, too, at first, but was all right after thinkin' it over.

When Mark came back I said I was sleepy and lay down in mother's room. It was just like Christmas night to lie awake and figger on what was comin'. The sleet pattered on the windows and I wished mother's cloak was heavy. Well, now she'd get a warm one—and, o' course, a fireman would have the hottest stove in the world for her.

I could hear their voices in the kitchen; the clock struck the hour twice and Cans barked out loud. Still they didn't come to tell the good news, and I knew they'd forgotten; so I went through the parlor to s'prise 'em. But Mark sat still and solemn listenin' to mother, who was speakin' as sorry as could be; so I stood by the door a minute, not knowin' what to do.

"We all have to look after folks who 'pend on us," said mother; "so you must think o' Mr. Whimsey and I must think o' Davy."

"My run is reg'lar," Mark told her; "and I can double back ——"

"Even then you'd have too many to care for. S'pose Mr. Whimsey should lose his pension?—you see, I know very well who pays it, and nothin' could prove better how good you are."

Mark blushed red and splained it was a honor to have such a brave old soldier in the fambly.

"Why, it would break dear old Uncle Whimsey's heart to learn that his country hadn't pensioned him," said mother, "when he keeps savin' it for you as his heir."

"Don't you care at all for a plain man like me?" asked Mark after a while, and she answered Yes—'cause hers were plain people too.

Then he asked if she didn't figger too much on small things 'stead o' the big un.

"Can't you b'lieve I have enough muscle and brains to win far in a good cause if you'll give me a little backin'?" he asked. He'd rose to his feet, leanin' toward her a little. "Don't you care 'nough to trust me?—that's the point."

I saw her hands clench as she stood up 'gainst Mark and told him there was nothin' in her heart for any man.

"I brought a gentleman's child into the worl'," said mother, "and I've kep' him for myself and my poverty like a traitor. It's time to send him home—to that hard old man who hates me. But that old hater will be true to his own flesh and blood! With him are Davy's fortunes!"

"I wish I could help out some way," said Mark.

"You can't; 'cause I can make my own way. And the old gineral is rich, with no blood kin 'cept my son. But Davy must be on hand to claim his own." She told Mark he mustn't come to see her any more. "If I live alone and Davy ever needs me very much, maybe the gineral would let me come to him a while," she splained.

"I ain't goin' from here!" I said, cryin' and stumblin' into the room.

Mother drew back with a kind o' crouch. "Listen!" she said, speakin' low and fast. "Here is nothin' but misery—and there you'll play with splendid things."

It was like fightin' for life; and I splained that I loved her and took to Mark bein' round the house, and couldn't have so good a time away from old Ninety-four and Mr. Whimsey's shop.

"You must go, Davy," said mother, "if I have to desert you on the gineral's doorstep and then hide myself from you forever!"

Mark, who'd been very still, held up his hand.

"Hark, Davy!" he said; and, thinkin' he meant the wind, I listened to it screechin' and slashin' the sleet 'gainst the window. "She'll hide," he said, "and we'll always be lonesome as in a storm at night. Hadn't you and I better go 'stead o' her?—and maybe she'd stay right on here. That's not like bein' lost from each other forever."

After a while I promised; and mother, without sayin' what she meant to do, shook both Mark's hands at partin'. So it wasn't much like Christmas night after all, with nobody comin' and ever'body goin' away.

Next day mother was comin' home early to take me 'cross the city to the gineral's; so 'bout noon I went to tell Mr. Whimsey goodby, Cans hustlin' on ahead to scratch the shop door. I'd put on my old shoes and blacked up the good ones to carry 'long as a present.

Course Mark had told him 'bout our breakin' up; and when I went in he said:

"I can look after Mrs. Dean if she needs anything, sir."

I wondered why he called me sir and asked if he wouldn't rather say comrade; but he shook his head and kept on workin', while Cans went to sleep under the stove.

"Maybe you wouldn't like to be minded o' me when you're lonesome," I said, "or I might set my shoes behind the marchin' boots like a drummer boy's."

His face turned as white as it was when showin' how to fight Danby with a saber the evenin' before.

"Halt!" he said, and dropped his awl on the floor with a clatter. "If you was challenged, 'Who comes?'" he said, "how would you answer 'em?—not Comrade Dean, for one Comrade Dean was a traitor. I been 'memberin' that picture of your gineral all night by myself—and I been 'memberin' your face, too, though your eyes ain't as bright as his. And not one Dean can march to Judgment with us, grandson o' Captain Dick!"

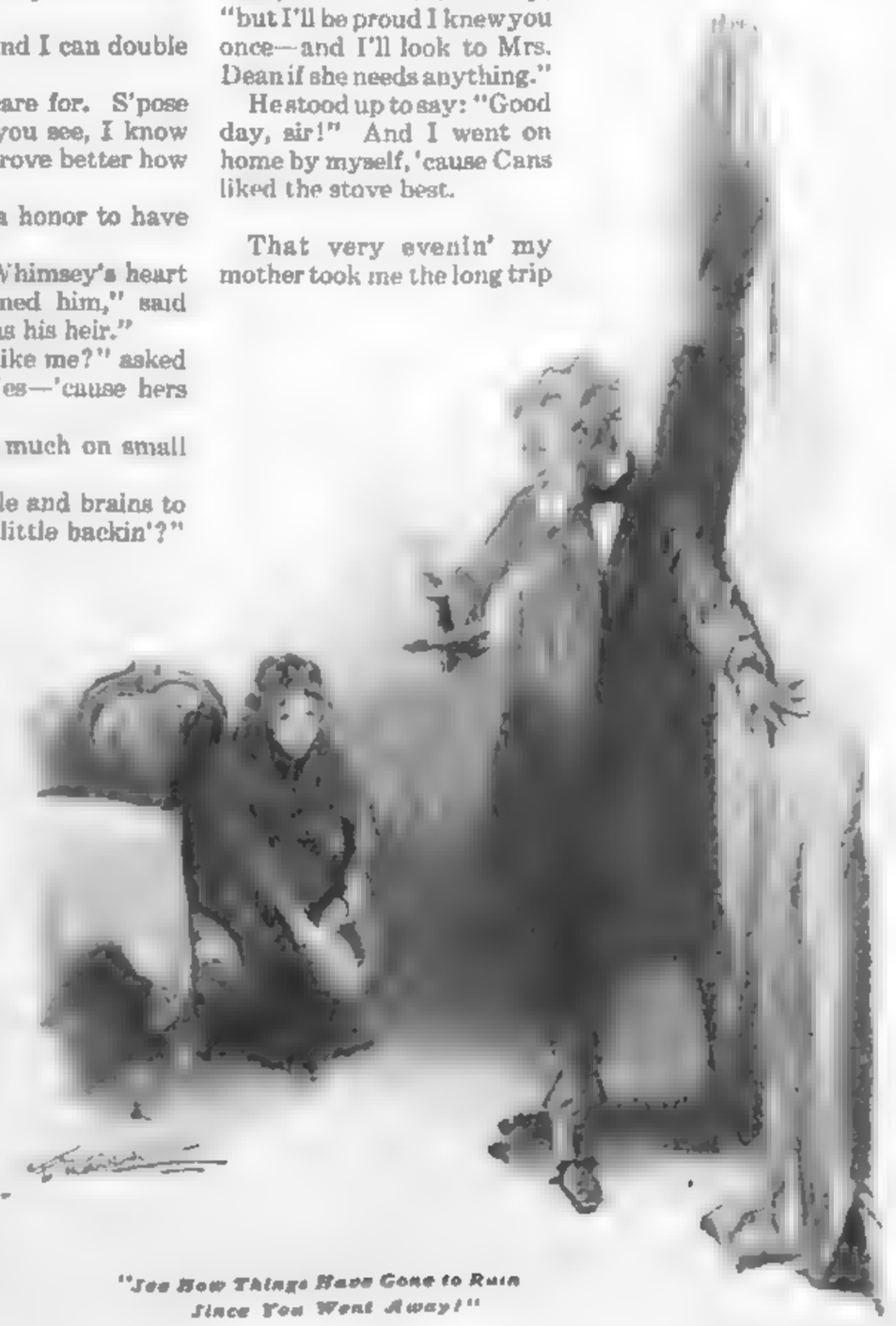
I sat quiet, feelin' the hurt come into my chest that my gran'father was the traitor. After a while I said without thinkin':

"I got to have a show; I'll be fair with my comrades."

"Then, o' course, you can't ever come back to us folks," said Mr. Whimsey; "but I'll be proud I knew you once—and I'll look to Mrs. Dean if she needs anything."

He stood up to say: "Good day, sir!" And I went on home by myself, 'cause Cans liked the stove best.

That very evenin' my mother took me the long trip



"See How Things Have Gone to Ruin Since You Went Away!"

'cross the city to my gran'father's big house, and I was 'shamed to tell her what he was, 'cause I looked so much like him.

A deaf old darky, who had the door open a crack to look out for us, led the way upstairs, and I was left alone while mother talked to Captain Dick a minute in the next room. That was the last I saw o' her; a door closed down the hall and I knew I was left behind with only my fortunes and a traitor, in the house where David, my father, had played when a little boy.

There wasn't a sound through all the rooms; the sunset shinin' in left the ceilin' smoky dark, but was bright while it lasted on gold picture frames and a mirror. In the dusk I thought the heavy curtains down the long room moved in a draft.

All at once a hand drew 'em back and a tall, straight old man, carryin' a candle, passed by. His hair and beard were white; so was his skin. He had on a red dressin' gown.

"David!" he said to himself. "David!" And as I was about to answer he raised his voice.

"He has come back to this!"

He carried the candle clear to the walls, where I could see the marks and stains of pictures that had been taken down. Spyin' me he nodded: "What do you think of it all?"

"It is very big," I answered.

He laughed to himself and with his long white finger wrote in the dust that covered the mirror above the mantel: "David has come back!"

As he stood watchin' me I read what was written and said: "I haven't been here before." He rubbed out the name and I splained: "David is my name. I mean that this David hasn't been here before." So he wrote in the name once more.

"The woman took away; now the woman has given again," he said. "At last we have done with her."

His eyes opened wide and black and angry, as they always did when he was thinkin' o' mother. He was very polite when commandin' me to play, and I asked if there was anything to play with. He made the shadows dance up and down to his candle.

"Whistle 'em out o' corners and crannies, and crow over the ruin, 'long with moth and time," he answered. "See how things have gone to ruin since you went away!"

He pulled steady on one of the velvet curtains, which tore across the middle, leavin' a hole, black and ragged as a cavern.

"Do you b'lieve I'm the old David come home after a visit?" I asked.

He nodded and, beckonin' with his light, led the way through the ragged curtain into the room behind. I could just glimpse the shine o' weapons 'long the wall, with a great battle picture in the center above the fireplace. The dust o' the carpet smoked up round us, and everywhere sparkles from the embers jumped 'long the steel and burned in spots o' gold and silver. I picked up from the floor a piece o' yellow, heavy money, which had rolled from a stack on a table.

"Treasure trove!" said the gineral.

He b'lieved that the house wasn't so good to live in as it was when I went away for my visit, but liked it much better as a playground. He asked what I thought about it, and led on and on through rooms which ever'where, 'cept the treasure one, were cold and gray as a graveyard.

"'Member how you were caught over on those stairs, watchin' a dancin' party in your nightie?" he said once; and I ran up the stairs to see if I 'membered, while he made the shadows dance over the dusty carpet to 'mind me o' the party.

I felt like the ghost o' the old David watchin' through the banister rail.

"I b'lieve it's comin' back," I told him.

"Thank you, David," he answered.

Back in the treasure room he sat in a big worn-out chair by the embers and hinted 'bout things the old David did till I 'membered 'em. And, as I took up where my father left off when a little boy, the gineral laughed to himself and said:

"We'll bivouac together, Comrade David—just as we often used to do in the old days. And when our enemies come—as enemies will—what then! Could there be traitors in such a camp?"

I asked who the enemies might be; and he answered that he had quite a fierce one, who might come stormin' in any day to take the place.

"Yours will be lonesomeness and you'll want to desert," he said; "but there's where I'll help you."

I knew I'd be very lonesome and that he must stand to me forever. So, 'fore 'listin' with him, I watched into his face a while, wonderin' if he'd turn traitor and leave me 'lone to play with shadows.

As he waited, the gineral didn't laugh any more, and his head bowed a little; but all the time his eyes looked straight back at me. The candle had burned low; and when some ashes blew out from the fireplace and covered the red gown he didn't move and didn't seem to notice them. Somehow I 'membered him in his rigimintels, sinkin' down on Lookout. Then the candle went out and in the dark I 'listed with him.

"We couldn't be traitors," I said. "I won't desert." And we shook hands by the bivouac.

"I Know the Land's Yours to Keep—Danby Told Me After the War"

After Grant, the deaf old darky, had give us supper in the basement the gineral wrote agin in the dusty mirror as we passed by.

"David has come back and 'listed for the war."

"And peace too," I said; so he wrote that in.

Then he splained that a promise from one o' our fambly when written in the dust would stand as if chiseled in stone; so I was mighty glad to have such a comrade, and day by day we played together with the weapons on the wall, and laid out battles like the one in the paintin' 'bove the bivouac fire.

He could work magic with his candle, too, and would move it behind a little statue on the mantel till its shadow grew tremendous and crep' round the walls toward the goldpieces on the table. Then I'd rush through the torn curtain with the old army revolver—once I pulled the trigger, and a load we'd forgot to take out blew the money 'bout like leaves; but the gineral didn't move and the shadow still crep' at me.

"Shoot its head off, David!" he said—and I did; and the plaster on the wall come down, with the other load we'd forgot. I only wished Cans had been sleepin' by that fire.

Sometimes I looked out the window into a little yard behind the house when my eyes would stand that much light.

One evenin' while we was talkin' by the fire the knocker of the front door began crashin' away, and after Grant answered there came a tramplin' on the stairs and a man's deep, fierce grumblin'. This was the gineral's enemy comin'; and, bein' 'listed, course I had to stay.

He bursted through the curtains, tearin' 'em still more, and I strained my eyes hard into the big blur of him; but all I ever made out o' his face was two deep, black wrinkles runnin' from wicked eyes to rows of teeth. He was always a dim sort o' giant to me. He stood back, grumblin':

"Pay me! Pay me!"

And the gineral answered:

"Don't you ever get tired, Danby, you old swindler? You've had me cleaned out these five years."

My throat began achin' as it had when Mr. Whimsey told o' brave Captain Dick turnin' traitor. Danby raised his arm and then stood still, with eyes shinin' at me through the blur.

"Who's this?" he asked.

The gineral waited for me to answer:

"Davy Dean."

"An heir!" cried Danby, terribly angry with me. "Now I'll close in. Dick Dean, you still have money from the sale o' Whimsey's land——"

"Not a dollar!" said the gineral.

And the other swore to himself; but he said:

"Then you're a bigger fool than I thought. In one week I'll come back with papers and take over this house 'fore the heir beats me to it; this will pay a part o' the debt anyway."

The gineral answered in a quiet voice:

"I'm not too old for one more campaign in the open."

"This counts on your debt too!" said Danby; and I could see his teeth grinnin' as he poured the goldpieces from the table into his pocket. Then he went out, with the same tramplin' and grumblin'.

"Davy!" said the gineral after a while, as though callin' me in the dark—"Davy!" And I answered. "I didn't think that blackguard could give me such a turn," he said. "Maybe your bein' back makes a difference."

I asked why, and he splained it was too bad he had to go campaignin' in the open and leave me behind.

"I'm 'listed and have to go too," I told him, and pretty soon the gineral began pacin' up and down the room.

All at once he halted tremblin', but his voice was clear as a bugle:

"You've stood to me as heir to nothin' but lonesome ruin. If you follow me there mustn't be one look behind!"

"No," I answered. Then we bowed good night and I tried to sleep on my couch in the corner.

Next mornin' the gineral whistled to marchin' time as he dressed up for the street; he was off downtown to draw rations for his last campaign.

"I haven't much left and it won't last long," he said; "then we'll be in for rough service and have to forage."

There wouldn't be any old darky to feed us or a warm fire always; but I said I was used to that, and we planned to draw up a war map and make ready to strike camp that very day. Then he called "Goodby, comrade!" and went away.

I stood at the window listenin' to the wind screech a while; then I deserted and, goin' into the back yard, climbed over the fence. The light o' the streets dazzled my eyes; but after stumblin' and runnin' into a good many people I came up to Mr. Whimsey's shop 'long 'bout dusk, and went in without knockin'.

He didn't rise up or speak; so I said I'd deserted, and Cans whined under the stove. But I was watchin' mother's shadow on the kitchen wall; she was just takin' off her hat and thin cloak—and I bet her hair was tumbled all about her face. Then she passed 'cross the window and I was lucky—'cause she stood still where I could see her plain; so I kissed her through the glass, which was pretty cold, and then knew I'd better be goin' on back to quarters. And Cans, spectin' his supper, followed me outdoors and 'long the street.

The clocks struck midnight as I climbed the fence after findin' a hole for Cans to crawl through; but I had a hard time wakin' old Grant to let us in the basement.

(Continued on Page 42)

The Love Feast of Competitors

Smothering Trade Feuds With Association Fellowship

By FORREST CRISSEY

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

ONLY a few years ago it was the fashion for the aggressive manufacturer, who found his competitor was getting the best of him in the guerrilla warfare of rampant personal competition, to send a spy into the enemy's camp to purloin all the trade secrets on which he could lay his hands.

Today, however, they are not doing this in the best industrial circles. The lively little game of trade spying has passed out of vogue, along with dominoes, pinochle and pussy-wants-a-corner. Instead of sulking in his tent, dispatching trade spies and plotting against the industrial life of the other men in his line, after the manner of a chieftain engaged in barbaric warfare, the up-to-date manufacturer is attending the love feast of competitors and putting his fighting energies into a campaign for the good of the line.

In a word, the present-day manufacturer who is a live wire puts in more time attending the meetings of his association than he or his predecessors ever spent in scheming to steal trade secrets from competitors. Of course there are some survivals of the old school of mutual suspicion who still linger in the land of the Philistines and believe that every man's hand is against them; who continue to talk of the survival of the fittest; and look on all competitors as natural and unalterable enemies.

But these remainders of the old order are not representative of the present hour; they are out of pace with present-day thought and methods and their faces are set toward the past instead of being turned to the future and its cleaner, saner and more constructive methods.

Any man who is strong and broad enough to be a bellwether in his particular business world will unhesitatingly declare that the modern association is the biggest and most significant sign to be found on the face of the whole industrial sky; that the love feast of competitors is the most important function on the business calendar of the down-to-date manufacturer; and that the association movement is an economic uplift that has already accomplished miracles of service to the consumer, the middleman, the manufacturer and the seller of raw materials—and this in spite of the fact that the movement is practically in its infancy and has not yet had a chance more than to scratch the surface of the field of its potential usefulness.

The Automobile Had Begun to Crowd the Buggy From the Country Roads

The Simplest Type of Trade Association

SITTING at the modern love feast of competitors are to be found scores of men seasoned in the hard school of the oldtime head-hunting campaigns, who will unhesitatingly confess that it is immensely more self-respecting to sit in an association council and plan with competitors for measures that will cut costs, save waste and spy out new markets for the whole line, than it was to battle single-handed and wage a bitter and blinding trade feud against all men who had the effrontery to engage in the line of production to which they themselves happened to be devoted. These veterans declare that the ethical change ushered in with the association is perceptibly altering the moral map of the business world, and is the most widespread and wholesome influence felt in trade today.

There are more kinds of business associations today than of automobiles, but the type that claims the center of the stage is that composed of men or firms making the same general line of product or selling the same general line of goods. Associations of this sort are not only most numerous but undoubtedly contain the greatest possibilities for good and the fewest possibilities for abuse. At least this type of competitors' love feast is the most vital, because it is the most elemental and basic; it hugs tightest to the problems of quality and cost in production, of standardization and regard for the convenience of the consumer and of economy in distribution. So let this kind of association come in for first consideration.

The Hardwood Lumber Association is representative of the simplest form of this kind of trade crystallization. Not many years ago a husky and ambitious young man in Mississippi, who had worked in the hardwood cuttings ever since he could handle a canthook, wanted to get married. He decided that the shortest cut to a home of his own was by the sawmill route. He had a little capital of his own, and also the confidence of a local banker and timberowner; so he took the bit in his teeth, bought a mill outfit, collected a picked gang of workmen and started out to saw his way to a happy home and a bank account. This young man knew the hardwood game from stump to freight car—but his knowledge stopped at the shipping-point. Beyond that lay an undiscovered country.

This, however, did not worry him. The big markets of the North were crying for hardwood lumber, and he soon found his desk full of letters and circulars from enterprising jobbers and middlemen who were eager to handle his output on a commission basis. They carefully explained their special facilities for disposing of his cut. "Nothing easier than this!" he thought. "All I have to do is to saw the lumber, sort it carefully and send it on to market."

He did sort it carefully, and his grading was done with the eye of good judgment and with a determination to make his market understand that every stick from his mill was right. The returns from his first carload made him smile with satisfaction. Then he consigned several more carloads to the same man. He received a wire saying that the consignment graded out in very unsatisfactory shape and that the grader's report would follow by mail. It did, and he took the train to Chicago, never doubting that he could personally establish the outrageous error of such grading; but he found that there was no appeal from the official grade placed on his lumber.

He returned home, having suffered an outright and heavy loss on the shipment. Then he tried other markets—sometimes with the conclusion that the grading was perhaps honestly done according to the standards prevailing in the particular market in question, but more frequently with the conviction that the small shipper was consistently trimmed and that the grading was the saw that did the trimming. Each market not only had its own standards, but its graders were apparently under the influence of the men dominating that market. He showed his grit, however, and stuck by the game until he was almost bankrupt.

Then he contrived to sell his outfit to a man who had not been up against a grader's discriminating pencil. This defeated young man was a type of a large class. The small mill man who consigned a carload of lumber to the nearest market could never be sure that he would not have to send money after it to help out with freight and demurrage charges. And when he sold outright at destination his fate was still in the hands of the grader. On a down market his stuff was almost certain to grade poor. Large mill owners and big output buyers were by no means exempt from the scourge of unstandardized grading and the abuses that thrived under it.

All was chaos and disorganization. The small mill owner saw that he stood no chance against the big buyer in the distant market when that buyer chose to exert a sinister influence on the grading of a shipment. If the toes of the small mill owner had been the only ones stepped on the unstandardized practice of grading would probably have continued indefinitely; but when the men who jobbed the outputs of large mills realized that unstandardized grading was the big peril of the trade the Hardwood Association was brought into being. Apparently the sole purpose behind this step was to eliminate this weapon that was always likely to be turned against the seller on a declining market, and put the grading of lumber on a uniform, standardized and impartial basis.

It was easy to effect an organization, but far more difficult to establish and enforce a system covering the whole country, and recognized and accepted by all buyers. Moral pressure and tight teamwork appeared to be the only practical means by which to force the adoption of such a system.

Today uniform grades—those determined by the National Hardwood Association—prevail in every market in the country. The smallest mill owner may have his carload of lumber graded by an impartial and disinterested inspector in the employ of the national association and have no strings tied to him. Whether he sells or consigns his shipment, he is sure that he need not be whipsawed by the old trick of crooked grading; for all he has to do to secure inspection at the hands of an association man is to ask for it.

The Blighting Touch of the Trade Feud

THIS is a clear example of an association founded for a single elemental purpose. Many others cannot claim so simple or perhaps so ethical an origin. Undoubtedly a few are survivals in outward form of the secret pool of the old days, when the animating purpose of the meeting was to fix prices in restraint of trade—and promptly break those gentlemanly agreements when the first opportunity to undercut a competitor offered! If the lust of competition as it existed in the early days of industrial combination needed any stimulus it found enough and to spare in the gentleman's agreements and the broken faith that almost invariably followed those solemn pledges of price maintenance. Trade feuds have always been as easy to start as fires; but the broken price agreement was the wind that scattered the flames broadcast throughout an industry.

Beyond doubt the trade feud is the most common, wasteful and insidious form of industrial warfare. It has ravaged entire industries, and there is scarcely a manufacturing community that has not felt its blighting touch. Hundreds of individual enterprises have been wrecked by it and entire cities have been shut out of a multiplied prosperity because of its wasting and bitter persistence. If the trade association of today could lay no other claim to consideration than its achievements as a smotherer of trade feuds its existence would be amply justified.

No one will deny that the demoralization of any useful industry is an economic waste—a bad thing for the public

at large—and that its stability, based on a sure but moderate profit, is the ideal condition for the consumer as well as for those directly or indirectly connected with its activities. Wreckage always means waste, and financial wreckage is no exception to the rule. A few individuals may secure a momentary benefit from an industrial failure, but to society at large it invariably involves a final net loss. Labor suffers, investment suffers, and the body of business in general is disordered.

Advocates of the association idea declare that if you would place your finger on an industry that is unstable, precarious, and the prey of bitter and devastating trade feuds you have only to find a line that has no association, that does not know the definition of down-to-date teamwork, and that holds to the feudal idea that a competitor is a natural personal enemy. They insist, too, that the product and the business methods of such an industry will be found as debased as its ideals.

Certainly it soon becomes clear to any man who will take the trouble to investigate the situation that the get-together spirit of the typical association of today is working an immense change in the personal attitude of men who happen to be thrown in the same line of business activity. To replace devastating personal animosity—which is willing to take its profits in satisfaction over losses inflicted on competitors instead of in real profits—with mutual understanding, with constructive plans for the good of the line as a whole, is a distinct economic gain.

How Teamwork Steadies Business

IT WOULD be foolish to claim that the association movement has brought in a business millennium or that it will ever do so; that it is not subject to abuses or will ever be immune from them; or that it has made the trade feud a mere matter of ancient history. But it is consistently and increasingly holding business to its legitimate purpose of producing profits, instead of becoming, in the hands of excitable and ill-balanced men, a game in which the goal is to inflict personal injury on the fortunes of a hated competitor.

Few manufacturers old enough to have gray hair will need a diagram in order to visualize the devious ways of the trade feud and the havoc that follows in its wake; but the layman will be helped to a clearer understanding of perhaps the cardinal virtues of the modern business association if such a storm map is spread before his eyes.

Some years ago a certain city of the Middle West made about eighty per cent of the buggies and carriages used in the West. At the outset this industry was prosperous. The demand for light vehicles was steady and increased from year to year. Conditions were such as to assure a good margin of profit. There was every reason to expect that the industry would become perhaps the most important single manufacturing line of that center, and that it would contribute greatly to the growth and prosperity of the city; but the business of furnishing the West with light vehicles was hardly under full head of steam when the leadership of the line became a matter of bitter contest between two men. Each of these men burned with the ambition to become the Buggy King of the West. Both came of stubborn stock, and to desire was to achieve.

In the preliminaries of the struggle for trade supremacy one captain of industry stepped a heavy foot on the toes of his rival. He turned a trade trick that his opponent took as a personal insult. The incensed manufacturer retaliated by going the offender one better. Then the feud was on at full tilt and gathered bitterness with every month. Profits became merely an incidental consideration; to get under the hide of the other was a dominating incentive with each of the strugglers for supremacy. Prices were slashed with reckless disregard of costs, and trade tactics were employed that would have done credit to the ingenuity of a mountain feud leader.

Only three elements permitted this feud to drag itself over several years. These were the strong demand for the product, the plentiful supply of raw materials, and the fact that labor was more flexible under pressure then than it is today. In a word existence was possible under this guerrilla warfare because conditions were favorable to the making of good profits in this trade when conducted on sane business lines. It was the natural period of opportunity for this industry.

Inevitably these two warring manufacturers set the pace for almost every house in the line. The prices established by the feud leaders had to be met by nearly everybody in the buggy trade. Labor felt the pressure of the fight; salesmanship suffered under it—especially in point of ethics. Broad constructive planning and development for the good of the line as a whole was almost entirely ignored in the wild scramble. Capital is not freely attracted to an industry that is in the throes of a revel of price cutting and personal hatred, as this industry had good reason to know at that time.

A few manufacturers made profits by dint of especially shrewd and careful factory management, by ingenuity in reaching new markets, and by courageous refusal to cheapen their product in an effort to keep pace with the fighters. Possibly most of the men in the trade made some money, but their profits were small compared with what they would have been had competition been normal instead of feudal.

In the course of the contest between the originators of the feud they seemed to lose sight of the original ambition that had started the trouble—the contest for the leadership of the line, for the title of Carriage King, degenerated into a vengeful desire to inflict injury on each other. It became a barbaric head-hunt. "Get his scalp!" was the warcry that each leader dinned into the ears of his cohorts, from salesmen to superintendent. By hook and by crook each of these warring chiefs worked the wires to learn the character and style of output the other would place on the market the next season.

This information permitted the more fortunate and resourceful aggressor to duplicate his competitor's product and cut the prices five to ten per cent as a season's starter. The only form of retaliation open to the man whose plans had been betrayed or successfully spied on was either to cheapen his product in some way not easily discernible by the trade, or to come back with a further price-cut that deliberately put his product below the profit line—or perhaps to adopt both of these desperate expedients.

"The Buyer Showed Me an Apparently Identical Bag for Two Dollars"

Several of the smaller concerns in the trade went by the board, being unable to stand up under the strain; the whole industry was disorganized and the two leaders finally faced the fact that bankruptcy was not far distant.

Meantime the modern association spirit had been spreading, and those carriage manufacturers who had managed to make a little money by superior and progressive methods—and there were several of them—became imbued with the idea that it was high time to smother the feud that had fouled the nest of the trade for so many years, and that the modern association was the only blanket that could effectively do this work.

Therefore an efficiency engineer, well versed in association methods, was sent for and an association started. There was no lack of the get-together spirit among the carriage manufacturers outside of the two leading concerns; they were eager to find their place-cards at the love feast of competitors—but how about the pair of fierce old gamecocks who had not spoken to each other for several years? Could they be brought together and made to touch lips to the same loving cup? It looked like a hard job; but the association missionary undertook the task in the true modern spirit.

The Association as Peacemaker

HOWEVER he did not find the job so difficult as he had expected. The fighters were tired of living for revenge instead of for profits; but their pride would not permit them to come together without a thoroughly plausible excuse. The new association furnished that excuse, as it has furnished it in scores of other cases. Each of the old fellows knew that he could not hold out much longer and that it was a case of reconciliation or "bust." Therefore, with due dignity, they permitted themselves to be ushered into the association love feast.

Though the formation of this association saved these two large manufacturers from outright wreckage and put new spirit into the entire industry, the devastating results of the old trade feud could not be checked in a day or a year. It had been raging too long and too bitterly to have its vicious consequences stop with its own termination. The feud had held off association organization and business teamwork for the protection and expansion of the industry as a whole long after it was acutely needed—far past the time when it would naturally have been formed.

Meantime the automobile was making increasing inroads into the carriage trade; and by the time the association was in full swing and its members had begun to see its powers and possibilities the automobile had begun to crowd the carriage from the city streets and the buggy from the country roads.

"You could not find," says a man intimately familiar with the situation, "a sharper, clearer example of the cost to a big industry of delaying teamwork too long and of putting off association salvation until the eleventh hour. By every natural law the city in which this feud had held off the formation of an association beyond its opportune time should have become the center of the automobile industry in America. The old carriage manufacturers, with their extensive producing facilities, their widely distributed selling organizations, and their thorough knowledge of the trade field, were almost ideally equipped to pioneer the making of the new vehicle that was supplanting the horse and carriage.

"I believe that if the association had been in operation there as long as the feud was these men, sitting in friendly

His Grading Was Done With the Eye of Good Judgment

council for good industry as a whole, would have seen the coming of the automobile, seen its possibilities for their factories, and captured for themselves and their city the immense profits of that line. But they dropped their feud and learned to pull in double harness too late to permit the association to show its strength as a great, positive constructive force. It became mainly a means of protection; but it did great service in resisting the inroads of a radical change in vehicles that, without this defense, would unquestionably have furnished the bankruptcy courts with a large order of new business.

"Of course other elements than the trade feud and the coming of the association entered into this situation, and probably those in the thickest of the fight will say that too much emphasis is put on the part that these factors played; but it is distinctly the fault of their viewpoint. The disinterested outsider, familiar with the facts, can see clearly that a trade feud demoralized a promising industry for years, debased its methods and its product, and finally shut it out of securing perhaps the most profitable industry that has developed with the last twenty years.

"And, quite as clearly, he can see that the association, with its clean constructive teamwork, not only saved the original industry from utter demoralization, but ought naturally—almost inevitably—to have secured for that city the automobile industry and given it the position that Detroit now holds."

The most enthusiastic association fan who can be found rooting for the benefits of teamwork will not claim that the present-day association is less selfish than was its ancient prototype, the price-cutting pool. What he does claim is that its brand of selfishness is, as a rule, about ninety per cent more intelligent, more decent, more ethical and more effective in the long run.

In this contrast between the old and the new style of business associations, the peril of the trade feud stands out very conspicuously.

In the days when price maintenance was the only magnet that could draw a group of competitors together, the cutlery business was undergoing an economic change that depressed prices. Among those in the trade that saw in the pool the possibility of applying the brakes to the downward trend of prices was a man who had built up, from a small knife-grinding shop, a factory employing some four hundred hands. He made good cutlery and was proud of the fact that his trademark on a blade stood for quality. He had put himself and his character into his product, and the notion of cheapening his goods was repellent to him.

Though he was a good citizen and nourished a lively respect for the law, he regarded the Sherman Law as an unwarranted interference with private business. It seemed to be a choice with him—so it is said by one having a somewhat confidential knowledge of his affairs—between joining in the race for the debasement of product or entering into a pool to maintain prices. The pool in restraint of trade seemed the lesser of two evils.

"And when he chose the pool," says this informant, "he proposed to have one that would work and to put every man on his oath to abide by the rules of the game. He felt forced to dodge the law against price fixing, but he considered a personal agreement as sacred—and he gave his competitors credit for the same sporting standard.

"His judgment of his associates was too generous. Some of them, banking on the belief that the old man would stand without hitching, promptly began price cutting at the first opportunity. This started a trade feud of peculiar bitterness. Apparently most of the knives made at this time were employed in slashing prices and cutting quality; but the old man stood squarely on his price agreement and maintained his quality. For a time his business diminished steadily and at an alarming rate. He fought his battles by putting his best energies into originating improved methods of manufacturing—in devising ways to cut cost without cutting quality.

"So long as his competitors had their attention centered on the price-cutting contest he was able to gain a little temporary advantage. Figuratively, at least, he slept in his shop and did vigilant sentry duty against possible spies from the camp of the enemy. He became a pioneer of shop efficiency and fought a good fight; but it was a desperate struggle. He saw one competitor after another fall by the wayside—men with less vision than himself, who were ready to adopt the nearest and cheapest expedients in order to maintain a possible foothold."

The trade feud, started under the auspices of the old pool agreement, sapped his business of thousands of dollars in profits, took years from his life, and tainted his outlook with bitterness and suspicion. It was war to the knife; and when the business-association movement showed its head above the horizon he was ready to welcome its appearance, and to give to its constructive and friendly councils invaluable assistance.

He knew the difference between a pool meeting and the modern love feast of competitors! As he looked back on lean and troubled years of struggle, on ghosts of profits sacrificed to the trade feud, he saw that the hope of those who had survived was in mutual education, in constructive teamwork planning, in efficiency measures possible only under the modern pull-together method of competition.

On the principle that conditions in an industry not now under association organization might, by contrast, yield interesting revelations, a trunk manufacturer was asked:

"Have you an association?"

"No; but we need one badly."

"Why?"

"Because nothing but the interchange of craft knowledge and cost knowledge, which form the real basis of modern association work, can save the men in this line who know their business and their costs from the price-cutting maniacs who do not know their costs, and who think that profit is the difference between the cost of raw materials, the labor put on them and the selling price. Overhead expense is practically an unknown quantity to the men of this type.

"Of course these men cannot last long on that basis; but enough of them get into the business right along to keep it in a constant state of demoralization. Hanging has never discouraged murder to the point of wiping it off the criminal calendar, and failures have never kept this class of men out of the trunk business—or out of any other business, for that matter. It is merely a question of killing off the supply of fresh recruits—or, rather, of how long it takes them to destroy themselves. And the supply has so far been altogether too abundant to allow the intelligent manufacturer to do business on a sound basis in these latter years.

"Do you want to know how it works out in actual practice? Well, my company was furnishing a cheap bag to

(Continued on Page 45)

WHAT HAPPENED TO CÉCILE

By Henry C. Rowland

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

They Were Taken Ashore in the Dingey by the Finn

VII

IT WAS De Bernay who broke the silence that followed his last remark. Lady Audrey, Cécile and himself were still sitting in the wet gorse waiting to recover to some extent their equilibrium before attempting to rise; but De Bernay had picked up the child and was soothing it, the small body sheltered from the driving wind and rain by the man's broad chest.

"I hope neither of you is hurt," said he politely.

"Oh, not a bit, thank you!" Cécile replied; "just a little upset. Did you see that thing which sailed a hundred feet in the air over our heads? It looked like a red-hot parlor organ."

"No," said De Bernay, "it was not an organ. It was a large retort. The thing that went flapping over the edge of the cliff, which resembled a pterodactyl, was the iron roof. I was afraid it might take a fancy to come our way—hence my haste."

Lady Audrey cut into this half-hysterical flippancy by asking briefly: "Are you insured?"

"No," he answered; "not for life, accident or personal property. In my line of work the premiums would come to about a thousand dollars a minute and I have not felt that my means, though comfortable, would permit of it. You see, my explosive had not been thoroughly tested—until today."

"Why didn't you tell us we were sitting on top of a magazine?" Lady Audrey demanded.

"Because I did not know until we had nearly reached the boat that you were a militant suffragist," answered De Bernay. "Then I turned and ran all the way back."

"Well, I must say you didn't get here any too soon. If you hadn't left the kitchen door unlatched it never would have happened. The wind blew in and did something to the kitchen stove."

"I see! And then the kitchen stove did something to the laboratory. However, if neither of you is hurt it does not matter."

"This is not the time for chaffing," said Lady Audrey severely. "It was my fault and I'll settle for it. What was your plant worth, anyhow?"

"I think," said De Bernay quietly, "that perhaps chaff is in even better form at this particular moment than talk of settlement. Permit me to point out, Lady Audrey, that I withdrew to this island for absolute privacy and in order not to be a source of danger to anybody but my paid employees, who are highly compensated for the risks they run. In any case there is no question of settlement. You came to my house to render me a service and there ensued an accident for which I do not hold you in any way responsible. I am only too thankful that you escaped with your lives to think of mere property destruction.

What I said about your political views in regard to suffrage was an ill-timed joke, for which I apologize."

Lady Audrey rose and moved her arms as if for exercise.

"That's very handsomely said, my dear man," she observed, "and I fully appreciate your fine feeling and—and all that sort of thing. Just the same, I can't agree to it. However, we'll not sit here up to our necks in ice-water to argue it out. You'll come aboard, of course?"

"Since you are so kind," said De Bernay, "I shall do myself the honor to accept. As a matter of fact, there's no other place to go, or I might decline, since Miss Millar informs me that you have taken this cruise to escape the social atmosphere of my sex." He gave a short laugh. "It is a rather striking coincidence that I should have come here and taken up the study of high explosives for precisely the same reason inversely applied."

"In that case we ought to be able to get on somehow. By the way, Dolly hasn't the smallpox after all. It's nothing worse than hives. After her bath the rash came out in regular wales."

"That's good news," said De Bernay. "To tell the truth, I rather suspected it was something of the sort."

He wrapped the heavy woolen blanket, which was practically waterproof from its coarse texture, carefully round the little figure and they set out across the wild, gale-swept moor. They had not gone far before they saw lights flickering ahead and were presently met by Captain Hopper, Edna, Dorothy, the Finn, and two of the hands, all in a state of such agitation as their several natures were capable of evincing. De Bernay and the two girls had seen the glare from the burning house on reaching the head of the cove, when De Bernay had left them the two lanterns, with instructions to summon aid from the yacht; and then, divesting himself of his oilskins, had himself done a cross-country race back to the scene of conflagration.

The situation was quickly explained and they were soon sitting down to a dinner for which their appetites appeared in no way impaired as the result of the enlivening events of the last few hours. From the owner's stateroom came the soft, melodious crooning of the Finn, who was feeding the baby, which infant appeared none the worse for its experiences. De Bernay, neatly attired in a yachting evening costume belonging to Lord Charteris—for this peer had caused a complete wardrobe to be sent out with the yacht—leaned back in his chair and glanced from Lady Audrey to one after the other of the three pretty faces. There was a twinkle of amusement in his very dark blue eyes.

"Do you know," said he, "I'm rather glad you carried fire and sword into the De Bernay seigniory? Otherwise I might not have lived to perfect my telephone, which is after all a thing far more beneficial to humanity than a high explosive. I think now I shall drop the latter and devote myself entirely to the former."

Lady Audrey gave a little shudder and took a sip of her sherry.

"'Pon my word!" said she. "I hate to think what might have happened to us if you hadn't got there when you did'"

"I think," said Cécile, in her most dulcet voice, "that we'd have gone to Heaven so fast they wouldn't have had time to turn back the fleecy sheets. A great many hot things landed where we had been standing. I shall say my prayers tonight—if I can keep awake. Henceforth I shall try to lead a better life."

"Incendiarism has not the same charm for me that it had," Edna observed. "When we heard that roar and saw the flare shoot up Dorothy and I thought at once of the laboratory."

De Bernay stirred his soup.

"Tomorrow," said he to Lady Audrey, "I'll ask you to lend me a couple of hands, and an awning or something, to rig up a shack down by my boathouse in the cove. Dolly and I can get along there until my boat gets back."

"You can do nothing of the sort!" said Lady Audrey. "Drat the man, say I! We land on his island and chevy his game, and Jock rips open his leg, and we slang him for defendin' himself; then march up and burn down his house and blow up his laboratory; and then, when he tries to save us, I let drive at his head—you'll have a black eye tomorrow, De Bernay—and now he talks about campin' out in a shack until his boat gets back! What sort of folks do you think we are, might I ask?"

De Bernay's blue eyes twinkled again, the lines of humor at the corner of the right one being less pronounced.

"I've been trying all the afternoon to decide," he answered, "but I think I know now. However, I don't believe I'll tell you."

After De Bernay retired, a meeting of the maiden proselytes of New, Higher or Second Thought—as the case might be—convened in Lady Audrey's spacious room, which was abaft the foot of the companionway and occupied the whole beam of the vessel, extending to the after bulkhead, which separated it from the lazaretto. It had seemed to Lady Audrey that in the course of the evening she had detected signs and symptoms of apostasy on the part of her two younger neophytes.

The uncommon attractions of the young scientist, together with his charming and polished manners, had appeared to have a disturbing effect on those two retired coquettes—Cécile and Edna. It must be remembered that these accomplished beauties had been for over a fortnight on a purely feminine social diet, and it is possible that their appetites were becoming cloyed with their quail a day.

We—Thought That Perhaps You and Your Wife Could Not Get On, or—Something of the Sort

At any rate, after dinner, Cécile had gone to the piano with De Bernay; and there, in recognition of his recent invention, she had sung for him Ring-ting-a-ling-ting-a-ling on the Telephone and other songs of a similar character, in which he appeared to take a pleasure scarcely to be expected of a man of his serious pursuits and professed distaste for feminine frivolities. Not to be outdone by Cécile, Edna had afterward taught him Coon-can, while Cécile continued to tinkle and Lady Audrey and Dorothy played cribbage.

Lady Audrey, eying these maneuvers as might a vigilant hen that, having hatched a brood of young pheasants, tries to curb their call of the wild, was put off her game and lost several shillings. These she managed in time to win back through concentration or Dorothy's strong desire that she might do so; or, more possible still, because Dorothy's own attention was straying to the corner of the saloon where Cécile and Edna had combined their forces and were expounding to De Bernay the elementary principles of Higher Thought. De Bernay seemed much interested in Higher Thought.

Dorothy grew very restive. She had already come to the conclusion that here, at last, might be a soul with which her own could find much in common, and—more important still—if given the proper opportunity might find much in common with hers. While at dinner De Bernay had appeared deeply interested in her conversation, for Dorothy could talk extremely well for a very short time on any one of a great many topics. De Bernay was tremendously fond of art and architecture and medieval châteaus, and Dorothy had not conducted personally many giggling sweet-girl graduates through the showplaces of Europe without having some of the comments of erudite minds stick in her own.

There was still another reason for Dorothy's nervousness: Cécile and Edna had been but a fortnight deprived of masculine society, whereas Dorothy had been so dieted for nearly two months. If the other girls were hungry then was Dorothy ravenous! It had come to a point where she could converse with pleasure with Captain Hopper, Hopkins—or even the bosun.

She was tired of treble notes and wanted, for a change, a bit of the bass.

Poor Dorothy!

Nevertheless, she was a wise virgin and not to be caught napping by the High Priestess; so her eyes remained discreetly on her hands and the table, and her trim shoulders were straight in her chair; while her small foot tapped, tapped, tapped on the deck until Lady Audrey remarked that she was nervous, but that she did not blame her.

"We're all a bit nervous, I fancy," Dorothy answered; "though, I must say, you don't show any signs of it!"

Which was untrue, but subtly flattering to the quality on which Lady Audrey secretly plumed herself—that of being able to face any emergency with calm before, during and after the event.

"Oh, I've got my nerves, like all the rest of us," she answered—"only I've got 'em trained by this time, I hope. Just look at De Bernay, though; one would think he was off for a week-end's yachtin' at Cowes. Handsome young hound! Takes it all as a bit of a lark. I wonder, now, how much his confounded laboratory stood him. Charteris' clothes fit him as if made to measure, and it needs something of a man to put Charteris' coat on the stretch round the shoulders! He used to stroke Brasenose, y' know. De Bernay wouldn't be a bad sort if it weren't for the one thing ——" She frowned. "Hoity-toity! Men are all alike—the brutes!"

"You mean the baby?" Dorothy asked in a low voice.

Lady Audrey frowned. Though free of speech in a wholesome, hearty way, she was, nevertheless, of an extreme natural delicacy where questions of a certain sort of morality were concerned. Moreover, she detested scandal of any sort; and, most of all, De Bernay was her guest. So she knit her bushy brows and said shortly: "Don't let's talk about it. I don't know anything about it and don't want to. Let's get on with our game and then go to bed."

So, the game concluded, the ladies retired and De Bernay went to his own berth, saying that he would get up early and go to inspect the scene of catastrophe. Shortly after his disappearance a kimono-clad quartet gathered in Lady Audrey's room, where presently the rubicund Hopkins served with his palsied hand a decoction of *tilleul* and *fleurs d'oranger*, which uninteresting beverage had been prescribed by Lady Audrey as a "nerve sedative."

"That is all, Hopkins," said she. "You may go to bed."

"'K you, m'lady," said Hopkins, and withdrew to the pantry to see that the Finn had properly sorted and replaced the dishes after having wiped them. Hopkins was a conscientious man—about some things.

Hopkins having withdrawn, the ladies disposed themselves in comfortable attitudes and Dorothy proceeded to anoint Lady Audrey's right hand, the knuckles of which were slightly bruised and swollen, with an excellent embrocation highly to be recommended for dogs, horses and athletic English people. Lady Audrey lighted a cigarette.

"Well, my dears," said she, "here's the deuce of a go!"

"It's more apt to be the deuce of a stay," said Cécile. "De Bernay says that if this gale increases, as it seems trying to do, it may be a week before his boat gets back. He insists that we let him rig up a shelter in his boathouse and not wait. He says that a nor'easter like this is just a nice sailing breeze for the Foxhound."

Lady Audrey retorted: "It didn't strike me that he was makin' such bad weather of it himself, this evening."

"Edna and I tried our best to take his mind off the loss of his laboratory," said Cécile demurely. "Edna suggested that we teach him the turkey trot, but there really wasn't room."

"Not on this packet!" said Lady Audrey, with a snort that was two-thirds chuckle. She had understood Cécile from the start. "So this is what comes of tryin' to get away from men! Serves me jolly well right! The brutes are ubiquitous!"

"Sometimes worse," commented Edna sadly. "But now that Fate has thrust him upon us we can only say: Kismet!"

"Mind you don't drop the final t!" chuckled Lady Audrey. "You'd better learn to stand from under when Fate heaves down a coil like this from aloft, my duck. How about all this chin-chin you've served out to me about havin' had enough of men?"

Cécile leaned back where she was sitting on the edge of the bunk, clasping her prettily shaped hands high above her head, so that the loose sleeves of her kimono slipped down over her exquisitely rounded arms and shoulders; and tilting back her head she looked at Lady Audrey from under her lowered lashes. She loved to tease Lady Audrey and Lady Audrey knew it, and there was nothing that gave her the same deep, warm-hearted amusement. She was beginning to adore Cécile; and now the courage the girl had displayed during the ordeals of the afternoon had drawn her even closer to the lonely, elderly spinster. All the latent motherhood of her nature yearned to the girl.

"Dear Lady Audrey!" lisped Cécile, and the light of malice shone through the half-closed lids, "I'm afraid you don't quite understand. We have had too much of men, it is true, but never enough of a man! That is why we have become confirmed spinsters."

"Ho!" snorted Lady Audrey, "then what would happen, pray, if you were to get enough of a man?"

"In that case," answered Cécile, shaking her blond head slowly from side to side, "I am afraid the bonnet-strings of our spinsterhood might be found entangled in the weathervane of the mill."

Dorothy moved restlessly and smiled. These dialogues of Lady Audrey and Cécile never failed to get on her nerves. She considered them light and superficial, and not always—on Cécile's part—entirely respectful, considering Lady Audrey's age, attainments and social position. She wondered that Lady Audrey could find pleasure in them. She had frequently told herself that she was capable of saying fur brighter things than did Cécile, and sometimes got them off; but for some inexplicable reason they appeared to lack the same effect. Certainly they had seemed to roll from Lady Audrey's back like rain from a duck.

"I'm afraid you're a bit of a fraud, Cécile," said she. "You rather gave us to understand that you had renounced man."

"You are damning me with faint praise," Cécile retorted. "I've renounced scads of 'em. So have all of us, I guess; and that's the reason we're here. Let's talk about something cheerfuler. How many people do you suppose have been drowned off this coast in the last five years? De Bernay told me."

"Dribble up your drink, ducky, and go to bed," said Lady Audrey. "We're fagged, the lot of us." She finished her own tisane with a gulp and set down the cup. "And if I catch either of you pussy-cats desertin' your colors and playin' renegade on account of De Bernay, I'll build him his shack and clear out of here. Really, my dears," she added more seriously, "we know nothing about the man beyond that he is an inventor, rich, hot-tempered, and that we came upon him living alone in a cabin on a desert island and taking care of a young baby. For all we know, he may be married and separated or divorced—but I notice he has not volunteered any information on the topic and I think that it would be just as well to make no inquiries. 'Since we've burned the roof over his head, we can't decently do less than offer him shelter until his boat comes, which I sincerely hope may be very soon. But there's no need for us to get chummy with him!"

The two girls agreed readily to this and said good night. When the doors of their rooms had closed on the others Lady Audrey turned a slightly troubled face to Dorothy, who had lingered.

"Didn't feel that I ought to say much more," she remarked. "I hope they'll take the hint."

"I don't see how they can help doing so," Dorothy answered.

Lady Audrey shrugged.

"No telling about pretty girls of that age," she answered; "and they haven't got your steady head, Dot. Besides, there's no denyin' he's a handsome beggar. We've got to keep him in charge ourselves as much as possible—what?"

If Dorothy felt any resentment at being assigned to the staid class of her hostess she gave no evidence of it; in fact, it is probable that the suggestion to act as keeper to their masculine guest jumped nicely with her own inclination.

"We can try," said she, a little doubtfully; "but we've got to be awfully clever about it. Once they thought they were being chaperoned, we'd have our hands full!"

"Right-oh!" Lady Audrey agreed. "That'd be quite enough to make 'em jibe."

"Suppose we divide the watch?" said Dorothy, with her clear, liquid laugh. "I'll go on duty early tomorrow morning if you like—you ought to get your rest after what you've been through. Besides, there's the baby—and I don't know a thing about babies."

Dorothy remembered that De Bernay had said on retiring that he intended to get up early and go over to inspect the ruins.

"All right," said Lady Audrey—"though I wouldn't kill myself. Those two are such polly-sleepyheads. Do as you like. Well, let's turn in. Good night, my dear."

VIII

ABOUT eight o'clock the following morning, as De Bernay was alone at table in the comfortable saloon disposing of coffee, eggs, bacon and kippers, with the relish to be expected of a good conscience and vigorous health, a door opened behind him and Dorothy entered. De Bernay rose.

"Good morning, Miss Millar," said he, his eyes resting with pleased admiration on the trim, tweed-clad figure and fresh, smiling face. "You are an early riser."

"Not always," she answered; "but I heard you say last night you were going over to inspect the ruins of your place and I thought I'd like to go with you if you don't mind. Do you?"

"I'm delighted! No doubt I'll need a shoulder to weep upon when I view the wreck. It's a pretty rough morning, though—fog and gale and rain."

"So much the better. The stain of your tears will not be noticed. Another favor, please: May I take the dogs if I keep them on the leash?"

"You may take them without the leash. As I told Lady Audrey last night, the De Bernay seigniory is at your disposal. If she insists upon remaining here for the next several days she had better take her gun and provide the mess with some game. I dislike killing things, myself, but I don't mind eating them."

"That's awfully good of you. Lady Audrey is a very keen Diana. Have you enough breakfast there for two?"

"No; but when we finish this no doubt Hopkins will have requisitioned more. How about it, Hopkins?"

"Quite right, sir—'k you, sir," Hopkins answered as he laid another cover. "'Er Ladyship always keeps the weasel full-victualed—even when cruising on the coast, sir."

"The baby's rash has quite disappeared," said Dorothy as she seated herself.

"Good!" said De Bernay heartily. "Lady Audrey must have smoked out the hives in the thorough manner I should say was characteristic of her. You laugh? Thanks. I have already tried this witticism upon the skipper, who pondered for a moment and informed me that I must be thinking of beehives. He was quite sure of it, as his mother once kept bees."

"You seem to take your losses very lightly," Dorothy observed.

"Not so lightly, perhaps, as if I had happened to be in the place when it went up. As it stands, the loss is not so great. I had planned to build another house—a stone one; and the laboratory was merely a shell. They are usually built that way for experimentation with explosives, as, in case the experimenter has no time to get to the door, it is less wearing to go out through three-quarter-inch pine than through bricks and cement!" He helped Dorothy to eggs and bacon. "I noticed that my windmill stood the convulsion. Fortunately it was placed at some distance. I am going this morning to see whether it is much damaged. However, even if it is, I can get current enough for my telephone from a small dynamo run by gasoline that I have installed in the boathouse on the beach. You see, this is Saturday; and the St. John's boat, on which I have installed an experimental machine, is due to be in communication late Monday afternoon. I should like to get word to her to tell my outfit to return at once."

Their breakfast was soon finished, when they put on their storm clothes and were taken ashore in the dingey by the Finn. In the small sheltered cove where the Foxhound lay the gale was not greatly felt, but on reaching the higher ground the rush of wind threatened to sweep Dorothy from her feet. There was not much rain, but the air was so laden with mist and spume as to make it difficult to see more than a hundred yards.

Their course lay at right angles to the direction of the wind; and De Bernay, tucking Dorothy's arm under his own, sheltered her with his solid bulk. Both were conscious of a certain sense of pleasure in this arrangement. The lash of the storm, in violent contact with some warmer elemental force under Dorothy's fresh skin, brought a rich glow to her cheeks as the grasp of her little hand tightened on the strong arm of her companion, and stray tresses of her chestnut hair were torn from their confines and blown out in curling wisps. It is probable she was prettier at that moment than ever before, and De Bernay's clear eyes lighted with admiration as he glanced at her from time to time.

"If I were to throw you straight up into the air," said he in her small pink ear, "you would probably land somewhere on the coast of New Brunswick."

"I'm very happy where I am—thanks!" she answered, and gripped a little tighter.

De Bernay laughed.

"I'm surprised that a lady of your principles should deign to accept the support of the tyrannical male!" said he.

"I'm afraid the wind has blown my principles away."

De Bernay laughed again and, throwing back his head, sang in his booming, resonant bass:

Where are the principles of yesterday?
The wind has blown them all away!

Dorothy raised her pretty chin and mimicked:

Where is the laboratory of yesterday?
Lady Audrey has blown it all away!

This fetched a roar out of De Bernay and he looked at her with eyes that were beginning to sparkle. He wondered a little that he should have overlooked her charm the day before. At dinner she had impressed him as bright, intelligent and unquestionably attractive in a quiet, demure way; and it now flashed across his mind that these sober maidens were not always to be assayed at their face value. Their eyes met and De Bernay did not miss the sudden flash of audacity, followed instantly by a mock-modest lowering of the long lashes, on which the mist had gathered. He drew her a little closer and they plowed on in the direction of the gully where the canine tragedy had occurred.

It is probable that if Lady Audrey could have seen and heard the two so closely locked and exchanging observations which were not without the spice of personalities and the edge of bantering challenge of repartee, she might have felt certain doubts as to Dorothy's qualifications as a chaperon. But Lady Audrey was at the moment engaged, with the assistance of Yan, in cleansing and clothing a crowing young creature of whose proper pedigree and kennel register she would have liked to be assured, but of whose attractions there could be no question. As for Cécile and Edna, these drowsing damsels had heard Dorothy's clear treble and De Bernay's bass as they breakfasted together, and had sleepily reflected that perhaps they might be

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"Why Didn't You Tell Us We Were Sitting on Top of a Magazine?"

GATCH & COMPANY

The Story of a Man Who Tried Again

II

By Edward Mott Woolley

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DEREMEAUX

"Just Keep Your Eyes on That Safe, Henry—For a Moment!"

THE second day my sales shrank amazingly, which, of course, I had expected. I could not make every day an opening day! The weather changed and grew cold and stormy; my baby show suddenly ceased to be an asset; the novelty of a drygoods store in the block wore off.

Still, I could not complain. During the first two weeks I sold about two thousand dollars' worth of goods—and, of course, I am now stating the price at retail valuations. These sales, you see, were far above the average I had counted on; but I was not deceived. I knew there would be dull periods.

Every dollar I took in I deposited in the bank, for I had resolved to pay even the petty bills so far as possible by check. In this method I was actuated by a double purpose—first, to keep a record of all outgo; second, to impress my banker. I knew that in time I should need to discount my notes and I planned to get ready for this contingency; but my plans were imperfect, as I shall show you later on.

On the first day of October I had eighteen hundred and twenty dollars in the bank after paying about a hundred dollars for help, fifty dollars for general expense, and thirty dollars on my own drawing account. In October my books show that I did a business of twenty-two hundred dollars. The October expense outgo was approximately: payroll, two hundred dollars; general expense, one hundred; self, sixty. This aggregated three hundred and sixty dollars; so you see I had thirty-six hundred and sixty dollars in the bank on November first.

My rent now commenced, increasing my expense a hundred dollars a month. November sales were twenty-five hundred dollars and November expenses four hundred and sixty. And, though I had no merchandise bills coming due that month, I decided to pay eight hundred dollars on account. This left me forty-nine hundred dollars in the bank on December first.

During December I paid the balance—seven hundred dollars—on my first sixty-day purchases and, in addition, five hundred dollars on new bills. During this month my records show that my expenses jumped to five hundred and sixty dollars because of the Christmas rush. Sales were thirty-five hundred dollars. Thus I had in the bank, after meeting all the obligations that had come due, sixty-six hundred and forty dollars.

I do not wish to go through the whole year's details of this sort, but you can see how my plans were working themselves out—even better than I had scheduled things! By this time I had increased my stock to a cost value of about eight thousand dollars. I was not accomplishing any miracle, but was merely getting every-day results.

The Investment Analyzed

I WANT to say, however, that even every-day results do not come without a reason for them. Before I attempt to summarize those reasons in concrete illustrations, let me give you a more definite picture—financially—of my store. I wish to show you just how I divided up my credit among the various lines of goods included in my opening stock of sixty-five hundred dollars. My long experience as a buyer, and especially my observation as a member of the firm of Maynard, Goodacre & Gatch, had shown me that in a store of this sort certain percentages held good, so far as the relations of the departments to one another were concerned. Of course I speak now of my own location, and I do not pretend to lay down a rule that may be followed generally; but no merchant should go it blind. He ought to have some approximate knowledge of the ratios that fit his business and his location.

The investment represented by each department of the store was about as follows:

Drygoods—all yard-goods usually included in that term	$ 300
Gloves	325
Ribbons, embroideries, laces, trimmings, and so on	1200
Men's furnishings	700
Hosiery and underwear	1200
Muslin, underwear, infants' wear, corsets	1200
Waists, kimonos, house dresses	950
Notions and perfumery	625

I am aware that most merchants, when they read this schedule, will spot that item of three hundred dollars for drygoods and hold it up as impossible. And I admit that on the face of things it does seem a bit singular. I purported to have a drygoods store, yet the so-called drygoods department is set down as the smallest of any! But I am going to show you how I made it possible to do this. If I had not done a lot of scheming I never could have started a store without capital. I am rather proud of my ingenuity in this instance—and I believe that many a problem could be worked out better if men were more ingenious in their management.

In short, I went to the department store of Bludock, Sons & Company, in another part of New York, and I said to Mr. Bludock, the senior partner, whom I knew very well:

"I am up against it on the yard-goods proposition. It is imperative for me to make a reasonable showing in this respect; but how can I do it when a single piece of goods runs from forty to sixty yards? There is only one way I know of to manage the thing. Can you accommodate me by selling five-yard and ten-yard lengths of such goods as I may need in my store? I am willing to pay you, for cutting the goods, five per cent over the cost of the merchandise to you."

He was rather pleased with this and agreed to do it. It gave him a little more buying power! In this way I was able to have a drygoods department representing twelve or fourteen hundred dollars on a department capitalization of three hundred—and on no capitalization at all, so far as I was concerned. I bought from Bludock, Sons & Company only as I sold goods in my drygoods department, and I bought just what I needed.

I have shown you that I sold goods to the aggregate of ten thousand two hundred dollars between September fifteenth and January first. How did I do it? Why did the people come to me and pay their money over my counters?—for I did no credit business. I am going to tell you.

Back in an earlier chapter I spoke of the strategy of location. Now I want to say that there is a broader strategy—a strategy that takes in every phase of a man's business. I think I have given you an inkling of my little strategies in financiering; and now I want to give some instances of the strategy of getting permanent customers. It was a phase of business in which I was quite adept even before my ill-starred career as a member of the firm of Maynard, Goodacre & Gatch. I had learned it from the manager of the great Keystone department store during my years of employment there. And at the store of Maynard, Goodacre & Gatch I certainly should have made it pay dividends except for the blunders in financiering that quite offset its operations.

Furthermore, I feel that my abilities in this direction, which were well known among the wholesale drygoods trade, were the main factor in my getting the credit to start in business without capital.

To begin with let me cite my drygoods department again. Having arranged for a drygoods department fairly adequate to my first needs, I located it at the rear of my store alongside the notion counter. I knew that, at the beginning, the people would not have much confidence in my establishment, and that most of them would come into the store intending to purchase only small wares. By putting the notion counter at the back of the store I made customers pass some attractive counters, and by having the yard-goods close to the notions I tempted them in this direction. Not only this, but I knew that women who came in to buy yard-goods would surely spend some money on the notions if the latter were handy.

The Strategy of the Notions

THIS instance, after all, simply harks back to the strategy of location—for there may be such strategy inside a store as well as in the location of the store itself.

As to the notion department, I believe it to be the most important section, in a way, in the whole store. A good notion department is always an excellent foundation for a department store. A woman who can get her notions will finally drift from one department to another and buy pretty nearly all the goods she uses.

Another piece of strategy I used with great success was the prominent display of goods that bore well-known trade names. I gave them the best positions in my store. Take gloves, for instance. One day a fashionably dressed woman came into the store and went to the glove counter.

"I left home intending to go downtown to get some gloves," she said; "but as I was going up the stairs to the elevated station I chanced to look into your window and saw a sign announcing that you carried the very gloves I meant to buy. Now I know those gloves are the same everywhere in quality and price; so instead of going on downtown I came back down the stairs and made up my mind to buy here."

I talked to her a little while, for I was usually there at the front of the store, on the watch for such opportunities. That is the strategic place for the proprietor of a business or his trusted representative. It is the vantage-point from which he executes his maneuvers in the strategy of getting permanent customers.

"Madam," I said, "if you will honor us by leaving your name and address I should like very much to send you samples of any specially desirable merchandise we may have from time to time—and if you will indicate any particular need in the drygoods line we will do our utmost to supply it promptly."

In five minutes' conversation she told me not only her name and address but her preferences and ideas along several lines. She was the wife of a gold-pen manufacturer who was rated at a quarter of a million. Afterward she was worth to me at least five hundred dollars a year.

Another woman came into my store one winter's day and asked me if we handled dog blankets. Under her arm she carried a shivering little dog, though she herself wore heavy, expensive furs.

"I have run all over this wretched city," she exclaimed, "in the hope of getting a blanket for this freezing creature; and—would you believe it?—I could not find one! No—not a sign of a blanket for a dog! Surely there are stores in New York that handle them!"

"There are!" I answered, rising to the opportunity. It might have slipped through my fingers easily enough. "There are such stores, madam, and this is one of them."

Up to that moment I had never thought of handling dog blankets; but now I got a tape-measure.

"I shall have to have it made for you—this dog is very small," I said. "If you will give your name and address you shall have the blanket at your home tomorrow night."

I knew exactly where to go to get this job done; and the blanket was delivered as I promised. This woman was the wife of a high-up politician; and so pleased was he over the attention my store had shown his wife that he came in to express his thanks in person. The result was that he bought a lot of shirts and other furnishings. He came back regularly, and so did his wife, and between them they bought seven or eight hundred dollars' worth of goods the first year. Some of these were specially ordered for them, for they found it convenient to buy of me in that way, and they had confidence in my buying judgment.

I never refused an order that I could by any possibility fill, even at a sacrifice. It often cost me money to send some member of my force downtown to get something somebody wanted, but I made customers in the end. Permanent customers are the backbone of any store.

I remember one young man who came into the store during my early days and asked for a certain collar I did not carry.

"I'll have some of those collars here tomorrow," I said. "Meanwhile perhaps you can use one or two of the kind I have in stock."

He agreed, and next day I had what he wanted.

"This is your box, remember," I said as I showed him a certain box on the shelf. "I have written your name on it and whenever you need collars you will know just where to come."

He felt under obligation after that to buy his collars and furnishings of me—and he did. Yet he might have got away from me and never come back!

Reaching Out for New Business

THESE are just a few typical instances of how I got permanent customers without advertising for them. Besides, I encouraged my help to give me ideas for getting customers. I had a suggestion box; and I promised that just as soon as I turned a financial corner and saw my way clear I meant to install a commission system based on the sales of each clerk. Furthermore, clerks who gave me good ideas would fare best when the time came. One day the salesgirl in charge of my ribbon and fancy goods department said to me:

"Mr. Gatch, a woman was in here today with her baby, and on the baby carriage she had a beautiful light blue ribbon. It was very attractive and novel, and I saw a lot of people looking at it. I believe that if we made up some sample ribbon bows for baby carriages we could sell a lot of them."

The idea looked feasible to me and I told her to go ahead and do it—I would buy the ribbon. The results were surprising. Within a few weeks we had increased the sales of our ribbon department fifty per cent. Then from those bows we drifted into the making of all kinds of bows, flowers and fancy articles—all made of ribbon. Our ribbon sales more than tripled and we were the leaders in a vogue that we created out of the idea of a salesgirl.

I kept a close watch on the new apartment buildings, and whenever a new family moved in I called in person—usually selecting some hour of the day when business was light at the store and I could get away with the least inconvenience. I kept a regular list of newcomers in the neighborhood and gradually I built up a valuable customers' list. In making these lists I secured the help of the janitors; for a slight consideration they kept me posted.

"If We Made Up Some Bows for Baby Carriages We Could Sell a Lot of Them"

Whenever I made a personal call I accomplished a double purpose. First, I made the acquaintance of the family; and, second, I observed the style of their apartments—the woodwork, fixtures and similar features. Then I suggested that we could get curtain poles to match the wood and could supply almost anything in the line of drygoods. One thing I always made sure to mention—table oilcloth. I had learned that the first drygoods purchase the average family makes on moving into a new apartment is this item; and, nine times out of ten, I got the purchase and made regular customers of the families.

The other small merchants of my neighborhood were sarcastic over my methods and predicted quick failure. They made mean remarks about me because I claimed to be the most accommodating merchant in New York. I was, in fact, more accommodating than any merchant I ever knew, for I went even further than the big downtown stores in my efforts to serve people and please them. If a customer wanted a sample or a button matched, I would do it; and finally I established a shopping department and had one of my best girls make trips downtown twice a week in the interests of the special wants of customers.

She Was Worth to Me at Least Five Hundred Dollars a Year in Gross Sales

Meanwhile my store was building up a reputation for unfailing courtesy and attention. It was rarely a customer left the store without a "Thank you!" "I hope you have been properly served!" and "Call again!" There was no other store in my neighborhood that had this atmosphere—not one. As I say, the other merchants sneered at me for it.

From the very beginning I believed that my business was destined to grow to large dimensions, and in every way possible I followed the methods of the large and successful stores. I claimed to have—and I believe I really did have—the best miniature department store in New York. To accomplish this without prohibitive expense kept me awake many nights devising short-cut systems, accounting methods, and so on.

It is impossible to enter into these technicalities here; but I wish to mention two vital systems among them. We kept a record of every article called for that we did not handle; and we kept a record of every item of goods called for that we did handle but did not have in stock.

For instance, we had numerous calls for dishpans and similar articles of household use; and these, tabulated for a considerable period, showed me finally that I needed a house-furnishings department—and just what kind of department it must be. On the other hand, the system for keeping track of goods out of stock was a sure check on that serious loss, so inexcusably common, that comes from not having goods a store ought to have and claims to have.

At the close of my first year in business my books showed that I had exceeded my original estimate of sales by ten thousand dollars! Instead of selling twenty thousand dollars' worth of goods, I had sold a little more than thirty thousand!

These increased sales had also increased my expenses. My estimate of total expense, you remember, had been fifty-seven hundred and thirty dollars. In reality I spent sixty-four hundred and ninety dollars. My total purchases of goods at wholesale prices amounted to about twenty-five thousand dollars; while my inventory showed merchandise on hand, at cost value, worth five thousand dollars. At inventory time, you know, I had run the stock very low. In tabular form my financial condition was this:

Total purchases during the year	$25,000
Expenses	6,490
Total outgo, including bills not paid	$31,490
Merchandise at cost and value	5,000
Cash on hand and in banks	2,000
Merchandise bills not due	3,490
Net worth	3,510

In other words, I had made a living, paid all my obligations except merchandise bills to the extent of thirty-four hundred and ninety dollars, and had a stock worth five thousand dollars. The difference between what I had and what I owed was what I was now worth—thirty-five hundred and ten dollars! In this figure I included nothing for good-will—which in reality was now an item worth considering. Neither did I count the fixtures. Without stretching things much, I might have called myself worth five thousand dollars; but I wished to play a conservative game and I was satisfied to accept the lower figure. It looked good to me!

Meanwhile I had carried my pistol a few months and then grown careless. It was now kicking round in a drawer of my desk and I was not sure whether it was loaded or not. Why should I have to go about the streets of New York armed like a guerrilla? True, I still made a practice of carrying my money home at night, for I did not trust that poor little safe.

Well, I meant to have a new safe very soon. I was climbing the hill fast, and a year or two would show results that would make Edmonds and his wife sick with envy and regrets over their cowardice! And yet if they had carried out the original purpose and Edmonds had been my partner we might not have got through without some bank loans, which, of course, would have been quite legitimate.

As it was, however, I was seriously handicapped, because I lacked a partner. I was overburdened with work, and worried over the possibility of being laid up by accident or illness. What would happen to my business in an event of that sort was plain enough.

At the same time, I was determined not to give up any considerable share of my hard-earned business to any partner—at least, not until it grew big enough to return handsome profits. I did not want to take in a partner with money. Instead, I resolved to find some capable young man, train him in my ways, and give him a small and increasing interest in the business.

It is a singular thing that when an opportunity of this sort is open—and there are countless opportunities similar to this every day—it should be so difficult to find a man available for it! I scanned the list of my acquaintances without finding a single young man I wanted. In some ways George Kaplan might have filled the bill—but he was a baseball crank and I feared I could never get him down to a steady business gait.

The Paper Test for a Possible Partner

BEN HOLMES might perhaps have suited me in some respects, but I was suspicious of his staying qualities. He was a bright youth of twenty, but his record in several positions he had held showed him to be lacking in determination and other essential qualities. Then there was Emil Hoffman—a really brilliant young chap, but lazy! I knew him well enough not to consider him as a future partner. So it went.

Finally I advertised for a young man—though, of course, I did not say anything about a possible partnership. The man I took lasted only a week, for I saw how hopeless he was—good enough for a clerk, but not the man for a partner. I advertised five times and tried five men—all failures for the purpose I had in mind. Not one of them rose to the chance, though I gave each of them hints that might have meant fortune.

Meantime I got to thinking about my own experience when I started out in New York as a raw foreign boy to look for work—and how I got it because I picked up a bolt of yard-goods that lay in the aisle and restored it to the counter. These reflections gave me an idea. I advertised again; and before the young men began to come in to apply for the place I dropped a piece of soiled paper on the floor beside my desk. The man who picked it up I would try for the partnership job!

Six young fellows came in one after another, and stood on that dirty piece of paper while they told me what fine chaps they were. I turned them all away. The seventh was a tall, rather gawky man, who gave his name as Henry Druss—but even before he gave it he stooped, picked up the paper and carried it to a wastebasket! I could almost believe he had been tipped off, only I had not told a soul about that soiled paper.

I gave Druss the job, though I did not just fancy him at the start. He was twenty-two years old, a foreigner, and green about a lot of things; but it did not take me more than a day or two to make up my mind that I had found a partner. Druss was a man I could teach and a man of unlimited energy and ambition. He had no side issues, no hobbies, no lofty conception of himself, no fear of working overtime or doing too much for his six dollars a week.

Meanwhile I had made a bad mistake in my merchandising—I had plunged on long silk gloves. This vogue had

sprung up the previous summer and the demand had far exceeded the supply. Everybody had gone into silk gloves heavily—and now the vogue took a shift. The short-sleeved shirtwaist lost its great popularity and I found myself heavily overstocked on long gloves. I lost twelve hundred dollars. This put me in a hole on my merchandise bills and I went to the bank to get my first loan.

The banker, an offish man named McRickert, turned me down cold right at the start. He intimated that I had not established myself and that in all probability my business, like many others, was merely a passing effort. I did not have any credit rating—and altogether he really could not loan me any money!

I saw then that my little deposit account was not sufficient to establish bank credit; and I saw, furthermore, that I had not selected the right bank. There's a lot in that! A young merchant ought to establish connections with a bank that is really interested in his sort of enterprises. Further, he should have a careful regard for the personality of the men who manage the bank. McRickert was a poor hand at the business.

I was in a very tight place for money, however—a tight place that grew tighter!

One Saturday night along about this time—it was during my second winter—I closed my store at ten o'clock, dismissed my clerks with the exception of Henry Druss, and counted my day's receipts. It had been a very heavy day and I had on hand about eight hundred dollars. Druss, who already was my confidential man, stayed to help me.

I did not have to ask him to do it: he fell into these things quite naturally and took from my shoulders a great load of detail I never had been able to get anybody to assume. During the few months he had been with me he had developed in an extraordinary way. As a merchandiser I foresaw for him a promising career, and I was resolved to make him my partner just the moment I felt him to be really able to stand up under the responsibility.

Druss and I had counted most of the money and he was tying up the currency in packages, so that I could carry it more conveniently, when I heard a noise that seemed to come from the direction of the safe. This inefficient piece of equipment stood in a corner, and on top of it were some wooden files, reaching more than halfway to the ceiling. On top of the files were some books. Thus was formed a very good shield—a man could hide behind it readily enough. This was my thought instantly when I heard the suspicious scraping sound. Druss and I were on our feet together.

Another Loss

"WHAT was that?" he asked, looking toward the safe.

"Probably the cat!" I answered, for we had a cat to hold the mice at bay.

"I don't think so," said Druss; "the cat was in the front window a few minutes ago. I'll look and see."

"Never mind!" I cautioned. If anything were to happen I preferred having Druss there in the office with me. "Just keep your eyes on that safe, Henry—for a moment!"

In order to reach into the drawer where I supposed my revolver was I had to turn my back. I was as quick as possible about it—but the weapon was not there! The next moment I heard an inarticulate cry from my confidential man; and turning I looked into the muzzles of three revolvers. Two men had stepped from their place of concealment back of the safe, one on each side, and had us covered. The taller of the intruders held two very large and ugly pistols—at least, they looked monstrous and deadly to me—while his accomplice leveled the third directly in line with my eyes. Both men wore masks.

"Hands up!" said one of them.

I did not obey; neither did Druss. To hold up my hands and let these bandits get away with all that money without a fight was not in accord with my temperament nor with his.

"Hands up!" came the command again. "I'll give you five seconds!"

Almost as he spoke Druss made a most unexpected lunge for the feet of the man who had given the obnoxious order, crying to me as he did so:

"Take the other one!"

So quickly did he execute this evolution that he actually upset the fellow and had him on his back in a twinkling, while the revolver flew across the room with a clatter; but I was not quick enough in following his example. Before I could get possession of myself I saw a flash—almost in my face—and felt the zip of a bullet across my cheek. It was followed by another and another. One of them clipped some hair from my temple and the other scratched my right ear. I do not know how many bullets came from that black, smoking muzzle and sounded their staccato notes in my ears.

It is said that men will think of queer things in moments of dire peril; and during the few seconds I stood up there in the face of those whistling missiles I thought of my business—without a partner! I pictured myself lying dead or desperately wounded, with not a soul to take the helm! In that moment there sprang up before my mental eyes the new sign I hoped some day to have hung in place of the old one—Gatch & Company. In that moment I resolved that if I lived through this affair I would make Henry Druss the Company before another sundown.

Probably it was the predicament of this robber's accomplice that unnerved him and saved me. He ceased firing and sprang upon Druss, who was belaboring the prostrate foe. Then I took a hand and over the floor we rolled.

Suddenly there came a banging at the front door, and through the dust I saw the glistening shields of two policemen. I yelled to them to smash in the door; then I heard the rattle of broken glass on the floor.

Meanwhile there had been a cessation of hostilities inside and we four men were scrambling to our feet. The robbers made a break for a rear window, smashed it and got through. Druss had one of them by the legs as he hung suspended, but a kick in the face sent him sprawling back. During that moment I had turned to the desk to make sure the money was still there. It was gone!

It Was Like the Stories I Have Read About Land Rushes

We never got it back—eight hundred dollars! With this affair and the affair of the gloves, I was two thousand dollars in a hole. You see how my nice percentage scheme of costs and expenses was upset! We must take such things as they come; but I believe there is a way round most of the disasters if a man will keep his head and his courage.

Next day I went down to the Felton department store to see Bob Felton, son of the chief owner. He was a keen young executive I knew in a friendly way. I had once given him some valuable information and saved his house quite a loss through a fluctuation in prices, and now I made up my mind to ask his help.

"Bob," I said—most of his friends called him that—"Bob, I'm in a devil of a hole for bank credit! I've simply got to have money! I've got a business worthy of it; and I want you to go over my affairs with me and then put me in touch with a bank that will make me a loan."

He did go over my affairs very carefully. He saw what I had done without capital; he pronounced my showing an excellent one; and he took me down to a bank where his own house dealt. On his recommendation and on my written statement I got a loan of fifteen hundred dollars.

I was lucky in having the friendship of Bob Felton. I regard it as part of good management to find ways of knowing such men, keeping them interested in one's business and personality, and thus establishing a reserve force of moral support. This is often more valuable than actual cash in the bank.

I paid that note the day it fell due—demonstrating that the word of Gatch & Company meant just what it purported; but I tell you it took some mighty good selling schemes in order to get the money to do it! I want to jump over a few months and tell you about one typical campaign. It will give you a good idea of the way we forged ahead.

I was called on the telephone one day by a salesman for a large drygoods commission house. He reminded me of a big eiderdown sale I had made while I was a buyer at the Keystone department store and then said to me:

"Gatch, you had a lot of nerve to put through that sale, and I believe you've got the nerve to tackle the proposition I want to make to you now. I'll be up there in an hour with samples."

When he came he had some mercerized ginghams, thirty-four inches wide.

"These goods have been consigned to us," he said, "and must be sold before next Saturday. All told, we have thirty-five cases, fifty pieces in a case, about forty yards to a piece—seventy thousand yards in all. The assortment of colors consists of two shades of pink, two blues, Nile green, linen color, tan, old rose, heliotrope, navy blue, red and some others. There are more of the pinks and blues than of any other color—and those two are the best colors.

"Now I've got to sell these goods for cash; and I have been instructed to report any offer, no matter how ridiculous. I have been to a dozen of the biggest houses in the city and in some of them I couldn't get even an interview. At some of the places they told me it was inventory time; at others that business was dead; at others that Wall Street troubles had made such a purchase quite impossible at the present time; at others that they were loaded up to the neck. Everywhere it was the same story! But these goods have got to be sold, Gatch, and I happened to remember you. Of course I know that this isn't the sort of purchase usually made by a store of your class; but when I recalled that eiderdown sale—well, I got on the wire and called you! I believe you can scheme out some way to work off these ginghams."

Some Gingham

"WHAT could I do with seventy thousand yards of the stuff?" I demanded. "Why, it would take a giant to handle that quantity!"

"Make me an offer!" he got back, without answering my question.

"I don't want the stuff!" I insisted. "It would bury me alive here in this little store. You must think I am crazy!"

"You are just crazy enough to know a good thing!" he retorted. "What'll you give me for the whole lot—spot cash?"

I had sold this sort of goods in my store, usually at fifteen cents or thereabout. The goods were readily salable in reasonable quantities—but seventy thousand yards looked like a joke! To get rid of him I said carelessly:

"Oh, I'll give you three cents a yard!"

"I'll report your offer to my firm," he said.

An hour or two later I was called to the phone again.

"The goods are yours!" was the message I got.

I hung up the receiver, almost speechless. When I got my breath I told Druss, and we two sat down in chairs opposite each other and stared. Druss was staggered. He had been with me long enough to know what a jumbo of a pickle we should be in if we really took the seventy thousand yards of gingham.

"We don't have to take the stuff!" he exclaimed. "We can't take it! Call them up and tell them we are not ready to commit suicide!"

I did not answer him right away, but sat there thinking and looking at him. Meanwhile something of my oldtime merchandising courage began to come over me. I had done things during my buying days at the Keystone store—done

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INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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The Future Income Tax

IT IS a great mistake to regard the income tax as one of those luxuries that are inevitably reserved for the rich. We have no doubt that the exemption in this country will be lowered before many years. For a long while the British tax, like that in Wisconsin, has started with incomes in excess of eight hundred dollars a year; but Prime Minister Asquith recently announced: "I am growing of opinion that the time has come for a complete reëxamination in all directions, both downward and upward, of the whole system of exemptions, abatements and graduations"—which was generally regarded as foreshadowing the taxing of smaller incomes.

The English limit of eight hundred dollars is comparatively high. The Prussian tax starts with incomes of two hundred and twenty-five dollars; the Austrian at two hundred and fifty dollars; the Swedish at two hundred and twenty; the Bavarian at one hundred and fifty; and the Saxon at one hundred dollars.

Theoretically our tax should start with incomes of seven or eight hundred dollars, with a further exemption for a wife and every minor child—that is, every income that is above mere decent subsistence should contribute; but the amount our Government needs to raise by an income tax is relatively small. Consequently the rate on these incomes would be so low that the cost of collection would amount to more than the tax.

When the Government derives a larger part of its revenue from the income tax the rate will rise, and the exemption in all probability will fall decidedly below the present level of three thousand dollars.

The Best Regulators

WE EXPECT the medical association and the bar association to denounce quacks and shysters. Why should there not be a railroad association to oppose quackery in that trade? Substantially that question is asked by the Economist, of Chicago.

"The railroad system of the United States," it says very truly, "has been enormously damaged by the public sentiment against it, growing out of the acts of a comparatively few men." The New Haven and the Frisco are mentioned as showing how mismanagement of only two out of a hundred great properties may rouse distrust and hostility, which react against all of them.

There are many well-managed railroads in the United States; but reaction against all of the roads because of the mismanagement of one is inevitable so long as the roads, as a whole, merely shrug their shoulders. So long as the public retains an apparently well-founded opinion that the wrecking of one railroad is a matter of indifference to the managers of other railroads, it will have no very hearty confidence in those other managers.

Big business generally is regulated so much from the outside because it is so decidedly averse to regulating itself. Force of circumstances has driven the banks from this *laissez-faire* attitude. Their interdependence is so close and obvious that in nearly all large cities they make themselves very active censors of one another through their clearing-house examinations. They know that one bank cannot go wrong without injury and peril to its neighbors. So they undertake to see that no bank does go wrong.

Interdependence of the railroads is less obvious and intimate; yet to a degree they do all stand or fall together, and an injury to one injures all. What a refreshing and promising thing it would be, for example, to hear a score of eminent railroad men criticize those Frisco commissions! That would be the sort of criticism which would count.

It is said of a certain picturesque financier, who came in for plenty of newspaper and political animadversion, that nothing ever really got under his hide except a rebuke, ten words long, which was once publicly administered to him by a greater figure in the financial world. The financial quack is usually impervious to criticism from the outside. But the toughest hide will wince under criticism from its wearer's own circle. We should like to see big business express itself with point and energy about big-business abuses—but perhaps it never will.

The Making of Rebels

BRITISH opinion is somewhat depressed by the state of India. Of late years the government has really striven with energy and liberality to improve the condition of that country, and it has measurably succeeded. Probably never before in modern times was the great Asiatic dependency so prosperous and so free. Certainly education has been put within the reach of many more people than ever before, and the natives have been given a larger share in the government.

One very conspicuous result of all this is a quantity of unrest and sedition that also is of fairly record-breaking proportions. That is the perfectly natural order—though England seems not to regard it so. Agitation is the first child of prosperity and education. The abjectly poor and ignorant hardly ever rebel. Generally they do not know how, and have not the means if they had the knowledge.

No starveling sansculottes could ever have organized the French Revolution. It took well-fed, well-educated people to do that. To make a rebel of a man the first step is to teach him to read and give him a square meal. That there is more unrest in India than there was a generation ago is merely an encouraging sign that education and food have become somewhat more common. If there was nothing but dumb acceptance of the present low state of the country it would mean that the education had been ineffectual. Undoubtedly if education and prosperity increase in India, insistence on home rule will increase also.

Looking back three or four generations, concession after concession has been granted to labor—the right to organize; the ballot; a whole library of remedial laws concerning housing, factory inspection, compensation for injuries, and so on. And labor in America and England was never more full of fight than it is today. Naturally to give a man something does not quiet him. It merely incites him to struggle for more. Otherwise there would be little use in giving him anything.

Uncle Sam in Big Business

THE Kaibab Forest, in Northern Arizona, owned by the nation, is said to be one of the most beautiful in America, as well as one of the most heavily wooded tracts in the Southwest. It contains two billion feet of timber, more than half of which is mature and ready for the axe. It would be pleasant to visit the forest—still pleasanter to have that billion feet of ripe timber on the market instead of deteriorating in remote grandeur.

To get this timber out, however, it is necessary to build a railroad about two hundred miles long, as well as sawmills and other appurtenances—requiring altogether an investment of some three million dollars. Nobody would make any such investment except with the certainty of having a great quantity of timber to handle over a long term of years.

Accordingly Secretary Houston has decided to sell one billion feet of this timber to whomever will bid highest under the terms fixed by the Government. This is the largest offering of timber ever made by the Government. It is decidedly big business; but only big business can handle the problem involved. The investment to be made in connection with this timber sale will benefit the region in collateral ways by making accessible resources that are now locked up.

Incidentally it will give a rail route to the Grand Cañon from the north. We used to think Uncle Sam was unduly afraid of big business. In some respects he seems to be getting over it.

Trading in the Dark

SHARES of the thirty-three concerns into which the old Standard Oil Company was divided are not listed on the New York Stock Exchange, but there has been a very brisk speculation in them outside of the Exchange. In this connection the Wall Street Journal observes:

"These companies furnish no information of their operations. So far from meeting the listing requirements of the Stock Exchange, they do not even meet the modified demands of the curb market. The quotations are shamelessly manipulated. The sales are not recorded. The outside investor or speculator has absolutely no means of checking the honesty of his brokers. He may have paid ten points above the real market price for his stock or sold his stock ten points below it."

We have often criticized the Stock Exchange and very likely shall do so again; but no critic should overlook the fundamental point that without such an institution the abuses attaching to trade in securities would be much greater than they are now. We criticize railroads, but do not wish to go back to the stagecoach and oxcart. The big stock and commodity exchanges afford legitimate buyers and sellers protection at many points they would be without if the exchanges were destroyed.

A Continent to Order

REPORTING to the Statist on the condition of Canada, George Paish remarks that the great era of railroad building is now almost closed. Both the new trunklines across the continent will be completed within a year and the old one will have been double-tracked much of the way. With these and numerous branch lines Canada will have built seventeen thousand miles of railroad within a dozen years at a cost, including equipment and improvements, of a thousand million dollars.

Now Canada contains decidedly fewer people than the state of New York and far less capital. In proportion to population no country ever before built railroads so fast, and in relative material development during the last decade the Dominion has much exceeded the United States.

Glancing at the history of the Canadian Northwest for the last dozen years, one might fairly say that the Dominion made a continent to order. As the railroads spread across the provinces land came into cultivation, towns appeared, industries sprang up.

It is all an interesting illustration of the modern mobility and organization of capital. For this development Canada has borrowed since 1907 a billion and a quarter dollars in England and perhaps a third as much in the United States. Without great stores of surplus money to draw on, the development would have been impossible.

The People Who Pay

AMERICAN citizens have already filed with the State Department claims against Mexico amounting to three hundred million dollars. Probably there will be more; while German, British and French citizens will have their own little bills. In due time, no doubt, Mexico will be called on to settle; but even if President Huerta were certain of remaining in power that prospect would not cause him the least uneasiness. None of the money would come out of his pocket. It is the Mexican people who will have to pay if anybody does.

Ruling a people is nearer foolproof than any other job in the world, because, generally speaking, the ruler can make whatever mistakes he pleases and the people will pay for them. If you went into business backed by an inexhaustible gold mine you might as well buy at ten dollars a ton and sell at nine as the other way about. And, so far as the ruler is concerned—up to the extreme point of a successful rebellion—he will get on just as comfortably in his job if he is an idiot as he would if he were a sage.

In fact, many idiots, first and last, have gotten on very comfortably indeed in it. Given an ignorant and submissive people, to be a ruler requires less brains and character than to be a corner grocer.

Where the Money Goes

FOURTEEN regular appropriation bills are to come before Congress ere long. We are not hopeful that any of them will be materially smaller than its particular predecessor. Retrenchment and economy always figure large in campaign documents, but a powerful microscope is necessary to detect them in appropriation committee reports.

The Government, no doubt, will cost more and ever more. Probably the country has resigned itself to that condition, and it is true that, as Federal activities broaden in response to public demand, expenses must rise also; but of the eleven thousand bills that have already been introduced in the lower house of this Congress, by far the greater part is composed of private measures granting pensions or increase of pensions to particular individuals. The same may be said of the Senate calendar.

In the nature of the case these private bills are cracked through with comparatively little scrutiny—on the log-rolling plan. In consideration of getting his private bills through, Smith, of course, votes for Jones' and Robinson's private bills.

We have not precisely measured the flood of private bills in this Congress, but our impression is that it still runs at highwater mark. Whatever else the Democrats may do, they seem to be quite as free and easy with public money as the Republicans ever were.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

PHOTO BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

He Is Never Happy Except When He Is Fighting

JUDGING from the advance notices received, the person who is pictured immediately adjacent to these words as clad in such unseasonable garments is hot stuff, which may account for his nifty but nonhibernaculous attire. Also the fact that it was ninety flat in the shade on the day the picture was made may account for it; but, anyhow, his name is Frank Patrick Walsh, of Kansas City.

Mr. Walsh—who is by way of being chairman of the Commission on Industrial Relations—is, as I am informed, a two-fisted person who hates peace. They tell me his motto is: Let justice be done though the heavens fall! And if the heavens do not fall at the exact moment when their drop would make for justice he pulls 'em down himself. Coming, as he does, into an Administration that favors peace in all portions of its domain, and then some—and is watchfully waiting for the same in Mexico—he is the more notable, and is looked on as the political White Hope by all who have sporting blood in their veins. The Commission on Industrial Relations, as you must know, is one of those beneficent organizations created from time to time by Congress to make a report. Ever since we began business as a nation commissions have been making reports and some of the reports have been made into books; the books have been franked about the country; the residue has been brought to the attention of the Committee on the Disposition of Useless Documents—and the affair has passed off pleasantly.

Sometimes commissions have lingered about—lagged superfluous, so to speak—long after their reports were made, or they have been tardy in making their reports, needing time for careful consideration and the per-diem allowance, among other things.

Our commission makers in Congress finally became apprised of the lingering character of commissions and of late have put definite durations for them in the creating acts. The law that formed the Commission on Industrial Relations is brutal about it. That law says this commission must ring down its curtain in three years after the approval of the act, "when the term of this commission shall expire."

However, be of good cheer! It is well known that a commission—a good, industrious, housebroken commission—can compile fifteen or twenty volumes of a report in three years, and that means a good shack of work for the boys in the Government Printing Office.

This commission is to inquire into various things, but mainly into the general condition of labor in the principal industries of the country, including agriculture and corporations especially; into the relations between employers and employed; into other industrial commissions; into health, sanitation, unions, and so on. Take it from one who has read the bill, this commission has enough subjects to inquire into to insure a very large report—probably twenty volumes, with notes, glossary and index.

And, judging from past performances, Frank P. Walsh may impart a human-interest tinge to the pages of the voluminous work for which he is to be chiefly responsible, inasmuch as he positively refuses to remain silent when any one seems to be getting the worst of it—which, it is alleged, has been the case in our industrial relations, not only now but also again. Moreover, he has ideas on various subjects and has enforced a good many of those ideas. He does interesting things.

And Then the Trouble Started

THERE was that occasion, some ten or twelve years ago, when, as a member of the Democratic State Committee of Missouri, he started a few balls rolling that haven't stopped yet. The committee was in session. Walsh was present. Everything was harmonious. The boys were all feeling good. Prospects were bright. There wasn't a cloud in the sky.

After a few preliminaries Walsh rose. The others turned smiling faces toward him, for Frank always makes a good speech. This time he had a little resolution to present. It was a simple affair—innocuous really—and merely in line with the trend of the times. All Mr. Walsh desired to do by means of the adoption of his little resolution was to bind the committee to take no more campaign contributions from corporations. Merely that!

The effect was about the same as if he had told the state committeemen that a mad dog was under the table.

Walsh said they were selling legislation for campaign contributions. They said any person who would make such a charge against so great a collection of patriots was not fit to remain a member of that pure and undefiled body. Walsh agreed and urged his resolution. His was the only vote for it. Then came the state convention at St. Joseph. Walsh took his fight there. He knew he would not get a chance to talk in the convention—so he hired a hall; in fact he hired a theater and billed his show.

The theater seats two thousand persons. A lot more than that number were present. Walsh made his speech. He did not stop to embroider his language. He plucked no flowers from the garden of rhetoric. He wore no verbal gloves and he did use hooks.

He began with the proposition that the governor of the state was a fence for the party organization, because, as he claimed, the governor had been elected by the use of corporation money. Then he went along and pointed out that the persons who acted as direct agents for the larcenies committed were the politicians who collected the corporation money for use in campaigns.

The next morning the Kansas City delegates decided they wanted no such discourteous and abrupt person as a member of the state committee, and Walsh was removed.

Walsh kept on in his fight. Two years later he was chairman of a Democratic state convention that declared for direct primaries, and four years later a Democratic governor was elected on a platform that opposed corporations and without the aid of any corporation money.

Meantime Walsh had been busy in the legislature. He was on hand and he was at work. Presently there came laws on the Missouri statute books that provided for statewide primary elections, two-cent fares, maximum freight rates, scientific factory inspection—and one that crimped the old boys badly. That law compelled all lobbyists to register when they arrived at the capital.

Walsh developed as his fight developed. He was eliminating wrongs and he began to seek for means to prevent them. He worked for laws shortening the hours of women and children in the factories; for juvenile courts and for county farms for juvenile offenders; for compulsory education, and for various reform measures.

He began life as a boy working in a barbed-wire factory. Then he was water boy on the construction of the Colorado Midland Railroad.

Walsh also worked as a rate clerk in a railroad office, learned stenography, and became a court stenographer. He studied law while holding that place and was admitted to the bar when he was twenty-five. He knows a great deal about labor, labor unions and unionism.

Also he was chairman of the Kansas City Civil Service Commission, which was an honorary position, and his pay on the industrial commission will not embarrass him, as he gets only ten dollars a day when sitting—and that is not much compared with the thirty thousand dollars a year he is said to make at the law.

He has a whole houseful of children—some say ten and some say twelve—but plenty; accepts no retainers for permanent legal services; has the largest law library in the West of books relating to trial practice; is forty-nine years old; hard as nails; does not drink; is a handball player, a swimmer and an enthusiastic walker; reads lawbooks for fun; arbitrates labor disputes as a pastime—and is not happy when he is not fighting for something he thinks is right.

Wherefore, inasmuch as he loves fighting, he is rightly placed to do some of it. If he can fight Congress into adopting any of his recommendations he will qualify as a warrior; but, whether or not, we confidently look for many pounds of reports.

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Views of an Innocent Bystander

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR JIM: At the moment of writing, with the Honorable Woodrow Wilson putting out fires and firing out putts down on the Gulf, all seems reasonably calm and serene along the Potomac. And such is doubtless the case, for most of our tired legislators have returned to their formerly happy homes to observe whether their long absences in Washington have dulled or otherwise impaired the keen edge of the desire of their constituents to return them, in the elections of 1914, to the scene of their triumphs; or whether pestiferous persons back yonder have been spreading the seeds of discord and preparing to give them fights for nominations.

It doesn't always rain roses in the life of the average legislator—especially the average legislator of the House of Representatives. Sometimes it rains rain. Treading closely on the heels of the problem of whether he can get to Washington is the more perplexing problem of whether he will be allowed to stay there. As soon as he is elected once all his energies must be devoted to his election twice. He cannot sit by and depend on popular acclaim. He must be one of his most ardent, popular acclaimers.

It is all well enough to stop in Washington and make laws at the behest of a president who is secure for four years; but there are times when the legislator thinks he should be given an opportunity to make a few votes for himself back home.

Probably this view of a complicated political situation has not yet occurred to Mr. Wilson; but it is hoped that it will occur to him when he gets back to Washington, because most of the men who have put over his tariff and his income tax and his currency bill, hold it.

The fact is, Jim, there is a present disposition on the part of the Democrats to urge some brave man to say to Mr. Wilson:

"For heaven's sake, have a heart! It may appear to you that it will redound to your personal glory to go full steam ahead with the other constructive policies you have in mind; but give us a chance. We have performed faithfully and well. Ease up a bit now and let us see what the effects will be of what we have done, instead of piling a lot more new stuff on both the party and the people."

There is no denying the Democrats have had a strenuous time and that they have accomplished a remarkable legislative feat. It wasn't hard in the House of Representatives, where the majority is great; but over in the Senate, where the majority is slender and there have always been Insurgents, they have, despite the slimness of their control, carried out the wishes of the President almost to the exact letter—have given him what he wanted; and now they themselves think they should be let out from under the insistent spur and be allowed to jog-trot along in their own way, instead of being driven at a gallop toward the desired ends.

Jumping Through the Hoop

The solicitude of the men in control in the Senate and the House that the people and the country shall be given a rest is almost pathetic. It would be entirely pathetic if it were not so well understood that the persons who want the rest for the people and the country are primarily the exact persons who propose it; and they are not so much concerned about rest for the populace as they are about rest for themselves.

They haven't the least idea what the country-wide view will be of all these new measures, and there is no conclusive manner of finding out until the elections are held next fall. They think they have done enough, and that they should not be required to take any further chances on a comeback by adding to the undigested lump of legislation that has been handed to the people to digest.

Mr. Wilson, of course, is highly elated. He should be. No president of recent times secured from Congress so much of his wish and plan in so short a time. The reason for this is that no president has so dominated his majority. The Democrats came into power in a fine spirit of humility. They had not much of a record behind them. They were almost failures on the two brief occasions they were in power in this generation. They were not so sure they could do what they would and were haunted by fears they would not do what they could.

Thus, with a man in the White House who had no idea of failure and a keen sense of his own power and prerogatives, they were reasonably easy of direction. All it took was an intellect and a will, and both were ensconced in the head of the Chief Executive—hived in the person of Woodrow Wilson.

Every time he held up the hoop and said, "Jump through!" the Democrats jumped obediently through. They felt and knew that if Mr. Wilson thought it time for them to jump, it was in reality time; for they had no particular faith in their own powers of judgment and wanted so badly to do what was right in order that they might remain in power for a longer period than four years. They legislated as he directed them. He was the dictator. They passed his kind of a tariff bill, his kind of an income tax and his kind of a currency bill.

Prayers for Mercy

Now, despite the stories that Mr. Wilson intends to continue hammering at his further policies, they are in a mild state of revolt. They want peace. They think they have done enough, and that they should be allowed to pass the appropriation bills and such other incidental legislation as may be necessary, and quit. They have no stomachs for a big struggle with additional trust laws, or for any other ambitious project. They think it is up to the President to be satisfied with what has been done and give the country a breathing spell, instead of insatiably demanding further that new legislation shall be piled on the new legislation already in force, but which has not yet been proved up.

It is a mild revolt, of course. All that it amounts to is the circulation of talk along the lines I have indicated. I see that Vice-President Marshall let go some of it when he got out to Indianapolis on his vacation; and I have heard many Democratic leaders in both House and Senate express themselves in a similar vein. They hope they can impress their reasonable view on the President; but none of them has had the nerve as yet to try it.

When I was a boy I had a Latin teacher who was a lovable person, but rather set in his ways and harsh in his criticisms. Also, he was addicted to assigning frightfully long translations. Many a time revolts were organized against this man; but each time the revolt ended in a hurried attempt to work out the translations required, because none of the incipient revolutionists had the courage to go to the teacher and protest.

That is about the situation in Washington. The Democrats think they are entitled to easier lessons now that they have done creditably the first tasks assigned to them; but whenever they consider walking in and trying to make Mr. Wilson see things in their light they quail. They are afraid.

And yet Mr. Wilson is a reasonable man. Doubtless if it was brought home to him that it wouldn't hurt any to give the country—and the statesmen—a breathing spell he would see the sense of it; but, as yet, there isn't a man in sight who has any ardent desire to be spokesman for the rest advocates.

There are numerous editors in Congress—men who run newspapers in various parts of the country and who may be called professional editors; but this is the exact moment, Jim, when the number of editors is increased biennially by several amateur additions to their ranks.

The second edition of the Congressional Directory is out. That may not mean much to you, but it means a heap to a lot of persons who in the first flush of their first elections slopped over a bit in their autobiographies and, having the chance, put into print their own ideas of themselves rather than the more modest estimates of the general public concerning their abilities and capabilities.

They always trim down their exultant stories of themselves—trim them down a

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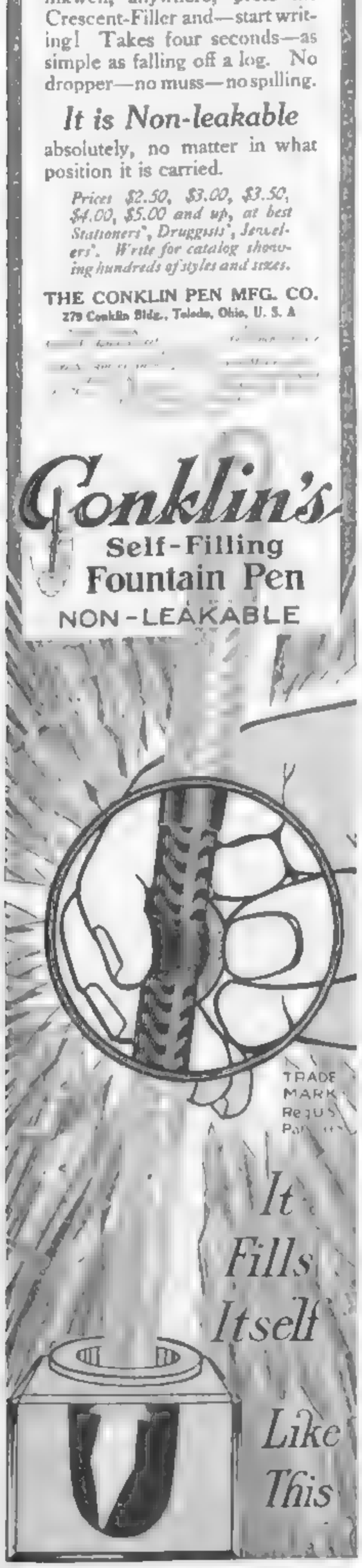

lot after they see how they look in print—edit them to the bone. Now there is Thompson, senator from Kansas, who became an editor between the publication of the first edition and the second.

Somehow the senator seems to have turned bear on himself. He has edited those remarks. He has apparently decided that, though it is undoubtedly true that he was one of the ablest and most popular judges in Kansas, whose political success is without parallel and who will shed luster on the nation as well as on the state and himself by his service in the Senate, there is no need of embalming those facts further in the autobiographical section of the directory.

Attention having been called to his various excellences, he is now disposed to let deeds speak instead of words; so he has edited his autobiography—edited it until it is but a mere shadow of its former self. If any person seeks information concerning Senator William Howard Thompson, of Kansas, and looks in the second edition of the Congressional Directory for it, that person will not find there set down any of the numerous pleasing attributes of the senator. Ruthlessly and with unfaltering hand the senator has revised his autobiography.

Instead of kind words and kinder appreciations, we find nothing but the bare outlines of his career, and not a word about those superexcellences that seemed so important in the earlier days. The senator from Kansas has seen a light and has edited thereby. It is odd what a difference in a new senator's point of view a few months' association with other senators makes!

A Census of Jobs

The job-hungry Democrats have begun casting up on the patronage allotment by this Administration, and have prepared a list, which is now in general circulation, showing just how many offices each state has secured—Federal offices under the General Government and not Federal offices for state purposes—since Mr. Wilson became president. The object of the list is to show to those interested that virtue is its own reward.

For example, there is New York, whose ninety delegates at the Baltimore convention where Mr. Wilson was nominated opposed him and his nomination until almost the last ditch; and New York, up to the first of the year, had secured twenty places, with a salary list of $178,000. Likewise Missouri, where there were no Wilson delegates, has had eleven places, with a total salary list of $66,925; and some other states—many of them—the delegates of which fought, bled and almost died for Wilson all through those trying days at Baltimore, and who were for Wilson in the crucial anteconvention days, have not had much.

It was ever thus, Jim. When a man is elected president he adopts one of two attitudes—usually both: The first is that he was made president by intervention of Providence and is not particularly beholden to the men who went to the front for him; and the second is that he must conciliate and propitiate those who were against him rather than reward those who were for him.

It never fails. Always you see a president in this double-barreled frame of mind. When he gets to thinking of the size of his job, and what it means, he cannot for the life of him see how it happened that he got it—except by divine interposition; nor can he see how he can hold it unless he cuddles up to those who were against him. He thinks of those who fought for him as his anyhow, and he immediately starts out to bring into the fold those who fought him.

As for his original friends, they are his friends anyhow. As the old wheeze has it: What's the use of running after a street car after you have caught it? However, when men who furnished Wilson delegates that were Wilson delegates from start to finish contemplate the jobs secured by New York and Missouri and other states where there were no Wilson delegates until all were Wilson delegates because Wilson had won, they are likely to stand round and gloomily inquire: What's the use?

And there doesn't seem to be any answer, because there isn't any use.

Yours from Missouri, BILL.

"'MAZDA'—not the name of a thing but the mark of a Service"

PRIMITIVE man once used lanterns holding swarms of fireflies to guide him when he went forth at night.

Today, as Waldemar Kaempffert points out in an article on "The Light of Our Descendants," printed by the *Outlook*, the illuminating specialists of two continents are studying the firefly for a solution of one of mankind's greatest problems—artificial light.

To imitate the firefly—to get a great deal of light with but little heat waste—has been the steadfast aim of technical experts in electric lighting since the study of electric light became a science.

Step by step science has advanced in its search for this *economy in the fuel of light*

That is what the much used word "efficiency" means to electric lighting science—*more light without increasing cost.*

The farthest advance in this study of lighting economy has been reached in the work of the famous group of scientists in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company at Schenectady. These experts selected and approved the features of a lamp that gives a beautiful light—*three times as much light*, with the same amount of current, as you get from the old style carbon lamp.

On the bulb of this lamp is etched the mark "MAZDA."

"MAZDA" is the mark of a Service. It tells you of the great work that these busy men have done for the manufacturers of "MAZDA" lamps. It tells you what they are doing while you are reading this article. It tells you also of what they will be doing tomorrow, and next month and next year, because it is the trade mark designation of the incessant effort that "MAZDA" Service is making toward the ideal light.

The light produced by the firefly has challenged the lamp experts of two continents

On the lamps themselves the mark "MAZDA" means the selection of every "efficiency" discovery these Research Laboratories may find applicable and practical. Not content with wide investigation and experiment in these Research Laboratories, and in the active developing and manufacturing centers at Harrison and Cleveland, there is close touch also with progress that may be made by great experimental laboratories of Europe.

Not only the volume but the quality of light in experimental lamps is subjected to long and exact study. "MAZDA" Service to the manufacturers of "MAZDA" Lamps enters every detail that might possibly advance manufacturing efficiency and improvement in the product itself.

From whatever source the new knowledge comes it is impartially considered with reference to its possible value in enabling the manufacturers to produce for you a lamp more "efficient" or adaptable. The proved advances, year after year, are transmitted by this "MAZDA" Service to the General Electric Company factories and the factories of other Companies entitled to receive this Service.

The result is that when you buy a "MAZDA" lamp, today or at any future time, "MAZDA" Service will shine in that lamp. You will know when you see that word "MAZDA" that you have the utmost result of all this indefatigable labor—the summed up success of these keenest lamp experts in the world. For the lamp so marked will always mean that this Service has been applied, and the manufactured product backed by this Service will always be marked "MAZDA."

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

Consider Our Service a Part of this Speedometer

WHEN you buy a Jones Speedometer your purchase includes not only an *instrument* you can depend upon for accurate readings, but a *Service* that is equally dependable. As this is now a Johns-Manville product, we are able through our 49 established Service Branches to make adjustments, replacements and, in case of accident, speedy and efficient repairs on the

Jones Speedometer
Centrifugal Principle

And because of the great scope of this Johns-Manville Service, throughout the United States and Canada, the Jones Speedometer is as conveniently and efficiently kept in as perfect running condition as your watch.

The Jones is a centrifugal speedometer. The indicating hand is connected by a continuous, unbroken, metal-to-metal drive with the road wheel. And because the Jones is non-magnetic it is immune from magnetic influences. For the reason that it depends upon the unalterable mechanical law of centrifugal force, it is also unaffected by variations in temperature and needs no complex compensating mechanism.

To the accuracy of the Jones Speedometer have been added many noteworthy refinements of detail, such as the instantaneous trip reset, large, steady pointer and clock face dial that is easily read from the tonneau of the car.

Finally the Johns-Manville Tag, attached to each Jones Speedometer, guarantees the instrument. If you want this kind of Guarantee and Service, insist upon Jones equipment. Write nearest Branch for booklet.

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THE SUMMONS

(Continued from Page 12)

"Yes, I am. I can't stand this no longer. I killed him. It was me who killed him gentlemen; and I'm going to tell you all about it."

The district attorney's manner underwent a lightning change. He turned briskly to the sheriff and said:

"Lock that door!"

As the officer obeyed, Bass lifted his hat, half in protest.

"There ain't no need for that, Mr. Harkey," he said. "You won't have no trouble with me a-tall. I'm here to make a clean breast of it and to take what's coming to me. For I killed him!"

On this reiteration the district attorney emitted a wheeze and sank into his seat, motioning to the disturbed jury to maintain quiet. In the confidential tone with which he was wont to lure witnesses in cross-examination he addressed the cowman:

"Fire ahead, Mr. Bass. Who is this you've killed?"

"He was my half-brother," Bass replied, standing erect and reciting his tale with the calm of long deliberation and fixed purpose. "Leastways he was my stepfather's son. We were nigh the same age and were raised back in Tennessee, gentlemen—me and him. Well, I got into a li'l scrape. It was nothing much—I was hardly more'n a kid—and, besides, he was bigger'n me. And I—I cut him some. But they sent me to the pen for a year, gentlemen. Yes, they did. You-all never guessed I'd served a year in prison, I reckon, gentlemen?

"When I got out I couldn't stand it round there no more. You know how that would be, yourselves. So I lit out and come to this country."

At this point the district attorney interrupted, rapping vigorously on the table with his knuckles.

"What has all this to do with us, Mr. Bass? Who is it you've killed?"

"I'm coming to that, Mr. Harkey; but I want you-all to get the rights of this thing from the start. If you don't Well, I landed in this country without a dollar and set to work. I worked hard, back there in one of them eastern counties, and I made a li'l money in the grain business. And then one day, just when I'd begun to think I'd forgot what I'd been through—the prison and all—and things were shaping right for me, in walked this half-brother of mine. Will, his name was. He'd been a no-account at home—just a plain loafer. Yes, he was—always lazing round and lying to dad, and making trouble for me and mamma. But there he was; and he made like he'd come to stay.

"I tried to buy him off. I done offered him half the money I had to get up and move on; but he swore he'd tell everybody all about me unless I took him into the business. Well, I had too much at stake; so I took him in. And he ruined me—ruined me flat! Things got so bad that I was real glad one day when Will up and run off with all the cash we had in the world—because then I just had to quit. I drifted, too, and changed my name."

Bass paused to wipe his lips with his handkerchief. The jury had long since ceased to gape incredulously at one another and were giving him rapt attention.

"Well, I moved farther west, gentlemen. And I begun all over again. This time I took to trading in cattle and I done pretty good for a year or so. And then I met a lady. Gentlemen, I was trying to go straight and live down whatever wrong I'd done. She was—she is the finest lady I ever met. We fixed it to get married.

"Then, all of a sudden, one day Will walked in on me. Yes, sir, that's the truth! How he'd found me out I never knew; but in he walked. And, of course, he wanted more money. What could I do? I turned over all I could spare to keep his mouth closed. Will went off and spent it, and come back for more. And then, when I couldn't raise enough, he went off and told the girl's folks. That—that ended it. What? Yes, it did!

"You see, it was like this: I believe she'd have stuck by me if I'd acted different. Gentlemen, it pays to come clean, every time. If I'd told Mary Lou all about myself I believe to this day she'd have stood hitched; but I'd—I'd lied to her. And that ended it. We said good-by. I shook Will off and lit out again."

The district attorney stirred eagerly, and at a significant look from him the sheriff pushed forward a chair to the cowman. Bass ignored it.

"Well, I done changed my name again, gentlemen, and become Sam Bass. Often I've heard you-all wonder about that name—where I'd got it. I took that because I was down—and the real Sam Bass had been a tough and a no-account. And I settled here in this county. Most of you know the rest. I started with a li'l smear of land—only half a section—and I worked. How I did work, though, those first years! All of you know about that. You know, too, that I've always paid my debts and met my obligations on the nail. And I've never done any man dirt. I own the Gourd Ranch and I'm rich."

"You shore are!" murmured an envious juryman, crossing his legs.

"About a fortnight ago—you remember that norther which come up so sudden, Mr. Harkey?—well, about eleven o'clock that night I was sitting in my room at the ranch when there come a knock at the door and in stepped Will. How he'd found me out again after twenty years I couldn't get from him; but he'd gone downhill all the time. He was drunk—Will most generally was when he had the money. And he was 'most froze too. He'd rid forty miles that day, he said; and then his horse had give out and he'd walked about ten—all in that terrible cold—just to find me. Of course he wanted money."

"Just a minute, Mr. Bass," interjected a wrought-up juryman.

"Sir?" returned the rancher politely.

"You certainly have surprised me. This half-brother of yours—for the love of Mike!—what sort of a feller was he anyhow?"

"Oh, a thin, lazy feller with a red nose and a cast in one eye."

"I don't mean what he looked like—but what sort of a hound was he? A feller who'd ——"

"Oh," replied Bass with painstaking patience, "he was just what I've told you. Wait till I'm through, gentlemen, and you'll know everything. Well, this man come in and begun to warm himself at my fire. And then, after all that had been—after all he'd went and done to me—he had the face to ask for more money.

"What would you have done yourselves, gentlemen? He used threats too—said he'd find out how high I could hold my head. He swore he'd spread my story over the whole Panhandle. Well, I argued with him. Mr. Harkey, I did all but get down on my knees to that man. But Will, he just laughed. Told me money talked—took a drink out of my own bottle when he said it—and to come across. Of course I knew it wouldn't be the last time, though he said it would. There could never be any last time with Will. He wanted five thousand dollars, and when that was spent I knew he'd want more.

"Well, we argued and we quarreled. I ordered him off and he tried to pull a gun on me. Gentlemen, this is gospel truth. Yes, he did! He jerked his gun and I grabbed him. We wrestled, there in that room, all round, with my dog trying to bite him. He did bite him; and then Will fell down, with me on top. And I hit him. I—I had something in my hand."

"Order in the court!" commanded the sheriff, though the silence was so intense that one could hear Harkey gulp.

"He didn't move—Will didn't—after I hit him. He just lay quiet; and I blew out the light and listened. By and by I leaned down and felt of his heart. I didn't aim to kill him. I didn't even want to hurt him, gentlemen, though he'd done me so mean. But he was dead. So then I opened the door and dragged him to that ol' cistern we never use and threw him in. You know the rest better'n me. How did you come to find out, sheriff?"

For several minutes nobody replied. Not a man uttered a sound, while the clock ticked on the wall and the district attorney and the sheriff stared intently at Bass, their theories of inebriety all gone by the board. At last one of them cleared his throat and rasped out:

"Mr. Bass, I don't know any more what you've been talking about than the man in the moon does. We ain't found any body. So far as we know there hasn't been any killing; but if there has, and you ain't just sick from worry, and what you say is true—then all I've got to say is that it strikes

me you've done rid the world of a mighty good riddance. That's the way it strikes me!" And he subsided, with loud, excited breathings.

"Hear! Hear! You're damned whis-tlin', Bud!" agreed the jury fervently.

"Order! Order!" cautioned the district attorney.

Waiting until the stir had passed over he bent his brows in his best official manner and said:

"Mr. Bass, it is scarcely necessary for me to say that what you've just told this jury has filled us with astonishment. It has left us dumfounded, Mr. Bass. We didn't summon you here for killing a man. As Bud says, we didn't know there'd been a man killed; but if you stick to what you say we'll deal with that later, in due course. Sheriff Peeler, send out this evening and have that cistern dragged."

"Yes, sir," said the sheriff.

"And now, Mr. Bass, to the original business: What we wanted to hear from you was evidence about some recent cattle thefts."

In a dazed fashion the cowman gazed from the district attorney to the jurymen round him and back again.

"Cattle thefts!" he repeated dully. "What cattle thefts? Why didn't you say so in the first place?"

"Well, we had to move careful." Harkey's manner was apologetic. "It's so blamed hard to get a conviction in this county. But somebody's been stealing a lot lately and we've been on the lookout. And one of Peeler's men run on to a fellow in your west pasture last week driving off a yearling. He'd put a vent on him—said as you'd made him a present of a bunch of 'em. The sheriff here couldn't find you at the ranch that day; so he telephoned. Wait just a minute, Mr. Bass. Sheriff, bring in the prisoner."

While the sheriff was gone the district attorney went on:

"This man we caught said that he and you were old pals, Mr. Bass, and that you'd given him leave to vent a bunch. Of course we didn't believe that, Mr. Bass; so we held him. Here he is now. Take a good look at him. Did you give this man any cattle, Mr. Bass?"

At the sheriff's side in the doorway was a tall, lean individual in overalls and a brown flannel shirt showing under a faded coat. His head was swathed in a bandage; he had an extremely red nose; and there was a slight cast in his left eye.

As the cowman glimpsed him his jaw dropped and he clutched at the table for support. The district attorney was watching both. Recovering himself Bass said in a low voice:

"No-o-o, I didn't—not exactly; but he's welcome to them."

"Not by a jugful he ain't, Mr. Bass!" cried the district attorney, banging the table with his fist. "No; he is not! We're going to soak Brother Will for this, Mr. Bass and soak him hard!"

Sense and Nonsense

A Consistent Course

A NEW YORK railroad president was writing to an underling regarding a matter of improvement the other man wished to inaugurate without loss of time, but of which the president did not particularly approve.

"*Dear Blank*"—he wrote—"Don't do anything until you see me.

"P. S. Then don't do anything!"

Invoking the Elements

NEIL O'BRIEN, the minstrel man, says that once he landed with a troupe in a Kentucky town barely in time to give the customary street parade before the hour for the matinée. Outfitted for marching, the company piled off the train to find awaiting them at the depot a large reception committee of darkies.

Every darky in the crowd was anxious to get the job of carrying one of the show banners, not alone for the sake of the free pass paid in exchange for the duty but for the added glory of taking part in the procession.

This was a small and struggling troupe, however, which boasted only one banner—a large and ornate square of imitation red silk. A big negro grabbed it as the property man passed it off the car, and clung to it, fighting off all opposition.

As he started proudly up the street, with the flagpole resting in the pit of his stomach, a stiff breeze caught the banner and it bellied like a sail, almost dragging the color-bearer off his feet and forcing him to tack and jibe to keep from being capsized bodily.

Observing his plight a disappointed candidate for the same job raised his voice in invocation from the sidewalk: "Sick him, wind!" he yelled. "Sick him!"

A Fatal Defect

THE Reverend Bascom Anthony, a presiding elder of the Methodist Church in Southern Georgia, tells a story of a negro pastor down his way who failed to give satisfaction to his flock. A committee from the congregation waited on him to request his resignation.

"'Look here!" demanded the preacher. "Whut's de trouble wid mah preachin'? Don't I argufy?"

"You sho does, eldah," agreed the spokesman.

"Don't I 'sputify concernin' de Scriptures?"

"You suttinly does," admitted the other.

"Den whut's wrong?"

"Well, eldah," stated the head of the committee, "hit's dis way: You argufies and you 'sputifies, but you don't show wherein!"

Overwhelming Odds

WALTER McQUEEN, a person of color, faced Justice Howard in the police court at Jackson, Tennessee, the charge against him being assault and battery on the person of Lily Belle Hopper. In addition to the battered complainant three of her friends appeared as witnesses against him.

The clerk read the warrant, beginning: "City of Jackson, Tennessee, against Walter McQueen"—and so on. The prisoner scratched his head, meantime contemplating the glowering faces of the chief witnesses for the prosecution.

"Please, suh, read dat fust part over agin to me," he requested.

"'City of Jackson, Tennessee, against Walter McQueen,'" obliged the clerk.

"Well, jedge," said Walter, "ef de whole city of Jackson an' dese foah cullid ladies is organized ag'inst one nigger, whut chance has he got? I's guilty!"

The Dread Alternative

THE long-suffering wife of a habitual drinker in a Mississippi town served notice on the local dramshop keepers—this was in the old days before prohibition—that she would prosecute any one selling her husband intoxicants. So when the gentleman in question, slightly waverous on his pins but dignified and scholarly as always, dropped into his favorite saloon that evening and called for a toddy the barkeeper only shook his head.

"Can't do it, colonel," he said. "Sorry; but you know how it is."

"But, sir," said the colonel, "I am athirst. I famish for a cooling draft!"

"All right then," said the barkeeper; "have a glass of water on the house!" And he produced a cold, brimming glassful.

For a moment the colonel contemplated the offering sourly. Then he raised it to his lips and in a resigned tone of voice said:

"If the great philosopher Socrates could drink hemlock without a shudder I suppose I can swallow this!"

The Fortunate Mr. V.

THERE is a theatrical magnate in New York who is up on the needs of the tired business man, but a little bit shy on general education. In his office they were discussing the prevalent hard times—theatrical and otherwise.

"Well," he said, "there's one guy in this town that I envy. He's busy all the time. Everywhere I go I see people using his machines."

"Who's that?" inquired one of the company.

"Why, this guy Vacuum, that makes all them patent cleaners!"

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Detroit Springs save your engine, cushion your transmission and add to the life of your tires, by absorbing a large part of the vibration.

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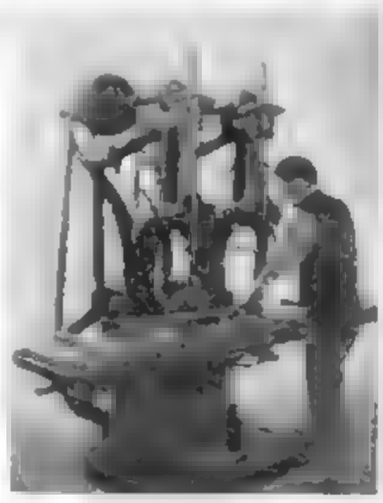

AN indication of Detroit Spring minute exactness is found in the eye, which is formed out by machine here shown to one one-thousandth part of an inch

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With a Victrola you can change at will from the classical to the mirth-provoking—one moment you are in fancy transported to the Metropolitan Opera House and hear Caruso and other famous

ves everybody ic they like best

artists, the next you can be in any of the myriad of theatres along Broadway listening to the "song hits" of the latest musical successes.

And as you sit and enjoy all this wonderful variety of music on the Victrola, your enjoyment is all the greater because of the knowledge that the music you are hearing you can hear again and again whenever and as often as you wish.

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The PUBLIC LEDGER is in the market for timely photographs depicting interesting news events having more than local importance, occurring in any part of the world, but more especially in the Eastern States. For these the highest market prices will be paid if accepted.

Note that photographs *must* record *news*. Scenery or artificially posed pictures of any kind are not desired. Pictures of human interest, episodes, beautiful women, distinguished men, or events that have a wide appeal, are solicited from both amateur and professional photographers.

Photographs must be accompanied by sufficient text to be intelligible, with specific data of the event itself and of the individuals and scenes shown in the photograph. Photographs must be clear contact prints, unmounted. Do not send negatives or films.

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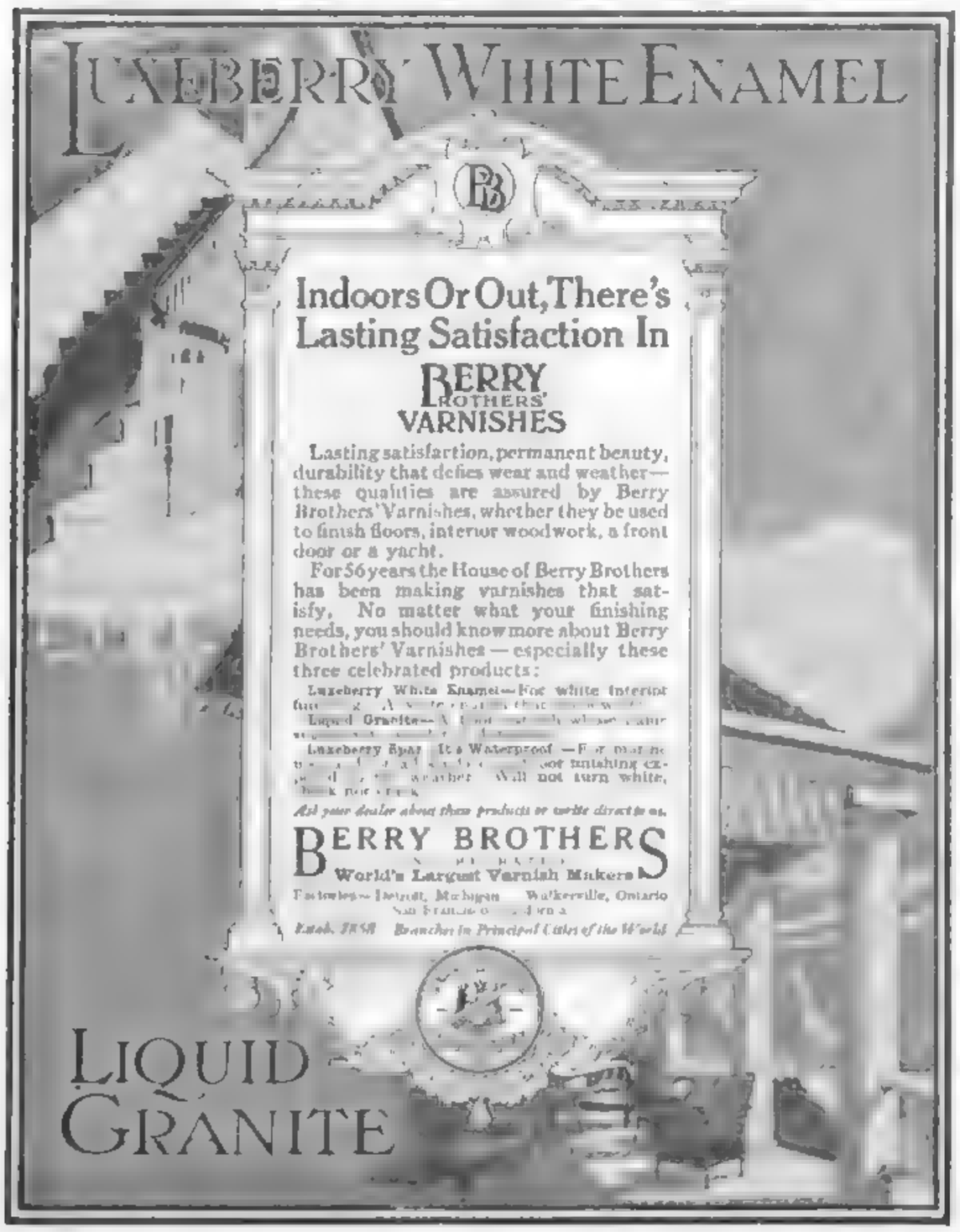
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THE FUTURE OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

(Continued from Page 4

and reaping such profit as may arise from its protected character. The general prosperity and welfare are enhanced by diversity of industry and a great addition to the wages fund.

Nor is the charge true in any other sense. The national Republican party has taken more real practical steps to curb the abuses of corporate franchises and to reduce the power of corporate control of public affairs than any other agency in politics. Most substantial progress toward sound conservation of our national resources and a rescue of them from corporate and private acquisition was made in the last Republican Administration. The same Administration perfected the interstate commerce law in such a way as to give complete control over railroads to a governmental board, and it enforced the antitrust law so thoroughly and with such disregard of corporate and capitalistic influence as to call down the denunciation not only of the corporations themselves but of many men who are members of the present Progressive and Democratic parties.

The Republican party, however, knows the value of corporations as an agency of general material progress in concentrating capital and giving it useful and profitable employment, and in increasing the wage fund of the country. It does not, therefore, believe in treating corporations unjustly or in putting needless obstructions in their way. They are nothing but artificial entities acting as trustees for individual stockholders, the great majority of whom belong not to the wealthy but to the people of average means. Their prosperity is essential to the prosperity of the country.

The Republican party, therefore, believes it is proper and necessary that when legislation is to affect such special interests those who represent them should be given a hearing, with a view to their proper protection and to avoid unwise and unjust treatment. The Republican party must expect that it will continue to be attacked as the friend of greedy capital and the oppressor of the poor so long as it is determined to do justice to all—even to the well-to-do. Only by continued propaganda and simple truthtelling, confirmed by hard experience in the trial of unsound, uneconomic experiments, can it hope to overcome the prejudice against it that has already been created, and which is likely to be appealed to in future campaigns.

Corporate Abuses Checked

The abuses of the last two decades, arising from corporate influence in politics and the undue privileges that in one way or another, through legislative and municipal corruption, unprincipled corporate managers were able to obtain from public sources, finally roused the electorate to the necessity for reform; and that movement toward better and more honest conditions has been most successful. It has had the full sympathy of the Republican party, so far as practical legislation can aid it; but it is now reaching an extreme, based on the theory that the corruption which existed was due to the fact that the people did not have sufficient direct control of the government, and that the representative system was at fault.

The defect was not in the character of the representative system as governmental machinery. This very kind of government, under the proper impulses of the people, has proved entirely efficacious to accomplish the needed reforms. All that was necessary to make representative government what it ought to be was to rouse the people to a proper activity; and the new forms of government proposed—or, rather, the old forms, for they are forms that have proved unsuccessful in history—are not any more likely to prevent abuses, because they require three times as much political activity from the people as does the representative system.

Another difficulty the Republican party will have to face is in the peculiar political conditions that now prevail. The purposes of the Progressive party are multifarious and confused, and the destination toward which its dominant groups are moving is not as yet clearly seen. Political theories, the necessary outcome of which is not understood, are united with altruistic and most commendable practical plans for the promotion of the welfare of the poor, the relief of the oppressed and the use of government aid for those purposes. A party that insists on a limitation of paternalism is at once said by its advocates to be hostile to the stimulation of the brotherly instinct and the contribution of effort and of money to the general improvement of conditions. It is charged with being reactionary and in love with existing evil.

The Republican party is in favor of all police legislation intended to secure proper tenements for the poor; to prevent the employment of children at too early an age; to secure proper hygienic conditions for the community and especially for wage-earners as they work; to remedy any situation where circumstances have offered a temptation to the employer to subject the employee to needless danger; to put the employee on an equality of negotiation with the employer, so that through organization and arbitration and in other ways the employee may secure equitable terms; to secure workmen's compensation in case of injury, by which the risk in dangerous occupations carried on for the benefit of the public shall be borne primarily by the employer as incident to his business, and ultimately by the people, who shall pay in the increased price of his product the equivalent of such risk and, indeed, of all practical, so-called collective legislation of this general character.

Mr. Roosevelt and the Courts

However, the party is not thereby required for consistency's sake to believe that the government can make men over or change them into perfect beings. Neither laws nor governmental care can supply the place and need of industry, fidelity, individual character and self-denial. Legislation cannot do it. Paternalism cannot. Socialism cannot. The taking away of individual responsibility always weakens the body politic. These are truths that should be pushed home in talks by those who would teach the public; but it is noteworthy that in all the compliments that are poured on the heads of the electorate by the Progressive orators, these lessons are never taught.

Nor need the Republican party, in order to prove that it is in favor of the rule of the people and the promotion of individual happiness, favor legislation or constitutional amendments destroying representative government, undermining the power of the judiciary and subjecting them to the control of the popular passion of the moment, or of making amendment of the Federal Constitution so easy that a single election may wipe out the security of personal rights and the right of property, and all the other incidents of civil liberty.

The people should be made to have a clear perception of this distinction between really progressive legislation and that which is proclaimed as such, but is unsound and destructive of stable popular government. That is the future work of the Republican party in the politics of this country.

The necessary trend of the platform of the Progressive party—the essential tendency of the arguments that are made by leaders to stir up antagonism against capital and the men who control it—is to implant in the minds of men who are moved by such appeals a desire for confiscation and distribution; and that is the essence of socialism. It makes no difference how sincere Mr. Roosevelt is in his protest that he is opposed to socialism. With the doctrines he advocates and the attitude he occupies and the promises he makes, he is moving toward socialism as certainly as water runs down hill. No man and no party in the history of the country have done so much to destroy the confidence of the people in the justice of the courts and in the existence of any possible independent judiciary as have Mr. Roosevelt and the Progressive party.

This is the great charge he will have to meet when brought before the bar of history. In all the remedies that have heretofore ever been proposed by the wildest dreamer no proposition has been so absurd and so utterly destructive of the administration of any kind of justice as the

proposition of the recall of judicial decisions. The subjecting to a popular vote of the question whether a man's vital rights have been affected by governmental action in violation of his constitutional protection, would utterly eliminate justice as a principle in government. It would leave to an irresponsible and necessarily uninformed majority, or in most cases a minority plurality of the electorate, a question that it would be prone to decide in accordance with its own interest and to gratify its own desires.

Whenever the question should arise involving property there would be no restraint or limitation on the decision. The voting plurality would be the judges in their own case and we should ultimately have a socialistic state as certainly as the remedy was adopted. That is the bald, naked issue that is forming and which a decade will disclose. In preparation for it the Republican party should gird on its armor and fit itself for a campaign to convince the people that such a socialistic democracy does not mean liberty, but tyranny—a despotism of the majority; not freedom, but slavery; not equality of opportunity, but an equality between shiftlessness and laziness, on the one hand, and industry on the other, with no profit for saving, no stimulus to improvement and no progress—but only dead stagnation.

I quite agree that the conditions which prevail today are so different from those which prevailed in the early part of the Republic that rights and duties may change, due to the present greater interdependence of one class on another; and that needed collectivist legislation may somewhat qualify the right of liberty, contract, and even of property. Such legislative or, it may be, constitutional changes may be properly called progressive, as adapted to new conditions and supplying new wants; but all these can be effected without substantial impairment of individual rights, or of their security and protection, by an independent judiciary and their preservation against the unjust aggression of a majority or minority plurality of the electorate.

When the Republicans Come Back

These principles should form the platform of the Republican party in the years and decades to come. If they do, and if the party conducts a campaign of education from one election to another, and is not daunted by defeat or apparent popular distrust—if it continues to tell the people the truth and does not pursue the plan of fawning or flattery—it will ultimately succeed with them, and by their will the heresies that now threaten the cause of popular government will be stamped out. Such a policy in the end will be the highest compliment the party can pay to the intelligence of the American people, and the strongest evidence of its confidence in the wisdom and honesty of their ultimate judgment, and of its faith in popular government.

We can stand temporary defeat. Office is not essential to our party's existence; but if we concede the principles that are essential to the maintenance of our present Government; if we seem to yield to any socialistic proposition; if we abate a jot of our firmness with reference to the independence of the judiciary, and if we accept as our leaders men who are not sound in regard to these things—we shall destroy our power for usefulness and our right to exist.

It will be said, however, that our mission, thus described, is negative and defensive only, and that the future of a successful party should be affirmative and constructive. The Republican party in the past can hardly be criticized as a party of mere negation, and yet its platform in 1860 was negative and defensive in the same sense. It was resistance to the slave power and preservation of the Union. The life of the country was threatened and the party's mission was to save what had been handed down to us by our fathers. From 1868 to 1876 its chief mission was to save the country from dishonorable repudiation threatened by the advocates of the issue of fiat money. In 1896 its chief mission was to prevent the scaling of debts and the destruction of national credit threatened by the advocates of the free coinage of silver.

The highest function and service of the party has been to save the country from the dangerous policies of the opposition party. This is not to say that there are not many constructive tasks to which, when it is again given the responsibility of power, it must and will devote itself. What has constantly distinguished the party from its opponent has been its capacity to do practical things and to work real and safe progress.

We must direct our energies toward the amendment of the present banking and currency act that shall furnish an elastic medium automatically adjusting itself to the needs of business, without giving too arbitrary control to the government; a wise system for conservation of our national resources; the reform of judicial procedure, eliminating its delays and reducing its cost; the greater supervision of the business of and issue of securities by corporations in interstate business, and the continued enforcement of the antitrust law; laws providing workmen's compensation for interstate railroad companies and regulating the relations between them and their employees, to prevent strikes, so far as possible, and to secure safety in operation for the public and the employees; the taking of all local Federal officers and all but department heads and under-secretaries out of politics by putting them in the classified service; the improvement of rivers and harbors by a completed plan, and a levee system for the Mississippi; the enactment of model laws for the District of Columbia, as to the control of public utilities; the maintenance of the public health, on the use of child labor, the regulation of tenement-house construction, investigation and arbitration of labor disputes, and the conduct of vocational education, of playgrounds, and of charitable and penal institutions; the enlargement of the Bureau of Education into a means of publishing to the world the exact condition of education in every state, with a view to stimulating much-needed progress in thorough primary and vocational training; the stimulation of the merchant marine; the creation and maintenance of a permanent tariff commission, with adequate power to report the facts as to the operation of the tariff; the adoption of a budget system and a plan for making government administration economical and efficient; the maintenance of an adequate army and navy; the conferring on the Federal Government power to perform our treaty obligations to aliens by punishing those who violate them; the adoption and pursuit of a foreign policy that shall give us influence to aid China and our American neighbors in maintaining just and peaceful governments.

These are some of the constructive reforms to which the Republican party will address itself when it shall secure again the mandate of the people; but before and of higher importance than all of these is the rescue of the country from the serious danger to which it is exposed in this attempted undermining of our stable civil liberty.

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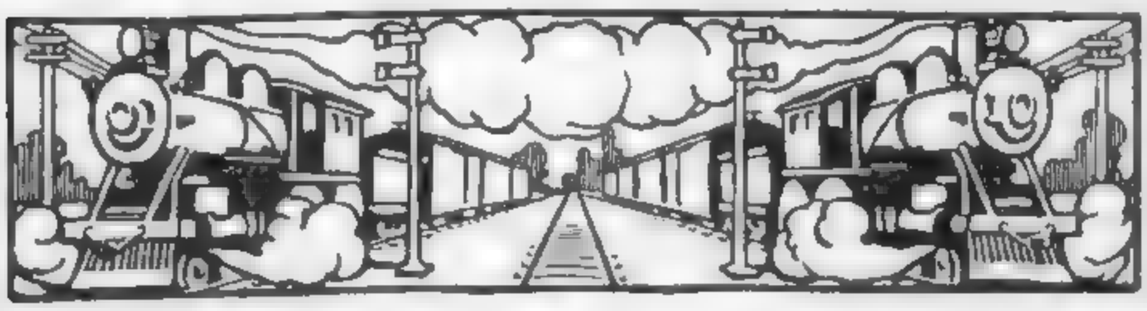

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WHAT HAPPENED TO CÉCILE

Continued from Page 20.

missing something; but the rush of the wind through the upper rigging, transmitted below as a droning hum, had gone far to reconcile them to the possibility.

Buffeted by the wind, the adventuring couple reached the shelter of the gully where Dorothy seated herself upon a flat boulder to rest while De Bernay made a rapid examination of his telephone wires. This done he rejoined the girl, who asked for a few additional moments to rest and recover her breath. Here they were entirely protected from the sweep of the gale and could converse without being obliged to raise their voices. Dorothy glanced at the cairn that marked the last resting place of the ill-advised Jock.

"Poor Jock," she sighed, "and poor Lady Audrey! She was awfully game about it, for she really adored him, though he was always a savage little brute and might easily have got her into trouble no end of times." She raised her gray eyes to De Bernay. "You were nice about it, too, even if you were obliged to knock him in the head. Most men would have raised an awful row at being bitten."

"I'm afraid I was a bit rough at first," he answered. "You see, I was feeling rather nervous and bothered about the baby. I hope Lady Audrey has forgiven me; but I have my doubts. She's nice enough, but there's something in her expression that seems to suggest a smouldering resentment."

"Oh, that's not about Jock," said Dorothy—"it's about the baby. You see, Lady Audrey has a very soft spot in her heart for kiddies and she seems to feel that you're a bit indifferent about Dolly."

"I'm nothing of the sort!" he protested. "What could a man do more? The moment I saw she was out of sorts I dropped all my work and hustled off my boat in the face of an easterly gale to get a doctor and a nurse and medicine, and milk and things. What more could one ask? Haven't I been taking care of the little thing until its mother was ready to take it?"

"That's just it," said Dorothy slowly. "Lady Audrey seems to think you are rather unfeeling in not wanting to keep it yourself."

De Bernay stared.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" said he.

"She thinks you don't show a very fatherly sentiment," said Dorothy, pushing at a pebble with the toe of her boot.

"Well," growled De Bernay, "and why the deuce should I? It seems to me that it's a bit thick to insist on a fund of fatherly sentiment in a man of thirty who's never fathered anything but a wireless telephone and a new explosive."

Dorothy's gray eyes opened very wide. Then she threw back her head and burst into a peal of ringing laughter. De Bernay regarded her with an expression in which irritation was gradually effaced by the light of growing comprehension.

"Holy mackerel!" he cried suddenly. "She doesn't think that I'm Dolly's father, does she?"

"Of course she does!" cried Dorothy. "That's what we all thought. Why should she be here otherwise?"

De Bernay puckered up his lips.

"Well, I'll—be ——" He kicked a large round stone to send it bounding along the gully, struck his dripping oilskins a resounding slap, then turned to Dorothy a face on which amusement and disgust were mingled in equal parts. "And do you mean to say that you ladies have taken me for the man to keep a child of mine in a pine packing-box and baled up in a pillow-sham, with nobody who understood babies to take care of it"—all the amusement had vanished from his fine face, leaving only disgust and a growing anger—"and next door to a magazine at that?"

Dorothy sprang up from her rock, her face filled with pleading concern. She laid her hand on his wet sleeve.

"Don't be angry, Mr. De Bernay!" said she entreatingly. "How were we to know? We—or, rather, Lady Audrey—thought that perhaps you and your wife could not get on, or—or—something of the sort; that she might have left you, and that perhaps you were going to send her the baby as soon as she was settled somewhere. You kept mentioning the baby's mother, you know; and why in the world should you be playing nurse for somebody else's baby? You're not angry with me, are you?"

He turned slowly and his eyes rested for a moment on the pretty, repentant face. The expression of indignation was softened.

"No," he answered; "I'm not angry with you. I'm not angry with any of you. But I'm sore with the others because they never told me a word about it. They accused and tried and convicted me of being a callous brute without saying a word to me!"

"Lady Audrey told us not to mention the subject at all," Dorothy said quickly; "she forbade us to, in fact. You see, Mr. De Bernay, she wasn't sure but—but—it might be something—something——" She turned half away, looking at the ground and with the contour of her head and graceful figure expressing eloquently an overwhelming embarrassment.

"Something better not talked about!" supplied De Bernay, and his deep voice held a note even lower than its normal. "I understand perfectly. Don't say anything more about it, Miss Millar. I thank you sincerely for telling me this. Now let's go back, and I shall inform Lady Audrey that it is quite impossible for me to remain any longer as her guest."

Dorothy turned quickly.

"Oh, Mr. De Bernay—please—please don't think of such a thing! Please don't!"

"How can I do otherwise?" he asked, surprised at the intensity of her appeal. "Do you think I'm going to stop on as a guest aboard the yacht of a person who thinks me such an unmitigated cad?"

"You mustn't feel that way about it," Dorothy entreated. "Lady Audrey didn't know—that's all—and, you see, she's an unmarried woman of a certain age and rather quick to jump at conclusions in regard to some things; but she's awfully kind at heart and when I tell her how it is she'll be all cut up about it. No doubt she'll be furious with me for having told you what we thought; but I felt that it was only right and fair"—she caught her breath and looked as if about to cry, her long lashes moving rapidly—"and—and it's going to be hard enough for me as it is, because I'm under such tremendous obligations to Lady Audrey. She's done such a lot for me in so many ways. But if you were to do what you say I'd feel like jumping overboard. I shouldn't want to stop another day on the yacht—nor do I think Lady Audrey would care to have me." She turned away again and her shoulders moved nervously.

"See here, Miss Millar," said De Bernay gently; "I quite understand your position, I think. You've acted like a trump in telling me all this and you're not to suffer for it. Lady Audrey doesn't need to know what you have told me about the sort of opinion that's been held of me. I'll give you the facts about Dolly and you can tell her that in the course of our walk I volunteered them. Then there'll be no need of apologies or to say anything; and I'll stop on quietly and try to make myself as agreeable as I can."

Dorothy did some lightning calculation. It flashed through her mind that, though she had succeeded in establishing a bond of sympathy between herself and this extremely desirable man, yet, if the truth about him were to be known the taboo in regard to the other girls would be removed. She came to her decision with the swift astuteness that in her amounted almost to genius. She turned to him with a look of infinite relief and gratitude.

"That is good of you!" she murmured. "I hadn't thought of that. Of course if Lady Audrey asks me pointblank—as she has a way of doing—I'll have to tell the truth; but perhaps she won't. I am so grateful to you, Mr. De Bernay, because I realize the sacrifice you are making of your pride; but, of course, it will be easier for you to remain aboard knowing that they understand than it would be if you felt you were being misjudged."

The clever thrust went home. De Bernay's broad brows knit in a frown.

"Oh! I'm not so sure!" said he slowly. "Come to think of it, I don't know that I particularly give a hang what they think! They don't really deserve an explanation—and on second thought I'd about as lief they didn't get it. After all, if Lady Audrey hadn't been so quick to take charge of things, and then foolishly cram the stove full of birchbark, there'd have been no need

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of all this bother. By Jove, d'you know, Miss Millar, I'd rather you said nothing!—just absolutely and wholly and entirely nothing! And I'll stop on just the same and let 'em think what they like of me. What do I care, anyhow? You will understand—and you're the only one who deserves to. I certainly don't want you to run any risk of anything disagreeable."

"No—no!" Dorothy protested. "That wouldn't be fair to you. I'll never consent to it, Mr. De Bernay!" And she looked wonderfully as though she meant it.

"Yes, you will!" he answered. "I'm thinking of you."

"Never mind me."

"But I do mind you. You're the only one I do mind. Now listen to me!" There was a note of authority in his deep voice that sent thrills through Dorothy. "Not a word about this talk—not a whisper—not a squeak! You understand?"

"Yes—but ——"

"Then it's understood. This is my affair. Now let's drop it and go up to look at the wreck."

He offered her his hand to help her up the slope, then seemed to remember something and said:

"Oh, about Dolly: She belongs to a poor Newfoundland fisherman and his wife. They were shifting their residence from a village above St. John's over to Cape Breton. He had his fishing boat, a leaky little tub, and aboard her was all his household duffel, with his wife and three small children, besides the baby. He struck a hard sou'wester and couldn't do much with it; so he put in here. They were in wretched shape, with nothing much to eat. The wife was half sick, with nobody to look after the baby; so I told them they might leave it here and he could come for it after they got settled. I had the whole family here for about a week."

De Bernay did not add that he had given the unfortunate family about half of his choicest stores, an anchor and hawser, a gill-net and a couple of trawls, besides various other articles and a small sum of money. Dorothy, however, was able to imagine something of the sort, and her conscience smote her. She suddenly felt herself to be mean and unworthy.

It must be remembered in her defense, however, that poor Dorothy had never received anything beyond what her own quick perception of the value of an opportunity had brought her. She had been endowed with intelligence, but not intellectuality—a certain physical attractiveness, but neither beauty nor subtle charm—and she was lacking utterly in that God-given quality of magnetism which is in itself the open sesame to success. Her life was one big game of bridge—to play with the utmost skill such cards as were dealt her; and at this accomplishment there was little left for her to learn.

A sudden glow of real feeling shone from her face as she said:

"After hearing that I'm going to act on your first suggestion. I want you to tell Lady Audrey yourself what you've just told me."

De Bernay frowned. "Nonsense!" said he. "That question is all settled."

"But it's not, Mr. De Bernay," said Dorothy. "My silly tongue's made a mess of things, as usual. I've given you a wrong impression. Lady Audrey has not really accused you of any—any wrong behavior. I've said too much—and not enough!" Dorothy stumbled on, for she saw the gathering cloud in De Bernay's eyes. "Lady Audrey is simply troubled and perplexed, because she's really the dearest and kindest of women, and hates to think anything uncharitable about anybody. She never says anything disagreeable. It's only fair to her to tell her what you've just told me. It would make her so happy! Please do—and tonight!"

Dorothy's pleading was earnest now, and De Bernay, whose instincts were unusually acute, must have felt in it some quality of which the subtle lack had but a few moments before roused in him a cold antagonism that had been misdirected.

"Well, we'll see!" he answered rather shortly. "I shan't promise anything; and meantime don't you say a word about all this to the others. I seem to be the principal victim, but I don't believe it will spoil my night's sleep. Come on! Let's go and look at the windmill. I'm a lot more concerned about that than I am about Lady Audrey."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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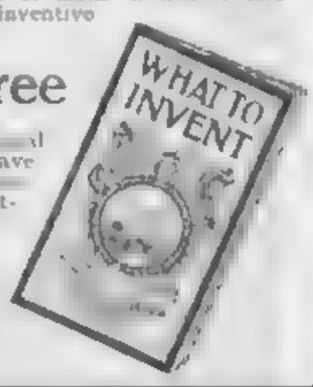

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DEALERS— If you are not handling the "Top Notch" line, write us. Its satisfaction giving features will help you to build the most profitable, permanent rubber footwear trade in your town.

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Fit Your Machine!

Pay your dealer 25 cents for our "sample" record or send the coupon to us.

Yes, no matter if it is not a Columbia. (Get our "sample" record from your dealer or send the coupon.)

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DANCE!

If you think you have danced to the best dance music that your talking machine can produce, have your dealer play any one of these;—any dealer should be able to supply them, and *every* Columbia dealer certainly has them ready *now*.

TANGOS

A-1463 10-inch 65c
- **GOOD FELLOW** (Un Mozo Bien) Played by the Municipal Band of Buenos Aires.
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A-1466 10-inch 65c
- **EL CHICHON** Played by the Municipal Band of Buenos Aires.
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These tangos were recorded in the Columbia laboratory at Buenos Aires, Argentine Republic, the home of the tango. If you can keep your feet still when you hear them you are music-proof.

A-5526 12-inch $1.00
- **LA RUMBA** Played by Prince's Orchestra.
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A-1307 10-inch 65c.
- **TOO MUCH MUSTARD** (Trop Moutarde) Played by Prince's Band.
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You'll find it hard to resist the lilt and snap of these one-steps.

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Full of the rhythm and spirit of the dance itself.

A-1458 10-inch 65c.
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- **NIGHTS OF GLADNESS** (Valse Boston) Played by Prince's Orchestra.
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A-5525 12-inch $1.00
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Both of these selections recorded under the supervision of Mr. G. Hepburn Wilson.

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Every measure fairly teems with the beauties of these graceful dances.

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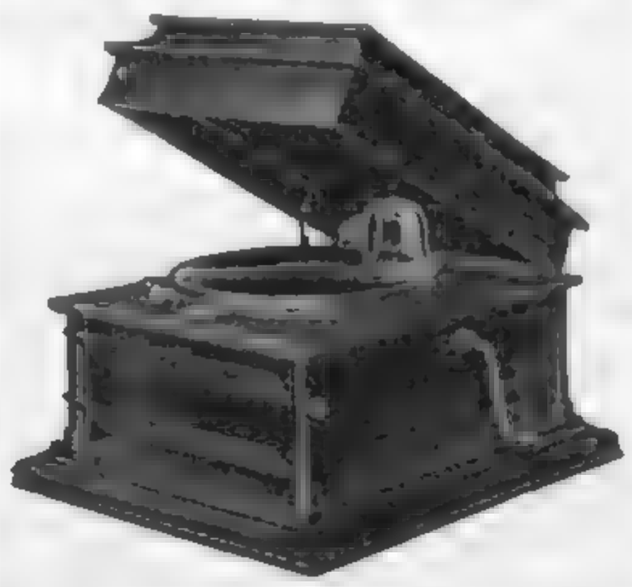

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A Motoring Dress Glove

in a class by themselves—Rist-Fit, Ventilated Back, Grip-Tite.

Exclusive Styles in Automobile, Outing, Dress and Work Gloves

Money never bought higher quality than you get in Grinnell Gloves. Money—no matter how much—can't buy Grinnell features except in Grinnell Gloves.

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Ventilated Back—lets the warm air out, cool air in—yet keeps out the dust.

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Your fingers do not touch the soap. You grasp it by the metal cap in which the stick is firmly fastened, rub it gently over the face, which has previously been moistened, and then return the Shaving Stick to its nickeled container.

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Ask your dealer for them

THE TALE OF A TAIL-ENDER

(Continued from Page 10)

that is just a temptation to a manager when he is hanging round. You see him warm up so well you think this is surely his day, and you stick him in the box—only to regret it an inning later.

He stepped out into the minor league and won three straight games right off the reel. He probably thought he had something on those bushers because he was fresh from the big league; but later on he had trouble sticking even in that company. One of the local papers made a big item of his feat, however, and panned me good for letting him go.

I stopped reading the papers altogether before I had been in Rabbitville a month—and I made my wife stop reading them too. I had taken her there with me at the opening of the season and we were living at a downtown hotel. It was not long before we had to move out into the suburbs to avoid the "bugs" who pestered me with their conversation, the burden of which was: What's the matter with the Rabbits? I did not know that myself.

I remember one newspaper threw open its sporting columns to a discussion of the club, calling for suggestions as to what should be done about it. I imagine that would have made fine reading for me, but I never read it. I used to get a ton of anonymous mail, some of it in the line of well-meant suggestions; but most of it was sarcastic or abusive.

My wife knows very little about baseball but she occasionally went to a game, sitting in a box not far from our bench. Soon several "lady bugs" of the town discovered her identity and would introduce themselves to her and start a conversation about the Rabbits—especially the management of the Rabbits. That soon drove her away from the grounds.

We tried to mix a little in the life of the town, and people were very kind to us; but one afternoon my wife came home from a reception almost in tears, because the ladies present had insisted on talking baseball throughout the function—and, I imagine, though she did not go into details, offering the manager their advice.

Another time she went to church; and when she came home and told me that one of the female parishioners had asked her why I did not release that man Skeets—a luckless infielder—I decided that Rabbitville was no place for her. I sent her to her mother.

A week after I had been out on my first road trip I sent her a hurry call to join me. She had never before made a trip with a ball club during the regular season, but I could not stand the solitude. I had to have a pal to sympathize with me in my troubles. Never before had I taken my business to the bosom of my family, so to speak. The moment I enter my home the day's work is a closed incident; my wife had never even asked me the score of a game before I went to the Rabbits.

Explaining to the Fans

I rarely went about town myself after the first two months of the season, because I did not feel up to the task of constantly discussing the club—and that was about all people seemed to want to talk of in my presence. I had been given a card to a very exclusive club when I first struck town; and I remember one day I availed myself of its privileges by dropping in for a quiet smoke, feeling sure that no one would recognize me there.

Someone did, however, and in five minutes I was surrounded by respectable business men who were prying into my private affairs in a way they would surely have resented had I tried to reverse the thing.

What could I do? I had to answer pleasantly, because they were all patrons of the ball club and I did not want to offend them—though some of them were quite offensive to me, both in their questions and their manner of questioning.

I sat there half an hour, patiently explaining that I knew Smithers was not a good first baseman, all right, but that he was the best in sight at the moment; that I had put Chopin in to do my pinch-hitting the day before instead of Mozart, because Mozart was weak against left handed pitchers—yes, it was true Chopin fanned out; but I had figured him a better chance to hit than Mozart—and so on.

On the road we came in for a lot of kidding from the papers—and kidding is sometimes more painful than criticism. It is queer how the public—everywhere but at home—views a tail-ender from a humorous standpoint. Sometimes I used to think that if it were not for us the sporting writers would not have any ammunition for their paragraphs—such as:

"Henry Zounds, the famous college pitcher, says he has not quite made up his mind whether to play professional ball or join the Rabbits."

At home they took us more seriously. They regarded us as a sort of civic reproach. I think the public opinion generally was that I should be hanged and my ballplayers jailed. There were times when I was intensely in favor of the latter proposition myself.

Now a tail-end club is not always a tail-ender because it is made up of poor players. That is usually the case, as I have said; but several ball clubs that were not good clubs, as we rate ball clubs, have won championships, and other clubs that were undeniably great clubs have finished back in the ruck. Misfortune, in the way of injured players or the unexpected failure of a star to round to form, may contribute to the wreck of a club's chances.

There is a lot of luck attached to the managerial game. It is largely a matter of luck when you happen on two or three corking players. It is luck when your club conditions well in the spring training, and it is luck if it gets a good start in the race. Some managers rated as very successful were very lucky in getting hold of their clubs at the right time—if you ask me.

A Collection of Discards

I know of two or three cases where a fellow worked two or three years with poor clubs, developing ballplayers and gradually adjusting his machine—to say nothing of carrying a load of criticism—only to see some other chap get his job at a moment when the club was just ready to cut loose and become a pennant contender. The fellow who does all the work is usually forgotten in the excitement over the new leader's success too.

With the Rabbits, however, I think there was no good alibi. They were tail-enders because they had a right to be. Out of something like twenty-five ballplayers I found only one or two men that I could class as highgrade workmen. There were not even more than two or three prospects among the recruits, and the best were too green for immediate use. That was the fault of the scouts employed by the club.

You generally find a lot of veteran discards from other clubs in a tail-ender, and it was so with the Rabbits. The explanation is simple: A manager is trying to make good his first year, and in desperation he reaches out and grabs anything that comes along in the way of superannuated players, because they have had experience. That is a mistake of course; but I have yet to see a tail-ender that is not pretty well equipped with oldtimers.

I knew I had a couple of good men on the Rabbits, because all the other managers tried to trade me out of them. What they offered me in exchange made me laugh. You would think it should be a matter of business for the stronger clubs in a baseball league to strengthen a weak brother so as to tighten up the race and thus increase the gate receipts all round; but, instead of doing that, the big fellows are only too eager to strip the weak club if they get a chance.

When I suggested a trade they immediately demanded my two best men, and yet they knew I was trying to build my club round those two—that I would have to build round them if I built it round anyone. If I had known early in the season what I knew about one of those players a month later, I could have stung somebody with him good and plenty—you can bet on that—because I found he had stopped to a standstill.

Oh, yes—the other fellows help! They will all give you a lead quarter for a twenty-dollar gold piece any time.

A long succession of managers had preceded me with the Rabbits, including some of the supposedly smartest men in baseball—men who had made a big success with other teams and who succeeded with still

others after they quit the Rabbits, which proves that it was not all the fault of the managers. I know that two of those managers took ball teams that were inferior, man for man, to the Rabbits—so they must have been very bad indeed—and put them in the first division.

It is a queer thing about a tail-ender: It may rattle round at the bottom of the league like a buckshot in a pail for several years; then suddenly a shift or two in the line-up will seem to liven it up as efficaciously as a shot of hop, and here it will come thundering down the stretch in amazing style.

There is Clark Griffith, for instance. A couple of years ago the Old Fox was having a tough time with the Cincinnati Reds. He hopped over into the American League and took charge of the Washington club, which did not seem to be much better, as a club, than the Reds. What happened? By a few changes in the line-up Griff made a real baseball club of the Senators, and for two years the club has been cutting up didoes in the first division, close up front.

It is great to be a winner in baseball! If you do not believe it, ask Griff. I notice he carries a couple of comedians with him who are called coaches, but who spend most of their time entertaining the crowds by their antics on the coaching lines. Comedians—eh? I was thinking the other day that Griff would not be getting many laughs if his club was still a tail-ender. He is too tough a loser to see anything funny in that.

I never saw a successful manager who could lose ball games and remain pleasant except, perhaps, the even-tempered Connie Mack; and Connie is somehow an exception to all baseball rules. John J. McGraw, of the Giants, can swish language round until it raises welts on the feelings of the toughest ballplayer. Frank Chance, of the Yankees, is a master of sarcasm and invective. Griff is peevishly unpleasant. Jimmie Callahan can storm round like a madman. Fred Clarke, of the Pittsburgh Pirates, is a rough, go-as-you-please conversationalist. And George Stallings, of the Boston Braves, as even-tempered a fellow off the field as there is in the world, becomes a regular nut in times of stress.

If you watch Stallings sitting on the bench with his club—always in civilian attire, like Connie Mack—you can see him sliding back and forth along the bench. He will shift himself from one end of the long seat to the other during a game—and that is why you generally see most of the Braves sitting out on the ground in front of the bench, and not on it. Their manager must have room to slide.

An Easy-Going President

The president of the Rabbits was and is a pretty liberal sort of fellow, though I think his reputation for liberality is somewhat greater than the facts warrant, which I find is not uncommonly the case in baseball. He is of a nervous and excitable temperament, and a great fan, without much real knowledge of baseball. He is supposed to own the Rabbits—lock, stock and barrel—and represents the club in all matters, so far as I know.

He was willing to spend money freely enough in getting ballplayers—or, at least, he always seemed willing. I never got a chance to put him to a strong test, as I did not hear of any players I wanted to spend much money on while I was with the Rabbits. I was busy most of the time trying to locate that reputed ability in the players I had. Meantime we had our scouts scouring the small leagues in search of new men, the same as the other clubs.

For a tail-ender the Rabbits traveled in pretty good style, and most of them got good salaries; so our situation could not be rightly charged to parsimony. Baseball is the same as whisky in one respect—the hard luck of the game does not differentiate between the millionaire and the poor man when it comes to the standing of the clubs; and sometimes it seems that the more you spend, the less you get in player returns.

Now my assumption when I took hold of the club was that I was to be the sole boss, that I was to have control over all matters connected with the playing end. Every successful manager in baseball must have that power or he cannot be successful. Many and many a ball club has been wrecked because the president or some other official in power is a fan and thinks he knows how to run both the business end and the playing end of the club. It is not so common now as it used to be, however, for self-respecting managers nominate absolute control in the bond; but it still exists.

For quite a while I never heard a whisper of outside interference of any sort, and I made various small changes in the club, such as releasing different men and signing new ones; but along about the middle of the season, when we were floundering round in the rear, the president got to talking to me about the field affairs of the Rabbits.

He got to asking me whether I had not better pitch out this or that man, and whether I did not think Binks would be better than Jinks in right field. He was always very pleasant about it, and I regarded his suggestions as the outgrowth of his anxiety to see the club strike a winning stride.

I never followed out any of his ideas and now I am inclined to think they were not his own notions anyway.

Finally, when I had made up my mind that there was no chance for us to finish better than last, I started to do the only thing to be done in such a case—I started to rip the whole club to pieces and to build for the next season. I tentatively arranged a deal with another club involving half a dozen of the old players in the Rabbits, including the whistling pitcher and a couple of others that had been regarded as stars.

A Clash With the Board

I was getting in return young and promising players, for I was building for the far future. It takes at least two or three years to reconstruct a ball club. You have to gradually strip it of its veterans, piecing in with youngsters, until you finally have an all-young team—and perhaps a pennant winner. It leads for three years, we will say—that being the average life of the championship machine; and then—bingo!—over night it crumples up on you and you have to begin the process of reconstruction again.

It takes time and it takes patience to do those things; and no club ownership that keeps shifting managers every year, like the Rabbit crowd, will ever have a championship club.

Well, I mentioned the deal I had in mind to the president very casually, supposing that he would approve, or—even if he did not approve—that he would view it as my personal affair. I was the manager and I would have to take the blame. I noticed he looked shocked; but sudden and wholesale switches in ball clubs like that are always rather startling.

The next day he sent for me in great haste and said:

"The board of directors has vetoed your deal. They say they couldn't think of making such a trade."

"The board of directors!" I repeated. "What in thunder has the board of directors got to do with it?"

It was about the first time I had ever heard of a board of directors in connection with a baseball outfit. I had heard in a vague way that all clubs had them, but more as a matter of legal form than anything else.

"Oh," he said, "they have to pass on all deals of such importance as this—they are our largest stockholders; and they think you are getting the worst of the deal. They think McLuke alone"—the whistling pitcher—"is worth all the men you are getting."

I rose and gave him a soft answer.

"My regards to the board of directors!" said I. "Tell them I have just voted them a new manager. I thought I was running a ball club and not a coöperative institution."

So I quit.

They accepted my resignation quite gladly, and eventually I went to another town, though I remained in Rabbitville until the close of the season.

I take pleasure now in reading in the newspapers of Rabbitville that "if they had given Manager ——— another year the Rabbits might not be lingering in last place." I recall that they were saying that about my predecessor along about the middle of my season there.

And I know the Rabbits would still be down there in spite of me. I know I never could jar that outfit loose from its moorings in the coalhole of the league, weighted down as it is by a board of directors. Some other man may do it—but not me.

However, in closing, I wish to say, on behalf of my successor's successor—for they have gone on changing since I left—that he has my heartfelt sympathy.

of your car, dangerously skidding on the slippery pavement ahead ———

You have neglected to put on Weed Chains

You anxiously view the slippery pavement ahead and have ***a mental picture of your car "side-swiping" a fellow motorist.***

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To tell you how straight and plain and smooth is the right road for any man who is willing to follow it.

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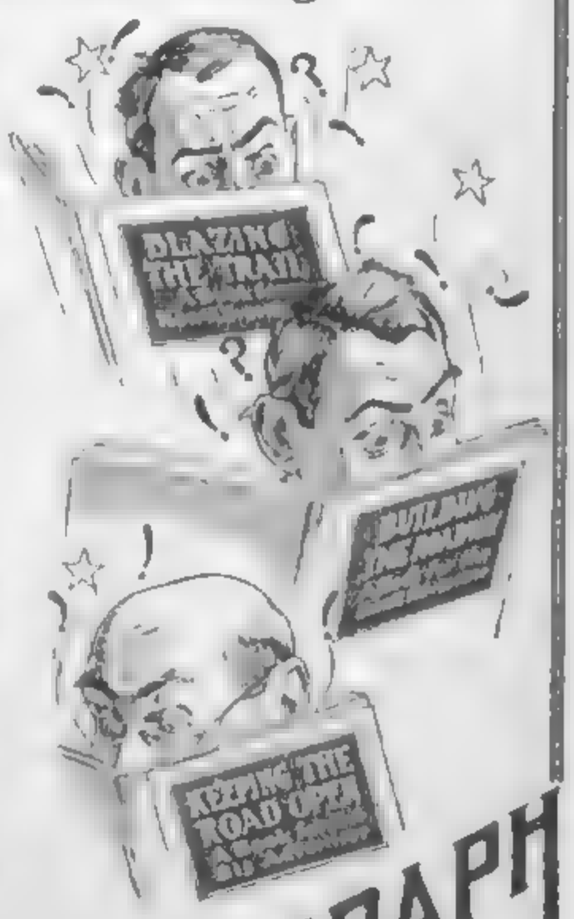
If you are a non-advertiser, check "A" on the coupon, check "B" if you are spending $25,000 or less a year, "C" if you are spending more. Attach coupon to your business letterhead and mail.



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Doubtless you have witnessed this little drama a number of times.

It happens all over America almost every day in the year.

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Isn't it a fact that Hupmobile owners are especially friendly—especially congenial?

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We would prefer to have you figure out the reason for yourself.

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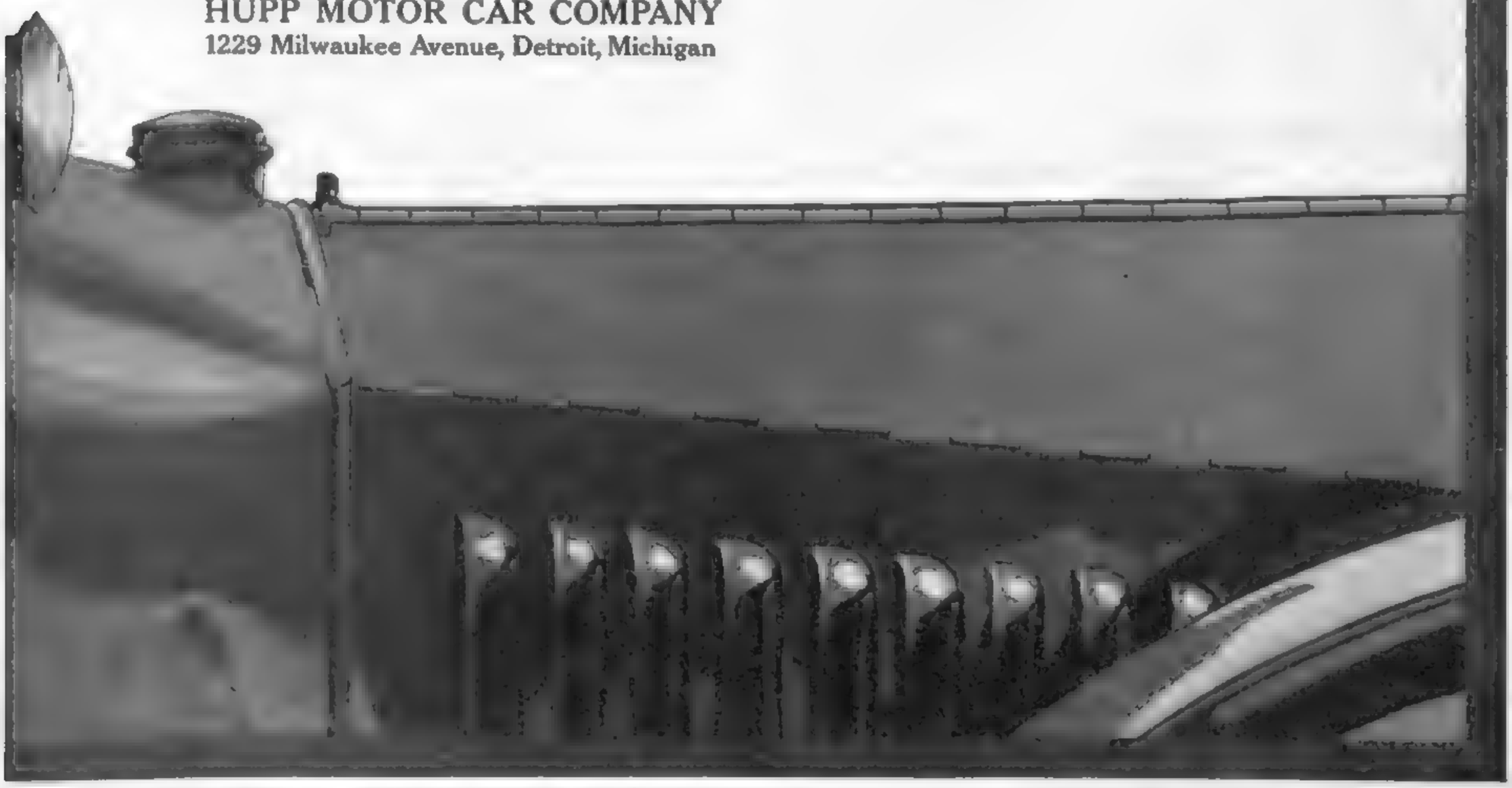

The Magic Flight of Thought

AGES ago, Thor, the champion of the Scandinavian gods, invaded Jötunheim, the land of the giants, and was challenged to feats of skill by Loki, the king.

Thor matched Thialfi, the swiftest of mortals, against Hugi in a footrace. Thrice they swept over the course, but each time Thialfi was hopelessly defeated by Loki's runner.

Loki confessed to Thor afterwards that he had deceived the god by enchantments, saying, "Hugi was my thought, and what speed can ever equal his?"

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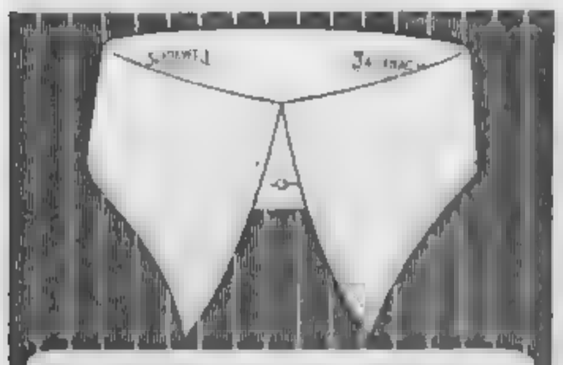

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NEW YORK

TRAITORS BOTH

(Continued from Page 15)

I got Cans a bone and then went on upstairs, where the gineral sat in his chair over the embers; but he looked at me steady, without speakin', knowin' I'd deserted to mother—and I went to sleep on the couch while tryin' to pull off my stockin's.

After that he never spoke or looked at me—as though I wasn't in the house at all—and the writin' that said I had 'listed for the war was rubbed off the dusty mirror; so I was shamed 'fore all the Deans.

As my eyes kept burnin' redder ever' day I couldn't play the games very well, and bivouacked in one o' the cold rooms with Cans. I thought maybe he'd like learnin' to lead me round by a string, but he'd rather freeze than have so much exercise; so I told him goodby and he went home as fast as he could.

Five days—I counted 'em—and the gineral hadn't made ready to strike camp. Maybe he'd forgot; so I passed where he sat bent over the embers all day, and said, loud as possible:

"Folks mustn't forget the enemy's a-comin'!" And he turned his eyes on me, very black.

"Go back home!" he said. "Your fortune's made and you have nothin' more to gain!"

He asked if I understood and b'lieved what he said; and I answered yes. There wasn't anything more said that day; so the next mornin' I passed by again to say folks mustn't forget the enemy a-comin'. He rose up and moved round a little in a very weak way.

"An old soldier don't want a deserter on his last campaign," he said. "Do you understand and b'lieve that?"

I answered yes again, but it was all I could do. Still he had to make ready to strike camp 'fore Danby come; so I went through ever' time the clock struck to give alarm.

He never paid any more 'tention, but on my last two rounds was lyin' on the couch with his face to the wall.

A storm had blown up and rain froze over the windows; it made a scum over my eyes, too, when I went out into the back yard. People get used to runnin' into things on such a day.

I looked back from the fence and could just see the gineral, like a ghost, watchin' me from the window; then he swayed to one side as I went on over and dropped into the alley. It was very late that night and rainin' 'fore I could get 'cross the city to Mr. Whimsey's and rap him out o' bed.

He said, "Howdy-do, sir?" and stirred up the fire. I was pretty wet and dirty; so Mr. Whimsey said to hang my clo'es on a chair to dry out. Then I sat down on the floor with a quilt over me.

"Danby's comin' tomorrow to drive out Captain Dick and loot the place," I told him.

For a while Mr. Whimsey didn't answer; then he said the words over after me and came up to 'tention.

"Captain Dick can hold him in a fight," he said; and when I shook my head he asked: "Why not?"

I splained that he was too old and sickly, and Mr. Whimsey wanted to make sure; so I told 'bout how he looked.

"I never would 'a' thought it of him!" said Mr. Whimsey. He stood straight, clickin' his heels together, and then went up and down in a march-step. And it was while watchin' him that I went to sleep and didn't wake up till daylight, with Mr. Whimsey shakin' my shoulder.

We had breakfast without talkin' and he packed what was left over in his old haversack, and then 'spected his boots as veterans do 'fore startin' a campaign; so I knew he was goin' to meet Danby.

Mr. Whimsey went off whistlin', with his forage cap over one eye; but, as I run into a post, he waited a minute and said a forced march would be more reg'lar. But an army can't keep laggin' for its wounded; so we took a car.

There hadn't been any stir in the house, where the gineral lay as if asleep, with his face to the wall. Mr. Whimsey scouted round for ambushes and then, still as a cat, took two sabers from the wall. He carried 'em into the lower hall; and after tryin' a few slashes he stacked arms and ate out of his haversack.

Course he hadn't any time for talkin'; and after plannin' a while he opened the front door so Danby could walk right in. After a while Danby did so; and as he went upstairs Mr. Whimsey tucked the sabers under his arm and cut off retreat.

In the front room upstairs Mr. Whimsey cried halt.

"Now Danby o' the cavalry," he said, spry as could be, "carry saber! Front face! There's your blade." And he threw it on a table.

He lunged once or twice at Danby, who backed away, swearin'.

"Stand off, you old loon!" he cried out.

"Stop thrust—point thrust!" said Mr. Whimsey; and as Danby, snatchin' up the saber, struck at him: "Left cheek cut!"

I could barely see the red streak on Danby's face. But the enemy made his blade whistle. Standin' under the torn curtains I saw Mr. Whimsey driven from corner to corner in showers o' sparks. Once he was beat to his knees—they were fightin' hard.

Then, just in front of me, Danby's saber flew out of his hand and over my head. Through the center o' the battle picture it struck and hung, hilt 'gainst the canvas and point showin' from behind the frame.

I covered up my face and shouted not to kill him, but heard Mr. Whimsey gaspin':

"Look up, sir!"

Danby, near the far door, had swung a heavy chair and rushed. Mr. Whimsey crouched aside and cracked him 'long the skull with the flat side o' the saber. For a minute there wasn't a move or a sound; then the enemy squirmed on the carpet and pretty soon was on his feet watchin', a step away.

Not till Danby was in retreat on the stairs did he begin to swear and threaten again; but Mr. Whimsey stood in his tracks till there came a loud crash below. He had tied a rope knee-high 'cross the landin' when comin' up; and after this second tumble Danby didn't dare mutter till he was safe out o' the house.

"Strategy!" said Mr. Whimsey, and leaned on his saber with the point buried in the floor, and the room all wrecked round him, as my gran'father came into the room. He said:

"Whim, are you back from the dead?" And he took hold o' his old comrade's shoulders.

Mr. Whimsey seemed scared and edged away.

"Traitors about!" he said, with breath comin' fast and deep. "We must be on guard!" Then he straightened up. "I know the land's yours to keep—Danby told me after the war. I wasn't huntin' you ——"

"Then Danby lied—and I've been huntin' you for twenty years."

O' course Captain Dick wasn't a traitor. And he'd held on to the land while the city grew up round it 'gainst all kinds o' schemes to make him share up—till Danby got him in a deal to ruin him. Then he turned the land into bonds, which are same as money, and hid 'em away so his old law partner couldn't seize 'em.

"You know I couldn't pay my debts with your money, Whim," he said.

And Mr. Whimsey answered:

"We'll do it now."

My heart seemed to leap up in me and I thought smoke was risin' black and thick from the wreck, with the two old men shinin' through, silver white. It's a splendid thing to take in a pitch' battle, and heroes makin' peace, with your last look. Then the smoke blotted 'em and my eyes burned out for keeps.

I heard Captain Dick ask out o' the dark how did Mr. Whimsey happen in this house at such a minute; and then the answer:

"Davy told me."

Captain Dick caught his breath.

"What have I done!" he said twice. "After holdin' on all these years I've ruined you!" His unsteady steps padded up and down, and then he began a terrible whisperin'. "I gave you up as dead and was startin' on my last campaign. Somebody had to get the bonds, though I wouldn't use 'em myself; this boy had swore loyalty to me. Whim, I banked 'em in his name, so he'd have 'em when grown up!" He laughed in a wild way. "And he thought he had to bring you here to guard his fortunes"

"I understand," said Mr. Whimsey. "Now Davy can guard mine till he's grown up! Mark Doran's my heir ——"

"Boy, look me in the face!" commanded Captain Dick; but he moved and I lost him.

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"No wonder he hangs his head, Whim. On the very day I banked that fortune to him he deserted and his mother sent him back. He's been traitor to me—and he'll be traitor to you. Neither o' us can touch the fortune and he'll never give it up to an heir."

Mr. Whimsey said: "Never mind—I'll take him home; and then I'll come back for a reunion. I never had one."

So he took me back to the shop, never sayin' a word but: "Step careful, sir." Mark was at the shop; and after washin' my face and hands in warm water he went for an eye doctor.

"Get him now," said Mr. Whimsey; "an heir don't mind spendin' money—and here's your thirty silver eagles."

Then he went away, too, to his reunion; and I had old Cans and a good hot stove for comp'ny.

The eye doctor had been there for a while when mother came over and they talked together. She was too brave to cry, though she had hard times enough already without worryin' how to buy eye med'cine.

But when the doctor'd gone and Mark said: "You'll have to stay home and care for Davy while I just natcherly make good for such a wife and son"—then her cheek pressed all wet 'gainst my own.

"I take to Mark," I told her.

And after a long time she said in a weak little voice:

"I'm 'fraid I do too, Davy!"

"That's settled—thankee, ma'am!" said Mark. "You sit on there in the red light as I see you every night above the engine, and I'll get supper—Uncle Whim havin' stepped out."

I thought mother would be happy now; but she kept cryin' a little to herself and I knew she was thinkin' of all the trouble Mark was bringin' on himself—a blind boy is a reg'lar pest. So I crawled to the door o' the little kitchen, to show I wasn't goin' to be a dead one, and told of the pitch' battle.

My! They were interested and wondered what it was 'bout; but I couldn't splain or say anything o' Captain Dick—after betrayin' him and skulkin' home the first time I was left alone.

Even with mother and Mark to keep comp'ny, I was lonesome and 'shamed, and only wished I had my chance agin.

We heard Mr. Whimsey at the door:

"Carry sabers—attack! Ha! We never know what good fights life may have in store for us!"

But I knew it was too late for mine. He told 'bout the reunion and how his old comrade had held the fortune 'gainst Danby.

"And here I've brought home the very man!" he said, proud as anything.

It was Captain Dick himself; the old comrades were havin' a grand reunion—and my disgrace was comin' out!

All at once ever'thing was still and I could feel people lookin' at me; then Mr. Whimsey raised his voice as though commandin' a charge:

"Honorable mention for Comrade Davy Dean"—and holdin' to the wall I stood up—"for comin' back to look at his mother's window, without breakin' parole and runnin' to meet her. And he had to skirmish half blind for hours to get through the streets, too, arrivin' in very poor condition." I heard mother sob right out. "Silence, ma'am!" said Mr. Whimsey. "For a night march in a storm—blind, battered and dirty as the devil; every step o' the way a pitch' battle to save Comrade Dick from the enemy!"

"Davy, why did you do that?" It was Captain Dick.

"'Cause I liked you and had 'listed for the war," I said. "You went up Lookout stone-blind."

"God bless him!" He spoke in a loud, deep voice.

"The God o' battles!" said Mr. Whimsey.

"Yes—the God o' battles!"

"Stuff o' '65!" said Mr. Whimsey. "It'll stand under fire at Judgment."

"Of '65!" said Captain Dick. "I can't give him up, Mrs. Dean. Will you take myself—more blind than Davy—into your household?"

"First thing," interrupted Mr. Whimsey, "we three will have a reunion; both of you havin' been court-martialed as traitors and found not guilty."

We have had many a one since then. And now, after three years, I can already see to read to Captain Dick and Mr. Whimsey—sometimes the other two listen; and above us hangs the battle picture, with the saber's hilt in the midst o' battery fire and the point shinin' below the frame.

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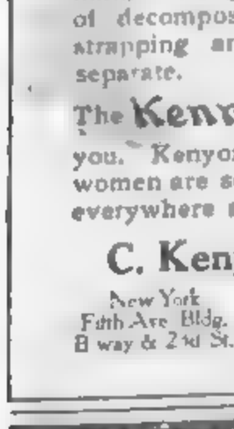

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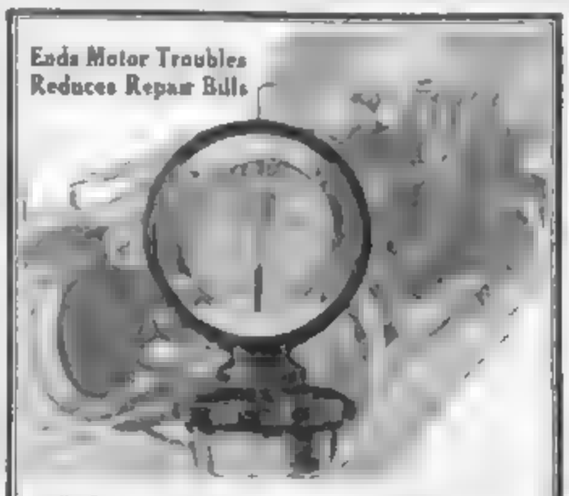

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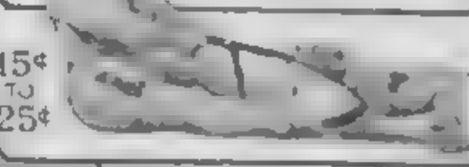

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Klenzo Tooth Brushes

See The Saturday Evening Post on March 14 for "Rexall Ad-Vantage No. 7," on Bouquet Jeanice Perfumes and Toilet Preparations

THE LOVE FEAST OF COMPETITORS

(Continued from Page 18)

about the biggest retail store in America—and to a lot of other large firms too. One day the buyer of this big store turned me down—showed me an apparently identical bag that he was buying for two dollars. It cost me exactly two dollars and forty-five cents to make that bag, and I had been getting a small net profit on it. I know what my costs are to the fraction of a cent; and I know, too, that my actual costs are as low as those of the competitor that had crowded my goods out with his. I have every good reason to believe that his costs are really higher than my own.

"I suspected where the trouble was and at once looked up the personal history of the man who had succeeded in cutting me out of a big trade. As I expected, I found he was a workman who had started in business for himself, having saved a little money of his own and secured considerable capital from friendly backers. This man is all right at the workman's bench, but he does not know how to figure his costs. He gets in his materials and his labor, and some of the other items of expense, but he certainly does not get in all of his overhead.

"Now if we had an association we should take hold of that man and teach him how to figure his costs—how to figure all of them. This is a big part and a very vital part of modern association work. That man does not want to fail and finish in a bankruptcy court—I do not want him to, and neither does any other competitor; but that is where he will finish unless he learns his costs. He and all his kind are a perpetual and standing menace to the trade, and the mess they make keeps all industry in bad shape.

"When some one in an industry is bright enough to bring out a brand-new thing that meets a public need and makes a distinct hit with the consumer you would naturally think that the whole trade would take advantage of its opportunity to get a profit out of it—to make the novelty feature pay some of the losses on the staple things that have been mauled down below the profit line by the hammering of competition. That is what would happen in a line where the good of the whole industry is considered and discussed by the best men in it.

"Now, what did happen with us in a line where the only motto seems to be Dog eat Dog? Just this: About five or six years ago an enterprising manufacturer brought out a new style of trunk. It met a distinct need and appealed to that part of the traveling public which could afford to pay for a good article and demanded a well-made one. The original manufacturer had this sane conception of his product, put good workmanship and good materials into his trunk, and placed it on the market at prices varying from fifty to sixty dollars."

War in the Trunk Trade

"Instantly it became a bone to be fought over by practically every house in the trade. One trade-hungry manufacturer after another took a bite out of the new trunk, until today we are turning out one that actually costs us twenty dollars, sells—when we do sell them—at twenty-two, and retails at thirty. But another house—and a big one—has brought out a similar trunk intended to supplant our trunk, which they sell for less money than our article actually costs. This means that there has been a continuous process of feudal price cutting from the start. It is conservative to say that if this price cutting continues the result is bound to be that the public will get a trunk of this general style that is too poorly constructed to serve the purpose for which it is designed, and is therefore uneconomical for the consumer.

"To be sure, the public would then get this article at a price that probably would not in most cases pay the maker a net profit. Even now the maker often uses his business in such trunks as a means of keeping his wheels turning. The whole business is shot to pieces in this way. Normally it is a business that should pay a fair and dependable profit. If it were on this basis the public would be getting better value for its money than it is now getting, for price cutting and trade feuds always involve sacrifice of quality in the product.

"And what is needed to correct this demoralized state of things? The very things that the typical association is doing for other lines—getting our manufacturers together in frequent and friendly contact, so they will just naturally find out that a competitor is not necessarily an enemy. Almost any halfway decent man is ashamed to try a scurvy trick on a competitor he meets often and confers with on matters that will put the whole trade into better shape."

Most manufacturers who start a campaign of price cutting do so because they fool themselves as to the actual cost of what they put out. Very few deliberately put out a regular line at less than cost and do it with their eyes wide open. So this matter really gets back to educating every man in the industry how to figure all his costs. That is natural association work—the sort that is done by every live, up-to-date association. And while this is going on, and the feudal spirit is being smothered, this kind of contact is educating the association members along a lot of other lines. For one thing, it teaches them that repeated failures in their line are bad for the whole industry and hurt the credit of all.

When the banking fraternity gets the idea that your line of manufacturing has a high percentage of failures, the chances are you will find it harder and harder to get loans with which to buy materials for more business. The banker is looking for a line where trade feuds are the exception.

The Fate of the Price Cutter

There is plenty of competition between banks, but very few feuds so violent and open as those among manufacturers in lines that have not come under association influence. The bankers know better; they are awake to the benefits of teamwork.

The smaller the industry the more devastating is the career of the price cutter. It is a fortunate industry, large or small, that is not afflicted with men who are obsessed with the lust for sheer trade volume; who lose all perspective on the normal goal of profits, and—for a time, at least—reckon their success in terms of business bulk alone.

Not many men of this stamp are required to demoralize an industry and strew its course with unwarranted wrecks. Men of this type do not thrive in the atmosphere of the modern trade association; its tendency is to choke them down to normal draft. They are not unlike engines coaled to capacity and running with wide-open throttles, regardless of dispatcher's orders.

The screen-door and window business is not—comparatively at least—a large industry. A few years ago an ambitious young man of high voltage and a consuming lust for volume was engaged in the trade.

One day a competitor of his, moved by the impulse that finds its logical expression in the association, called for the first time on another competitor and, by way of introduction, said:

"We ought to know each other. You're making screen doors and ——"

"You're mistaken, sir," quickly interrupted the proprietor of the factory. "I'm engaged in making prices for Billy Martin to cut. That's my regular business—and, for a pastime, I'm waiting to see which of us will outlast the other and get a chance to make and sell screens at a profit."

"I guess that's no joke either," commented the caller. "Smith has just gone under, and I'm told that the Three Brothers are hanging on by their eyelashes."

A little later the Three Brothers scored a failure. But this wreck was soon followed by that of Billy Martin—the dare-devil price cutter!

"That man," remarked a manufacturer whose line has been under efficient association organization, "would have been sobered into a decent and intelligent competitor if he had been subjected to the civilizing influences of a good association. There is something in that sort of contact that corrects the distorted perspective of such a man, that puts a governor on his misdirected energy, and that shifts his eye from volume to profits.

"The line in which this man operated was so restricted that he terrorized the entire trade; the whole industry within his field of operations was dominated and depressed by his recklessness. He put more than one struggling competitor out of business and

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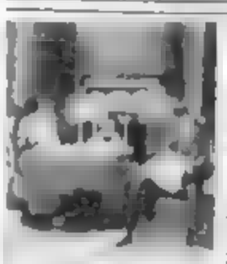

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SHOE LACES
are used by leading makers of shoes.
5c a pair—if your dealer hasn't them, write us.
BOSTON SPIRAL TAGGING CO.
Providence, R. I.

No matter what cost-limit or what architectural style you've decided on—

It's never too late to make it

Hy-tex Brick

From cottage or bungalow to mansion, in every style of architecture, Hy-tex Brick is always the best. It is preëminently suited for any backing—frame, common brick or hollow tile.

Hy-tex walls are the most beautiful and eventually the most economical; the most fire-safe, comfortable and permanent. You will do yourself an injustice if you do not learn all about Hy-tex. Send today for these booklets.

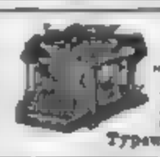
"Genuine Economy in Home Building"—a handsome, 64-page book illustrated in colors, dealing with the problems of home-building. Sent for ten cents.

"Suggestions for Small Hy-tex Homes"—a booklet of helpful plans for homes of moderate cost. Sent for four cents.

HYDRAULIC-PRESS BRICK COMPANY
Dept. P-2, St. Louis, Missouri

BRANCH OFFICES—Baltimore, Md.; Chicago, Ill.; Cleveland, O.; Cincinnati, O.; Davenport, Iowa; Indianapolis, Ind.; Kansas City, Mo.; Minneapolis, Minn.; New York City; Omaha, Neb.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Toledo, O.; Washington, D. C.

PATENTS Sixty-five years' experience. Send sketch and short description of your invention. All patents secured by us receive free notice in the Scientific American. Hand book free. Washington Office, Washington, D. C.
MUNN & CO., 365 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY



TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES
"Visible [illegible] sold or rented anywhere [illegible]
Typewriter Emporium, 34-36 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

Get Ready to Paint

It is poor economy to delay your painting—make your plans now, select your color schemes, engage your painter, and be prepared for painting weather when it comes. Only good paint and a good painter will insure lasting satisfaction. Such a painter will tell you that Carter Pure White Lead and pure linseed oil, mixed exactly to suit local conditions and the surface of your house, is the cheapest and best paint you can use.

Ask your painter or dealer to show you "The Paint Beautiful" portfolio of color schemes. It will aid you in selecting a color scheme for your house.

Carter White Lead

"The Lead with the Spread"

is the ***strictly pure*** white lead of our forefathers, only whiter, finer and more perfectly made. It makes the whitest white paint and with it are produced the clearest and most lasting colors.

Carter is the painter's favorite white lead—the qualities that have led him to prefer it should lead you to specify it.

Everything the property owner should know about painting is to be found in "Pure Paint," a text-book on house-painting, with four color schemes from "The Paint Beautiful" portfolio. Write for a copy today and read it before completing your spring painting plans. It is FREE.

CARTER WHITE LEAD COMPANY
12078 So. Peoria Street, Chicago, Illinois
Factories: Chicago and Omaha

gained nothing by it himself, except increased volume. When he failed the pickings were few and far between. He owed one firm alone more than fourteen thousand dollars. His factory was quite an important element in the business life of the town in which it was located. His men were thrown out of their jobs and positions. The business of the town felt the blow and the industry was depressed until the wreckage was digested by the trade."

The cases to which I have referred are typical of thousands of others; almost every industry yields sharp, conclusive evidence that the trade feud is one of the most destructive elements in commercial and industrial life.

Cost accounting is today a science that demands a specialist of peculiar training and experience; and this highly specialized service is expensive. The smaller manufacturer naturally feels that it is beyond his reach, and this hesitation throws an advantage into the hands of the large manufacturer who can afford such service.

When an association of manufacturers making the same line of product employs such a specialist, however, not only is the cost to each individual member greatly minimized but the system that is worked out has the advantage, when put into operation, of uniformity. The smallest member of that association measures his costs with the same yardstick the largest manufacturer is using.

In a word, the cost specialist serving an association of manufacturers works under the most favorable conditions and at the least cost to the individual members belonging to the association.

Association Teamwork

This plan is in active operation in various associations and, it is declared, has been generally successful and satisfactory. The burden of testimony is to the effect that getting the whole industry on a uniform and effective cost-accounting basis has been the most successful means of squelching trade feuds and of creating an atmosphere of exact cost-knowledge in which the feud finds itself impossible to thrive. The general spirit of the trade association is best shown by an incident that lately occurred on a railroad train in the Middle West:

A manufacturer of malleable-iron specialties had been listening to an account from his seatmate of how a spy had been sent by the owner of a certain factory into the works of his competitor, and had been betrayed by the occurrence of a dramatic accident.

"That's a very moving little tale," retorted the malleable-iron manufacturer; "but the men you tell about are out of date. They're 'way behind the times. They need to put in a rush order for an association missionary and save their spy expenses for association dues and teamwork. Association work is cheap, too, by comparison with spying. I'd hate to think what our line would be without an association! Instead of constantly reaching for one another's throat we're doing something for the good of the line and of everybody in it. You can't appreciate the spirit of that work without being in it. Let me illustrate this:

"At our last meeting, when the formal business was over we fell to discussing foundry problems. I confessed that there was one which I hadn't mastered, and that it would be worth a lot to me if I could. Then I explained just where my process fell down. One of the shrewdest men in the trade immediately spoke up and said:

"'Oh, I've got that trouble beaten—with a trick that is as simple as anything. What you want to do is this'—and then he went into details and explained the whole process. When I returned to my factory I tried it out and it worked to a charm. That one bit of information has been worth a heap to me; and my competitor would never have given it to me if it had not been for the kind of contact brought about by the association.

"Again, when the manufacturing world in our part of the country was facing a coal famine and I confessed that my supply was desperately short a competitor rose in our meeting and said that he happened to have a surplus he would not need to carry him through, and that he would be glad to send me a few carloads to help me out.

"That's the modern association spirit! You can't beat it! Sneaking trade secrets and trying to throttle the man who happens to be your competitor belong to the Dark Ages of industrial competition—to the period of feudism the association is now driving out of business."

Perfect Circulation
means
Quick Thought
Prompt Action
big factors for
success in life.

Stimulate your circulation by drinking bouillon instantly made by dropping an Armour Bouillon Cube into a cup of hot water.

Grocers and Druggists Everywhere

For free samples address
Dept. 544
Armour and Company
Chicago

Are You Deaf?

Electricity and invention continue to accomplish new wonders for the hard of hearing.

ACOUSTICON with *Sound Regulator* (six instruments in one), *best* for the hard of hearing.

ACOUSTICON with *Battery Regulator* (four instruments in one), *great strength*, for the *very deaf*.

AURIS with Acousticon Battery Regulator, a lighter instrument of great strength, and the lowest priced electrical aid for the deaf.

Colors add to the distinction of a hearing instrument—any one of fifty different colors makes the Acousticon a beautiful and attractive article to wear on the person.

Sent on request—by parcel post—for 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL,—no deposit required—you do not commit yourself to purchase.

GENERAL ACOUSTIC COMPANY
1307 Candler Bldg., 220 W. 42nd St., N. Y. City
To our old Customers: Try the new battery regulator on your Acousticon or Auris.

Send Us Your
Old Carpets
We Dye Them and Weave
Velvety Rugs

Beautiful new rugs in plain, fancy or Oriental patterns—*any color* you want, [illegible] to our rugs woven from old carpets.

Rugs, $1.00 and Up

[illegible] the rugs [illegible] *Money back if not satisfied.* Every order completed in three days.

YOU SAVE 1-2

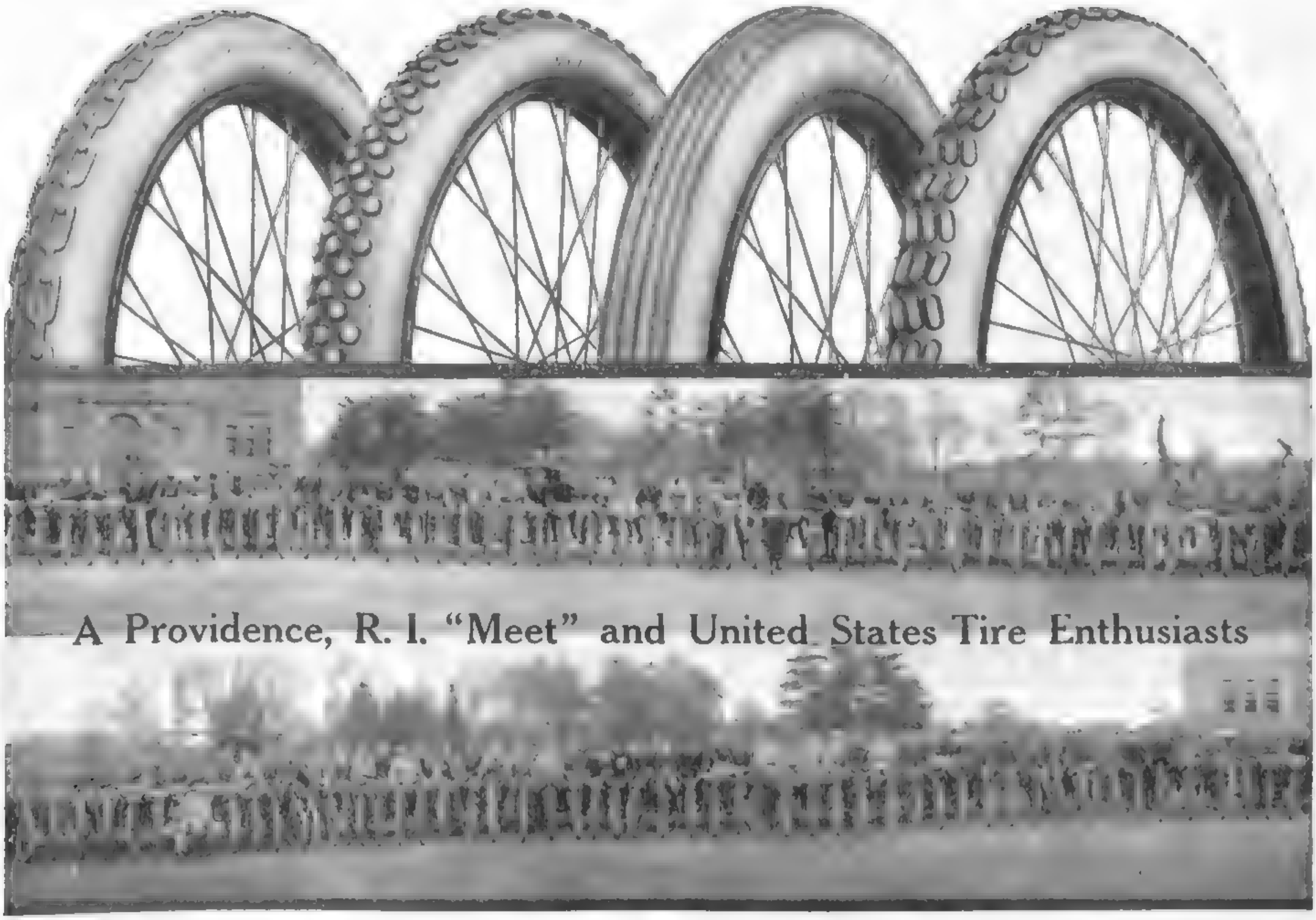
Your old carpets are worth money, no matter how badly worn.

FREE—Write for book of designs in color, our liberal freight payment offer and full information.

OLSON RUG CO.
Dept. 10 40 LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.

If coming to New York
Why Pay Excessive Hotel Rates?

THE CLENDENING, 190 W. 103 St., New York
Select, Home-like, Economical, Suites of Parlor, Bedroom, Private Bath for two persons $3.00 daily
Write for descriptive booklet G with free map of city.



A Providence, R. I. "Meet" and United States Tire Enthusiasts

The Motorcycle is today one of Man's most economical and useful servants, and United States Tires have done much to make it so

The motorcycle of today is a thing of joy in its simplicity—its economy of operation—its sturdiness—its pleasure and its usefulness.

We, the makers of UNITED STATES TIRES, have kept step with the advance of the motorcycle.

We have constantly studied the tire requirements of the motorcycle from every point of view.

We have built our tires to meet every condition of motorcycle tire wear.

We have solved the motorcycle tire problem.

Today UNITED STATES MOTORCYCLE TIRES stand alone, in a class absolutely by themselves, and are the standard motorcycle tires.

Their overwhelming popularity is a known fact.

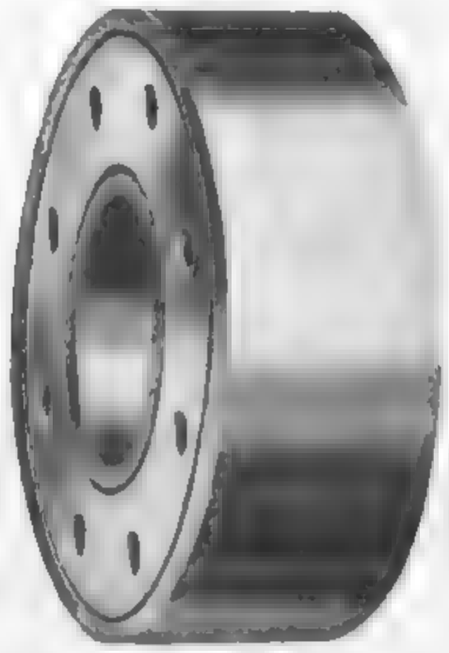
In one year—1913—the sales of UNITED STATES MOTORCYCLE TIRES increased 139 per cent.—an increase that is without a parallel in motorcycle history

NOTE THIS:—Dealers who sell UNITED STATES MOTORCYCLE TIRES sell the best of everything

United States Motorcycle Tires

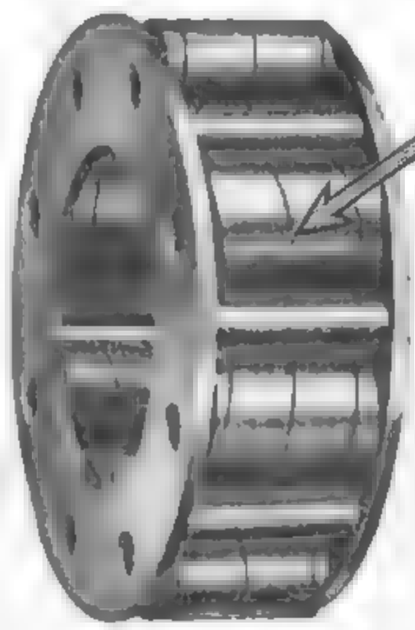
Made by the
Largest Rubber Company in the World

Where Hyatt Roller Bearings are different—and better



A Completely Assembled Hyatt Quiet Bearing with the Inner and Outer Races.

Anti-Friction Bearings are very similar in outward appearance. The difference lies in the shape or design of the inner and outer races in conjunction with that of the rolling element. Some bearings employ balls as the rolling element and others solid rollers. The Hyatt Bearing employs flexible steel rollers—an exclusive Hyatt feature.



An Inside View of a Hyatt Roller Bearing with the Outer Race Removed showing the Spiral Rollers.

Why this Spiral Construction means Bearing Perfection for Motor Cars

When your car hits a bad spot in the road you have noticed how the strain tends to twist and distort the car.

Most of this twisting and distortion is transmitted to the bearings of the axles and transmission.

The Hyatt Bearing, on account of its construction, is the one bearing which does not transmit any excessive load to the surrounding mechanism. The Flexible Hyatt Roller gives just enough to relieve the gears and shaft of this strain, and in this manner saves wear and tear.

You know that sound is transmitted by vibrations, if you stop vibrations you deaden sound—the flexible rollers of the Hyatt Bearing absorb vibrations instead of transmitting them, and thus reduce objectionable noise.

A "full line contact" in the bearing is also made possible by the flexible roller. This insures an even distribution of the load over the entire length of the roller, minimizing wear and eliminating all necessity of adjustments.

Another splendid feature of the Hyatt Roller is that it is self-cleaning. Grit and dirt will work into all automobile bearings and ordinarily will grind between the bearing surfaces, causing rapid wear, with the attendant rattle and noise. In Hyatt Roller Bearings, grit and dirt are forced into the hollow center of the rollers through the spirals, keeping the surfaces exceptionally clean.

The many advantages gained by the flexible spiral roller are responsible for the fact that practically all prominent American automobile manufacturers are using Hyatt Roller Bearings.

Two books, one about motor car bearings in general for prospective purchasers, the other for automobile owners, will be sent on request.

HYATT ROLLER BEARING COMPANY

DETROIT. NEWARK, N.J. CHICAGO.

GATCH & COMPANY

(Continued from Page 23)

things by pure grit and hard work; and now I began to wonder whether there was any way by which I could swing this gingham deal.

To back out after making the offer of three cents a yard went against the grain. Still, I was resolved not to jump with my eyes shut. If I took the stuff I must know beforehand just how I could sell it! I could not afford to plunge in the dark—my present success had been too dearly bought!

"Henry," I said at length, "I think we'll take those goods; but, first, I've got to see about raising the money to pay for them. I'm going down to the bank. While I am gone you put on your thinking cap and try to get up some selling plan. This is the first big thing that has come our way. Now let us see what sort of stuff you are made of!"

Before going to the bank I called at the commission house that had the ginghams. Here I got one whole piece of the goods and some sample swatches of the different colors. With these in my possession I went straight into the private office of the bank president who had made me my first loan of fifteen hundred dollars. I knew he was acquainted to some extent with merchandise values and I told him the full circumstances. He saw at once that the price was ridiculously low, but he was dubious over the great quantity I proposed buying.

"All I want to know just now," I said, "is this: Will you loan me twenty-one hundred dollars to finance this purchase if I present to you tomorrow morning a selling plan that meets your approval?"

"Yes," he answered. "If you do that we'll discount your note at five per cent for thirty days."

That night I went to bed and tried to sleep; but all those thousands of yards of ginghams of variegated colors kept running through my head. Finally at one o'clock I got up, put on a dressing gown and sat for an hour at a window thinking. Then I went into the kitchen, got something to eat and went back to my chair to think again.

I had been smoking there for quite a long time and it was beginning to grow light when I saw a man come round the corner, walking very fast. In a moment I recognized Henry Druss. I hurried out to admit him; but even before I reached the door he was ringing the bell like a madman.

"I've got it!" he shouted, quite out of breath. "I've got it, Phil! It came to me half an hour ago and I hustled down here on the jump! I couldn't wait!"

I got him inside and calmed him down a bit; but he was anxious to talk.

Henry's Selling Scheme

"We have a mailing list of five thousand customers," he began; "and there are thousands of other persons who might be customers. If we sell the seventy thousand yards of gingham we've got to get hold of a great big lot of customers, Phil; and to do that we must find a bigger outlet than our little store affords us. That batch of ginghams would swamp our place utterly!"

"You are right!" I interrupted. "We couldn't even get the stuff into our store. I've been thinking about another outlet, Henry—just as you have; and it has occurred to me that we might sell some of the goods to other dealers. Of course that would necessitate selling them under some other firm's name; but we could fix that all right."

"Not on your life!" Druss exclaimed, jumping up. "Phil, I haven't been walking the floor all night for nothing! We are going to sell all those ginghams and we aren't going to sell any of them at wholesale. Every yard is going out over the counter at retail—say, at five cents a yard!"

"I don't just get you!" said I.

"Well," he returned, sitting down and getting up again, "it's a simple proposition, and I don't understand why I was all night thinking it out. I know of two vacant stores within half a mile of us—both in good locations—and we could rent them for a week or two. We shouldn't need any fixtures—just fix up some cases for counters. We could send out letters to all our mailing list customers announcing that on a given date we should put on sale regular fifteen-cent mercerized ginghams, thirty-four inches wide, at five cents a yard. I believe the stuff would go big! If there should be any hitch in it, Phil, we could come back to your jobbing scheme!"

"Henry," I said, "you're all right! I didn't make any mistake when I picked you for a partner! Even with all my experience, you have beaten me out in thinking up a way to unload this whale of a purchase!"

Of course, though, the thing was not done yet. It was a difficult thing to do—and that is why such things are not done oftener. Every merchant who reads this will realize how we were handicapped.

The big store can swing a sale of this sort with comparative ease—for several reasons: In the first place, the big merchant has an almost unlimited patronage that is elastic enough to expand in response to special selling efforts. He has large capital and great credit power at the banks. He has all the newspapers at his command and can direct the energies of a trained and expert advertising department. He has other advertising possibilities not possessed by the small merchant; and then he has a mail-order outlet to fall back on if necessary.

In spite of our disadvantages, however, we took hold of my partner's scheme, believing it to be sound. We got the money from the bank and paid for the gingham on delivery. Then we sat up nights getting ready for the sale.

The Mad Rush for Ginghams

Experience had taught me that the ordinary circular is largely a waste of advertising money. To make it pull it must have some quality out of the common run. We had no newspaper space to help us and we simply had to use circulars; so I decided on a plan I had found successful. This was the use of samples attached to the circulars. The largest sample was six inches by two, and we called it a quality swatch. To this we fastened small samples of all the colors, with cuts—one representing a dress, one a shirtwaist and another a child's frock.

We took great pains to get up a circular that would carry out the atmosphere of this really big customers' opportunity; and for several days we had some of the ginghams on display in the windows of the three stores. This was a big advertisement, for the news spread over a wide section of upper New York. Dozens of women came to us and begged us to take their orders, which we refused to do. Several dealers also called us up and offered to take some of the goods off our hands at five cents a yard—the price we had fixed for the sale. We turned them down too.

On the Saturday before the Monday on which the sale was to open the crowds round our store were so great that I feared they would smash in the glass. That day our receipts for regular lines of goods tripled. I saw we were going to have trouble handling the people when the gingham sale began on Monday; so I telephoned to police headquarters and got a detail. It chanced, too, that a store next door to me happened to be vacant, and I said to Henry:

"We had better rent it temporarily and transfer the main gingham sale over there! If we don't we'll be trampled half to death and our regular business will be snowed under by the gingham downpour."

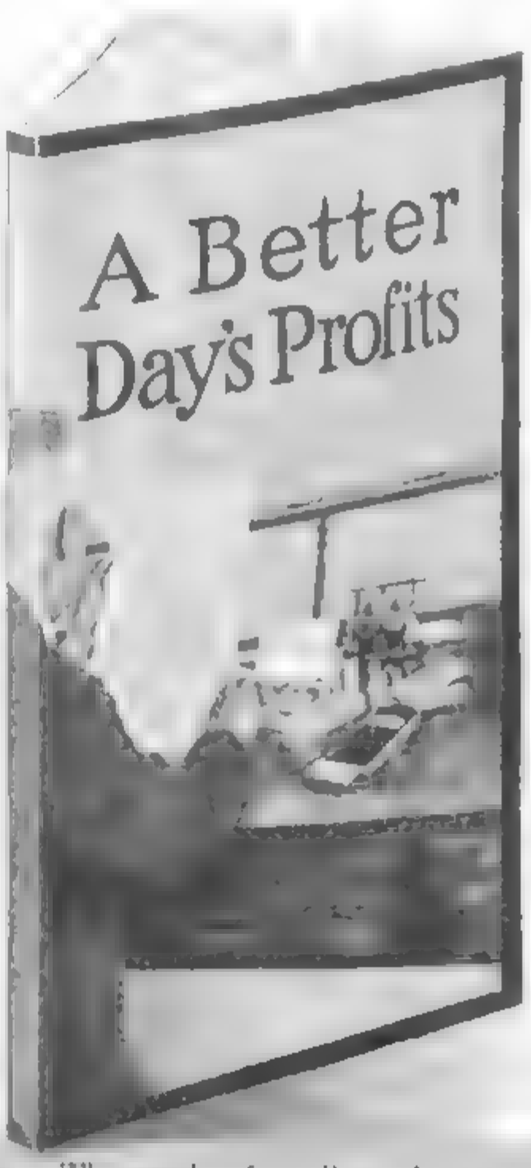
This we did. And—believe me!—Monday was a holy terror of a day! I took charge of the main store. Druss went to one of the temporary branches and our most trusted clerk was sent to the third. At all the stores I had provided what I thought adequate help, but the rush exceeded anything I had dreamed of. Never had I seen such a lot of excited women! It was like the stories I had read about land rushes. Customers jammed their way through the crowd, seized whole pieces of gingham and begged the distracted clerks to wait on them. At times the police had to close the doors to give those inside a chance.

This sort of thing continued at all the stores until five o'clock in the afternoon, when the crowds began to diminish. Then I had sandwiches and coffee served to the exhausted clerks, for not one of them had been able to get out for luncheon. At six o'clock we suspended the gingham sale for that day. There is a limit to all things; I resolved not to tax my clerks beyond endurance by keeping the thing going during the evening.

Besides, the whole stock of ginghams was pretty well cleaned out—in the three stores we had sold fifty-eight thousand five

A Book Every Retailer Should Have—FREE

Find the leaks and stop them, buy for profit, sell at the right price, turn your stock often—learn how in "A BETTER DAY'S PROFITS."



This book tells how the big concerns and chain stores do it, and shows how you can do it also. Read it—and remember, every big store was a small store once.

This book is filled with ideas that will save money and increase profits for you. Some of the chapters are: "Cutting Out Guess Work," "Buying for Profit," "Stopping Store Leaks," "What It Costs to Do Business," "Fixing Prices to Get a Profit," "Figuring Stock Turnovers," "Weighing Employees," "Getting What You Pay For," and so on. All this information has taken time and cost money to get, but it is free to any retailer who wants to increase his profits by better business methods.

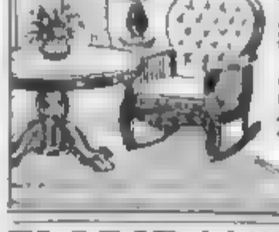
Of course, we have a purpose in giving you this book. We believe that you will see how you can be even a more successful manager if you get the information this book outlines for you, and that you will naturally be interested in getting the facts without increasing your Pay Roll, which is the Burroughs way.

Burroughs Adding Machine Co.
99 Burroughs Block, Detroit, Michigan
European Office:
76 Cannon Street, London, E. C., England

Thousands of retailers who use Burroughs Bookkeeping Machines say they would not be without them and the business service back of them for many times their cost. In many a business the Burroughs makes the difference between making a big success and merely making both ends meet. O.K. the last paragraph on the Coupon and let us take this matter up with you also

Burroughs Adding Machine Company
Burroughs Block, Detroit, Michigan
Send copy of "A Better Day's Profits" without cost or obligation to me.
My Name...
Position
Firm Name ...
Next time your representative is in ... vicinity I will also be glad to have him call and explain how a Burroughs Bookkeeping Machine could be profitably applied to my business. O.K.

The United Mills Offer Great Bargains, Direct to You, in Rugs, Carpets, Curtains, Furniture, Blankets



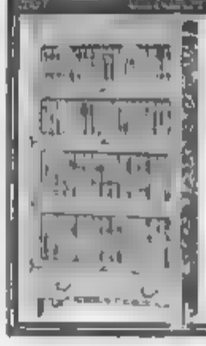
Look at these prices. Regal Rugs, 6x9, reversible, all-wool finish, $3.90; Brussels Rugs, 9x12, exceptional value, $ ... Elegant Axminsters, 9x12, $16.80. Splendid Wilton Rugs, Tapestry Curtains, Linoleum and furniture at bed-rock prices. Send for new catalog ...
WE PAY FREIGHT
United Mills Mfg. Co.
1450-60 Jasper St., Phila.

FLORIDA LAND OF SUNSHINE and virgin opportunities. Homeseekers, tourists, investors, write for free booklet. CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, Box 706, St. Augustine, Fla.

L & C Hardtmuth's
KOH-I-NOOR PENCILS
Best for every ... Pencil Purpose
17 DEGREES & COPYING

OLD COINS Wanted. We pay $1.00 to $1000.00 for certain dates. Many valuable coins circulating. Learn their values. You may have or get some worth premium. Send stamp for Ill. Coin Circular. [illegible] Dept. E, Fort Worth, Texas

GUNN SECTIONAL BOOKCASES



GUARANTEED GUNN CONSTRUCTION **The Best in Bookcase Construction** GUARANTEED GUNN CONSTRUCTION
Send for Free "BOOK OF DESIGNS" (and Souvenir Bookmark)
showing the latest Sectional Bookcases—the ideal home for your books—in our Sanitary, Mission, Colonial and Standard Styles in richly finished Mahogany and Oak. Removable, non-binding, dust proof doors, no disfiguring iron bands. Quality is guaranteed
OUR PRICES ARE LOWER THAN OTHERS
You will enjoy seeing these up-to-date bookcases. Start with one ... and add to as needed. Sold through dealers or direct from factory. ... *forget to ask for our free Souvenir Bookmark.*
THE GUNN FURNITURE CO., Dept. M-3, ESTABLISHED 1880 GRAND RAPIDS MICHIGAN

Lend-a-hand
Tread that grips

Diamond
Vitalized Rubber
Squeegee Tread Tires

If you could view from underneath the pavement the action of the Diamond Squeegee Tread Bars you would see for yourself how they scrape off the slime, dry the road surface, then dig in and *hold*—no chance for a skid to start.

The thick, extra tough Vitalized Rubber Squeegee Bars stay firm, full-shaped and will perform their duty of preventing skidding for a long time to come.

And there is additional wear in the extra thickness of rubber at the point of contact with the road.

Ask for Diamond Tires
BEST FOR AUTOMOBILES BICYCLES AND MOTORCYCLES

Industry+Training=Success

A large proportion of those who never reach the final goal of Success fail to do so because while they have the first qualification—Industry—they lack the second qualification—Training.

Each year the executives of big concerns require in their subordinates an increased amount of training. In filling those positions really worth while, they look for young men and young women who have had the advantages of college and technical education.

If *you* are going to reach the final result you must have not only industry and application but *also* training. A lot of young people feel that they are handicapped in getting the desired training through lack of funds. But the handicap is not a real one. We have helped thousands of young people to get this training and we can help you. If you will devote some of your leisure hours to looking after our subscription business—to forwarding renewals and new orders for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*—we will pay all of your expenses in any college, technical school, business school or musical conservatory in the country. You can take your own time to the work and can be just as successful as so many others have been. Let us tell you about it, anyway. Drop us a line and we'll explain the plan in full and tell you what others have accomplished.

Educational Division, Box 227

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

hundred yards and had made twenty-six hundred sales. Out of the stock of seventy thousand yards we had only eleven thousand five hundred yards left. The next day we got rid of the rest of the stock before noon; but for days afterward mail orders came in—even from Florida—that we were unable to fill.

A curious thing about this sale was the demonstration it gave us of the value of circularizing in a distinctive way. For instance, the quality swatch of the main store was pink, and we sold more of the pink in that store. In one of the other stores the color was tan, and the big call at that store was for tan. In the third store this same principle worked out with blue. In my opinion it was the sample with the circulars that did the thing. People do not respond to advertising that does not get hold of them.

I have said we sold seventy thousand yards; but, to be really accurate, we sold sixty-seven thousand three hundred and ten yards. Samples and shrinkage made up the difference. Over-measurement is a definite thing to be reckoned. Our total receipts were $3365.50 and our gross profit $1265.50.

The expenses of the sale, as shown by my books, were as follows:

Circulars and mailing	$57
Extra help, before and during sale	55
Extra rentals	40
Insurance, incidentals and light	49
Total expense	$201

Thus we cleared $1064.50 on a sale that took our attention for about two weeks altogether! As I look back now on that event, so memorable to us, I see how in all my previous planning I had been working up unconsciously to just that sort of thing. By laying out my business on correct principles of finance and merchandising I paved the way to bank credit—and this alone made possible the grasping of the gingham opportunity when it came along so unexpectedly. If I had been just the ordinary kind of small merchant I could not by any possibility have seized it.

I give Henry Druss the unreserved credit for the initiative and creative power that went into this sale. On the other hand, I take to myself the credit of making Henry Druss my partner. I might have had any old partner had I worked along the lines of so many merchants I know! And with any old partner that gingham sale never would have been pulled off!

How the Business Grew

Yes, I am very proud of my foresight in discovering and getting possession of a man like Henry Druss, who was and is my mainstay in business. Yet I realize that Druss by himself might not do so well. In electricity, I understand, there is a positive and there is a negative power. It is so in business. Druss is a man of unlimited enthusiasm and aggressiveness in merchandising; but, never having been through adversity as I have, he needs restraint. I furnish the quieting touch. I hold him down to arithmetic. He starts things very often; I work them out—or tell him they cannot be done.

"We are going to need more room," said Druss right after that gingham sale; "and I think we'd better take this vacant store next to us before somebody else gets it."

We did take it, tore out the partition, and thus made our first expansion. We enlarged all our departments and put in household utensils, bedding and stationery—the three lines our inquiry records showed we most needed.

I was now at the beginning of my third year. My sales the second year had been fifty-six thousand dollars instead of the fifty thousand dollars I had figured on, and my net profits were over six thousand dollars. Out of this I paid Joshua Meiklejohn fifteen hundred dollars, to apply on my note, and put the rest back into the business. I set aside an interest of five hundred dollars for Henry Druss, whose drawing account was now ten dollars a week. My own drawing account I had raised to twenty-five dollars.

For the third year I set my prospective sales at seventy-five thousand dollars and began the year with a stock worth eighteen thousand dollars. My credit was now easily good for all the merchandise I needed. All my ratios were carefully figured out in advance on the plan I have explained. It was a nice study in proportions, though these were changed considerably from those I used at first.

For help of all kinds, not including proprietors' salaries, I allowed nine per cent of sales, or sixty-seven hundred and fifty dollars; general expense, including shrinkage, I put at twenty-two hundred and twenty-five dollars; light I figured at five hundred dollars. As yet I had no regular delivery department. My store boys were able to handle it, for my trade was purely a local one and most of the customers carried their purchases away with them. Rent came to three thousand dollars. In all, the prospective visible expense aggregated fourteen thousand two hundred and ninety-five dollars, or something under twenty per cent of the sales I had set.

Every item I regarded as a dead-line—I would not exceed it. I worked this policy out in great detail, kept daily and weekly comparative records, and watched the items of outgo with vigilance. This is the only way to hold a business down to proportions.

The Commission System

Now, however, I determined on a revolutionary change in my method of paying my salesforce. We had sixteen persons on the payroll now, most of them getting from six to eight dollars a week. I announced that I would pay commissions; and I began figuring all the clerks' wages on a basis of six per cent of sales.

Thus if a girl sold goods to the extent of one hundred dollars a week I set her wages at six dollars. To earn six dollars she must average at least one hundred dollars in sales. If she fell below that for a considerable length of time I did not want her; but if she sold one hundred and twenty-five dollars, say, she received a commission of three per cent on the additional sales. Her earnings for the week, then, were six dollars and seventy-five cents. If she sold up to two hundred dollars she earned nine dollars.

You will perceive that my clerk-hire on all sales above the minimum was only three per cent. It cost me six dollars for the clerk who sold one hundred dollars' worth of goods a week, but only nine dollars when she sold two hundred dollars' worth. This was a very important consideration; and it meant, in the long run, a heavily reduced ratio of clerk-hire if the plan worked successfully. My local competitors said it would not work.

"In order to make that commission game go," said one of my critics—a man who had a store that had not grown any in four years—"you've got to get exceptional clerks all the way through. Here in the outskirts you can't get 'em, Gatch. The really good clerks won't work in your store—they get the good jobs downtown. The clerks we get out here are poor picking; they don't know enough to hustle and you simply can't get 'em to do it! Salesmanship! What do they know about it!"

He knew little about it himself. On my experience today I am ready to state that a small store on the commission basis will sell from twenty-five to forty per cent more goods than the store that pays wages only—other conditions being equal. This critic of mine is not in business today. He closed out with a fine bankrupt sale and he is a floorwalker now downtown.

At that time I also adopted the plan of having a second relay of clerks for the evening—for I kept open until nine o'clock on five days and until ten on Saturdays. On Saturday nights I worked the full staff; but on other evenings there was a special night force—even to the cashier. This, like many other things I had done, was ridiculed; but I am doing it today and it works very nicely. My evening clerks are mostly married women who have been clerks downtown, and who welcome the chance to make a dollar an evening. This policy has made it possible for me to get and keep the best sort of day clerks.

That third year was a bad one in most stores, for a financial disturbance was general throughout the country. I saw early in the fiscal year that we were likely to fall far behind my schedule unless we did some tall hustling.

"Henry," I said, "it's up to us to turn this dull season into a busy one. When a man fixes his mind on a goal he is pretty apt to get there. You see that exemplified, for instance, in walking. If you start out to walk four miles an hour you'll do it easily enough; but if you just stroll along you'll scarcely walk three miles. We've got to travel on a fast schedule, Henry, if we live up to our ambitions and keep our credit unsmirched."

This was in January, with raw, wretched weather and the store almost deserted. To spurt seemed impossible; but Henry and I did some thinking. I proposed some things; he suggested other things. Between us we made up our minds to sell sixteen thousand dollars' worth of goods in the next ninety days instead of the twelve thousand dollars' worth we might have expected to sell in normal times during that season of the year.

It was Henry who hit on the first big idea.

"Phil," he said to me, "a woman was in here today asking for lawn—and we haven't any in stock. She said she wanted to start sewing on her summer things, because the weather was so bad she didn't care to go out. But she went downtown to get that lawn, Phil! I really don't see any reason for losing her trade!"

The reason, I told him, was because a small store could not very well swing summer goods in winter. A big downtown store could do it, I explained; and I told him why—large capital, habit of customers, advertising facilities! But Henry could not just see it.

"Hang it all!" he complained. "Hang it all, Phil, I believe we can do it—let's take hold and do it!"

I thought it over that night—Henry and I sat up together until half-past four. Then we went to bed with a big resolve brewing: we would do the thing—this thing that all the small merchants said could not be done!

We got in a careful assortment of new spring washgoods, such as lawns, white madras and similar goods. Then we went at the sample-circularization plan again. In the circulars I said something like this:

"Icy sidewalks; cold winds; snow—disagreeable! Inside—steam heat and cheer! This is the time to stay indoors. But in three months the balmy breezes! You'll want to get out with the children; you won't feel like sewing then. Start the summer clothes now—and get the goods of Gatch & Company, without the long and cold trip downtown!"

Our class of customers was made up of people of fair incomes, with a sprinkling of the rich. As a whole, they comprised a class well able to buy summer goods in January. And they did buy too. We pushed that campaign for all there was in it—and other campaigns along with it, and we went over the mark we had set for the three months—sixteen thousand dollars.

One rainy afternoon in March I was standing in the doorway of our store when I saw a young woman come down the elevated stairs and hesitate at the bottom. She had no umbrella. Instantly I turned and beckoned to my partner.

"Go get your umbrella," I said, "and take this girl home!"

The Umbrella Club

She was quite willing to accept this service when she found out who he was, and they went away laughing. In a few minutes Henry was back.

"Phil," he said, "I've got a scheme that is sure to advertise us big in this upper New York colony. Suppose we start an umbrella club! Anyone can join by paying annual dues of a dollar and registering, so we can keep track of the umbrellas that go out. When it rains the club members can dodge into the store from the elevated stairs, get an umbrella and go along home."

We put this plan into execution right away and it proved to be one of the best of our many advertising schemes. Through it we built up quite a large additional mailing list and added many customers to our list of patrons.

"Henry," I said one day, "we've got to reduce stock. We are carrying forty thousand dollars' worth of merchandise and we really ought not to have more than twenty-five thousand. A safe basis to work on is to carry merchandise to the extent of one fourth of the anticipated sales for the year. We have set our sales this year at one hundred thousand dollars—therefore we are 'way over the limit."

The next day was Sunday. It was in the spring and Henry had planned a trip into the country with a party of friends. They were to start very early; but Henry did not go. When his friends called for him at his boarding place he was not there, but had left word that important business prevented him from going on the excursion.

Henry's friends were much disappointed, and they came over to my house—I had married—to see if I could put them on his track. It was then about six o'clock and I was still in bed.

"I don't know where Henry is," I said when they had routed me out. "Whatever his important business may be, he hasn't told me about it; but one thing is sure—you can bet that Henry Druss is doing something worth doing!"

I was rather curious all day, for he did not show up until dark. Then I saw him coming up the street where I lived; and this time he was not walking fast. His gait showed him to be dead tired and when he got inside he sank into a chair, with a sigh.

"Phil," he said, "I've found it—I had the devil of a hunt, but I've got it spotted at last!"

"Got what spotted?" I demanded.

"Our branch store!" said Henry with a weary smile.

Then it came over me suddenly what he had been doing all day. For a minute we sat looking at each other in silence.

The New Outlet

"Phil," he said, "what is the sense in cutting down our stock, even if we are carrying too much? Don't you think there are people enough in the world who need those goods? Instead of contracting, why not expand?

"Suppose we make up an assortment from the goods on our shelves and take fifteen thousand dollars' worth up to the new store I picked out today! Then we can buy five thousand dollars' worth of additional stock—or more if we need it—and open up our new outlet! We might just as well have two stores as one, Phil! I'll stay up at the branch store most of the time, and you can keep an eye over both. Come along with me and have a look at the new location!"

I telephoned for a cab—which was not a common procedure with me—and we rode up to the corner Henry had found, a store just vacated by a small drygoods concern that had been overtaken by the sheriff after a brief but exciting chase. Relics of the fray were still scattered about on the floor, as we could see by the aid of the street lights—but they did not frighten us. Henry had the key and we spent half an hour in the place talking.

When I reached home that night I had set up a new goal in my brain. Ambition—what a mighty force it is! And when it is harnessed to knowledge and experience there is not much limit to it!

History repeats itself; so does business. I might go on telling you how Gatch & Company grew; but if you take the detail I have given you, and gradually amplify it in a sort of arithmetical progression, you can see for yourself how it came about that today I am at the head of three stores. Each of them is a small department store, as complete as a small store can be.

It is about six years since I had my break with Edmonds—because he and his wife believed there was not opportunity enough in our little projected business to support two partners!

The last mercantile report on Gatch & Company gives the merchandise in stock at $102,175.31; the cash on hand and in banks at $25,275.42; the value of the fixtures, after deducting ten per cent a year for depreciation, at $30,007.80; bonds owned, $25,000; real estate, $75,000. Thus the total assets are placed at $257,458.53.

Against these assets the liabilities are stated thus: On open accounts for merchandise, $30,421.56; to banks for borrowed money, $50,000; mortgages on real estate, $45,000. The total liabilities, you see, are $125,421.56.

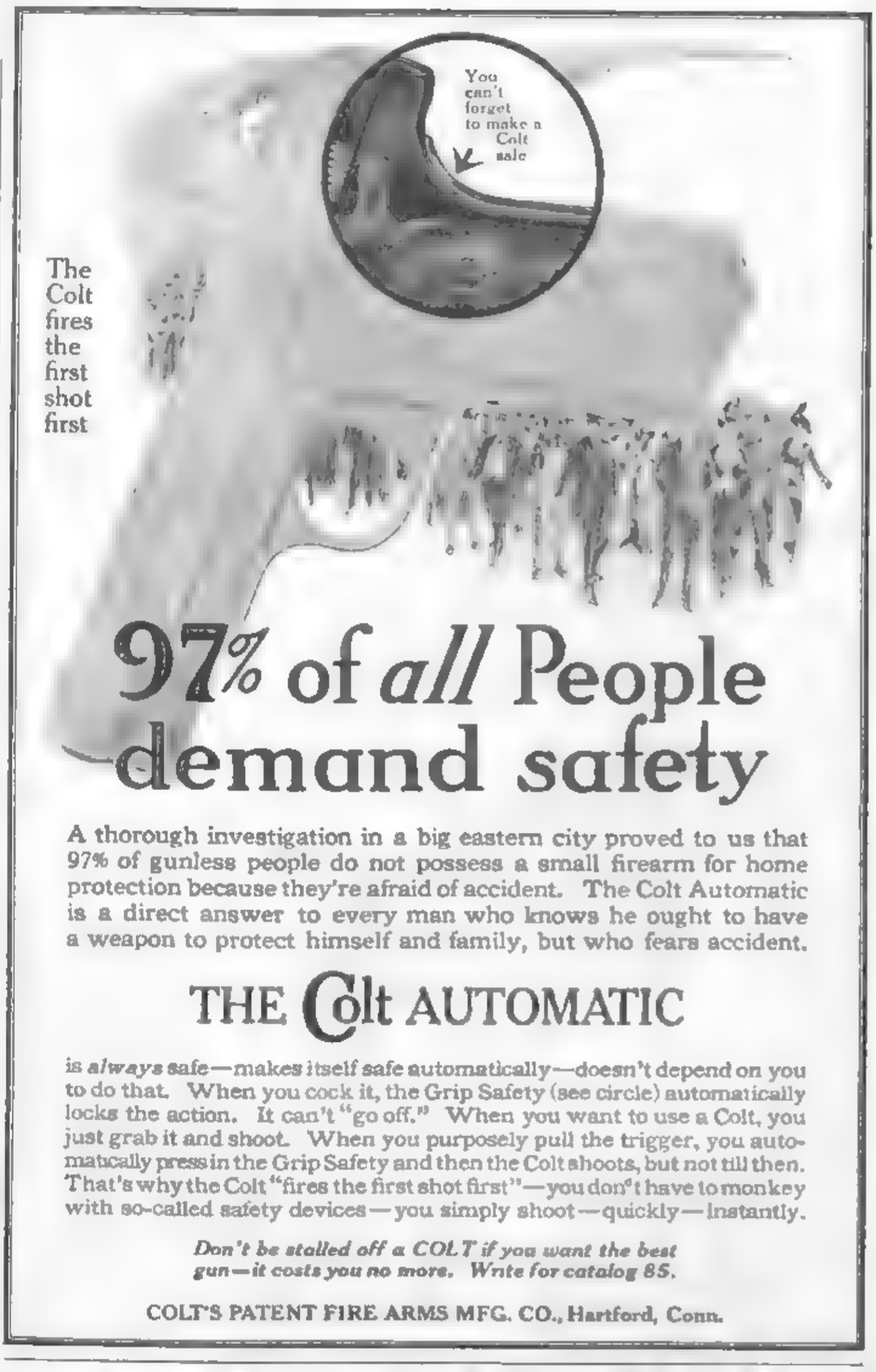
All these items are figured at real value; even the merchandise is inventoried at what it is actually worth, regardless of what it cost. A thing may cost a dollar and yet be worth only twenty-five cents. To get your real net worth, you cannot put it in at a dollar.

Our present net worth is about one hundred thirty thousand dollars in round numbers. Of this I own about one hundred thousand dollars and Henry Druss can rightfully claim to be worth thirty thousand dollars. He has earned it too! He has helped me immensely in earning mine.

Last year we sold goods to the extent of five hundred thousand dollars. Our gross profit was thirty-seven per cent of this sum and our net profit ten and one-half per cent—or fifty-two thousand five hundred dollars.

All this has been accomplished in six years—starting at zero; but it did not come of itself. We went after it!

(THE END)



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THE Colt AUTOMATIC

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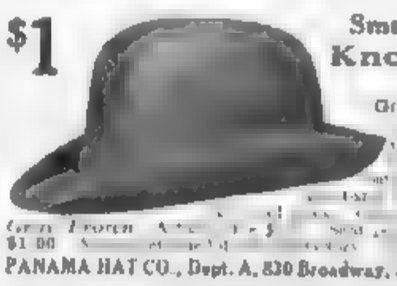

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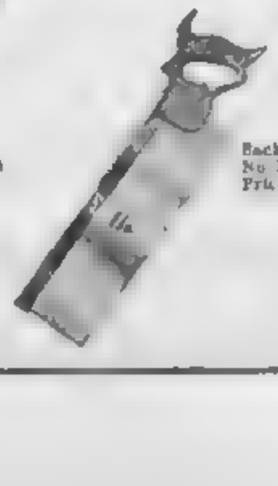
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A MAN FOR A WHILE

Continued from Page 8

had tried to pass to the left of a puddle she had stepped into a bigger one. It had become a matter for knock-downs to decide. There might have been a murder. It was a serious business being a man.

AFTER the first palpitation was over Edmée extracted at least one crumb of comfort from her adventure. She must have convinced the bully and her defender that she was not a girl; otherwise the bully would not have threatened her. Otherwise her champion would not have called her "my brother" -which, of course, he had done merely for economy of explanation.

She gave full credit to the rain and to the hat she wore and to the dark. She knew that she could not have carried off the deception bare-headed in the full light. The next adventure must find her readier.

She dreaded to enter the barber shops she saw. There were hair-dressing parlors for women, but how could she go into a woman's resort in men's clothes? At length in a side street she found a humble shop where only two barbers operated. One of these was shaving a huge fat man stretched horizontally like a skyline of Constantinople. The other barber was idling over a newspaper.

She entered. The bright lights made her blink. The barber rose with a yawn. His jaws snapped shut, his drowsy eyes snapped open. He stammered:

"Vat can I do for you, madam?"

This was disheartening. She had not removed her hat, yet a sleepy German had found her out at one glance.

The supine customer in the other chair heard the word "madam" and turned his featureless lathered face so suddenly that he ran his eye into the shaving brush, and was busy with his own concerns for some minutes. The other barber turned round and stared. The hat boy stood fast and stared. Evidently women did not often invade this place. Edmée wanted to back out of it, but if she could not get her hair cut here, where could she hope for such a necessary office? She gathered her courage together and answered:

"I want my hair cut, please."

"Sure, sure!" said the barber. He bustled about while she took off her raincoat and passed it toward the hat boy. But he, catching sight of what she wore under the rain coat, doddered and gulped and let the raincoat fall.

The barber had not seen the revelation. He was making ready his combs and shears and finding a clean apron. Edmée ensconced herself in the chair and thrust her feet out on the footrest in the most businesslike manner. It gave her a splendid feeling of majesty. She wished she dared to order a shave too. It would be marvelous to feel the razor on her manly jowl. But the face in the mirror opposite did not need a shave. She would tell the barber that she had had one that morning.

Womanlike she had sat down to take off her hat. She reached up with both hands to remove it, and winced with chagrin as she found herself grasping for the hatpins that were not there. How the muscles remember! How hard it is to teach old muscles new tricks!

The barber approached her with the apron and made ready to spread it over her. He glanced at what he found in the chair and bridging the space to the footrest.

"*Hilf Himmel!*" he gasped. Then with the shyness of Noah's better sons he whipped the apron over her as well as he could with his eyes averted, and tucked it in at her throat with trembling fingers. He was a married man and his wife sometimes called for him about this time.

He worked as fast as he could, but he was forever shaking his head in distress and constantly clicking his tongue in reproof:

"Ts-ts-ts! Too bad! Such a nice hair it was. If you had some typhoit fefer it voult be an excuse, but—such a nice hair!"

Eventually the task was completed and he asked on which side she parted her hair. She did not know. He muttered "Wet or dry?" and had to explain. He advised bay rum to help it to keep its place. A man's hair, he said, being cut short every month or so from childhood acquires certain habits that a woman's hair never learns.

At last, however, she was permitted to stand down from the torture chair. She paid the price, neglected to tip anybody and sallied forth, leaving behind her a reeling barbershop. She faced the world with such jaunty assurance that now, emboldened by hunger and self-esteem, she dared to enter a restaurant of pretense.

As usually happens, the headwaiters were elsewhere and the nearest waiters were remote. She selected the first table she found and dropped into a chair. The waiter came up and set a bill-of-fare before her. As she studied it with the most careful nonchalance he studied her, then he conferred with the headwaiter and a captain. Edmée did not hear the conversation. The waiter informed the headwaiter that a lady in men's clothes had "blew in" and established herself. The question was, Should the scandal be permitted? The headwaiter moved to where he could make sure of the astonishing fact.

"Is it that it is Dr. Marie Valkaire perhaps?" he pondered. The waiter assured him that it was not. It was a young woman. The headwaiter, whose custom it was to nip excitements in the bud, meditated aloud:

"Perhaps it is only some new feshion. Ve get ladies here in riding breeches and seelk hats. Maybe she comes from the riding academy.

"Ve are a piblic restaurong. Who comes ve serve. If ve put her out ve get a lawsuits. Go on, bring her vat she orders and bring it vite, vite!"

And so Edmée got her dinner and ate it with the zest of youth and the sauce of success, in the full belief that she had demonstrated her ability to deceive mankind.

It was raining hard when she went out in search of a lodging. In a gloomy street she found a dim sign announcing the Transcontinental Hotel. Inside a dismal clerk lolled at a dingy desk. The place looked unostentatious enough.

The clerk thrust a pen into her hand and whirled the register before her. She wrote "John Knox" in the largest, boldest hand she could improvise.

"Pay in advance, please, seeing you got no baggage."'

This reminded her of the suitcase she had left at the other hotel, and she gave her check to a messenger who promised to fetch it in a jiffy. Then she went up to her room.

It was not a pretty room, but it delighted her because it proved that she could go about unsuspected. She did not know that in this hotel questions were never asked, except about the money.

As soon as her suitcase was brought she unlocked it to make sure that it was still locked. The womanish things she had worn to Wickham were still there; but they seemed already obsolete, ridiculous as the fashions of five years ago. She locked them away again and sallied forth in search of new worlds to conquer.

This time she would go to a theater. She would not make one of a silly bevy of matinée girls, nor would she be taken as the helpless ward of Stuart Portener or any other brave young man. She was her own brave young man now. She would visit the playhouse as a confirmed bachelor and she would go out between the acts. She sealed the high resolve with the terrifying oath, "By Golly!"

She turned up her collar and turned down her hat and marched toward a constellation of electric lights swung out across the walk. Two prominent stars were playing Shakspere. Edmée did not feel in a mood for anything so improving as Shakspere. She would have preferred vaudeville. But the bill here was As You Like It, and she felt a sudden kinship with this young Rosalind person who had put on men's gear to find her exiled father. Edmée had waited till her own father was safely on the ocean before she ventured into the modern equivalent of doublet and hose; still, she might pick up a few pointers from Rosalind's experiences.

The hour was late, the audience long settled; the porter was sweeping the empty ticket envelopes from the floor. The box-office man had but one seat left, and that far over to the side. He saw the girlish face at the window, noted the girlish hand that pushed the money across the glass sill and assumed that Edmée was one who affected mannish coats and collars. He assumed that a petticoat completed the costume. Edmée assumed that she had fooled him. It was pitch dark save for the luminous stage. An usher with a flash lamp read the ticket number and led her down a dark side aisle to an end seat unnoticed.

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THIS is the aim of most young men and young women. Sometimes it seems impossible because of "lack of capital." But it is not impossible—because no capital is needed. The young man or young woman, dependent on salary, can build up a profit-yielding business without jeopardizing his or her present source of income.

Some young people are now deriving over $5000.00 a year from businesses started this way. Many enjoy incomes of over $2000.00.

They devoted their off-hours to securing subscriptions to *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal*, and *The Country Gentleman*. Each subscription secured, eleven months later, meant a renewal. Thus only a few subscriptions secured each week created an automatic income annually in addition to salary.

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The Agency Division, Box 226

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Penna.

The hour was so late that Rosalind was already boying it in the Forest of Arden with Orlando dawdling about, writing poems to his sweetheart and never observing that she was right there with him. Edmée observed Rosalind with professional jealousy. The actress who played the part was handsome but a trifle hippy for a boy, and Edmée found herself saying to herself that Orlando must have been a nearsighted goop not to recognize that those fat knock-knees of Rosalind's never belonged to a man. Even if she could have fooled the love-blinded Orlando, how could she ever have got by Phebe? Yet Phebe loved her for a man! Edmée committed the *lèse majesté* of deciding that Mr. Shakspere was not so observing as she had been taught to believe him in college. After all, even Shakspere was only a man.

Rosalind had one great advantage. She did not have to cut her hair, since in that day some of the men wore shoulder curls. But as a counter handicap Rosalind had to wear tights; and they were fatal to her disguise. Edmée felt that the loose trousers of today were women's only hope for masquerade. She doubted that other disguises had ever succeeded. Those romances were but fairy stories.

Edmée had counted upon the masculine prerogative of walking out between the acts, but the problem was which way to go. She could not visit the women's room in men's clothes; and at the thought of descending to the men's smoking compartment in the basement her heart quailed. She decided to save the feat for another occasion.

The play ended with Rosalind once more in women's clothes. Edmée sighed to think that she herself would probably go back to that prison garb one day—when the right man came along.

VI

SO EAGER she was to press on to further encounters with life, that the moment the final curtain struck the stage she was up and striding along the aisle while the rest of the audience lingered to applaud.

The rain had stopped, but the air was cold and she put on her raincoat again. The sidewalks were packed with throngs bound homeward from theaters, vaudevilles and moving pictures. One could not walk rapidly. One must take short steps. But there was a kind of condensed happiness in the mob that made it impossible for Edmée to return at once to her hotel.

Many men, she knew from her brother's talk, would be going to their clubs. Oh, to be a man and belong to a club! She wondered what a club was like. Other men would drop in at billiard and pool parlors for a friendly game; but Edmée knew nobody in Wickham. She could hardly enter such a place and invite a total stranger to cross cues with her—especially as the game she played was not one to display in public. Other men would seek a restaurant, a cabaret or a chop house. That was what she would enjoy. The thought of supper gave her an appetite for it. But she did not want to go to an ordinary restaurant full of gabbling, gobbling women. She wanted something very manly where the distaff was missing.

But such places as she passed seemed to be only saloons. Some day, she supposed, she would have to complete her experience with what she had heard her brother refer to as a "bar-room education," but this was the least attractive phase of virility to her.

She found at length a small, somber place where no women were. It seemed to be semi-detached from a saloon, but she determined to take the plunge. It was as fearsome a deed as entering a graveyard at midnight. She discovered only a few men. One group surrounded a circular table and seemed to be in high spirits, not without assistance.

None of these looked her way. When she sat down a slouchy, surly waiter approached her to demand her order.

She flushed at the necessity of choice. She did not know the custom at such places. She finally mumbled something about a Welsh rabbit and a tankard of "Old Musty." This also was a reminiscence from her brother's reminiscences. The waiter slouched away and she perked her ears to learn how men talked together.

She soon learned. The round table was at present the center of a tournament in story telling. None of the stories was so mild as to be indelicate. They were all so frankly and so vigorously ribald that Edmée could hardly endure to face them.

Edmée had not been raised as a boy. She had not acquired the Rabelaisian vocabulary or the manner of thought that almost all men receive from their earliest environment. To women a risky story is an escapade; to men the grosser facts of life are staples of conversation. They are treated like the other facts, with only this difference, that a smutty story does not require so much ingenuity to be successful as a respectable anecdote.

When Edmée's Welsh rabbit was brought she could not eat it. Her gorge rose at the language she was hearing and the uproarious laughter it was causing. She sat and idly harpooned the rubbery cheese with a fork. At length she noted that a man seated alone at a table opposite was smiling at her. Here was a new dilemma.

What should she do? Her duty as a woman would be clear: she could pretend to be oblivious of the advances or rebuke them with the iciest of glares, or at worst call the proprietor and say: "That odious wretch is staring at me. Please make him go away." That would be a fine thing for her to say now! She knew from her father and her brother that all maledom was like a big club; men struck up acquaintanceships with total strangers and made no formality of it. If she rebuked this man across the way he might suspect that she was a woman. Yet, if she spoke to him, what might not happen?

He smiled again just after a particularly vulgar story had sent one of the listeners almost into an apoplexy of mirth. Edmée smiled back—a sickly smile. The man rose and came over to her table.

"Say, bo, what's the game? Making a get-away?"

At first she could not understand what he meant. His later speeches showed that he was a criminal, thought her one, and was willing to form a partnership with her.

Here was an opportunity for adventure that Mlle. de Maupin or Villon's Aboess or almost any book heroine would have leaped at. But Edmée Pritchard was a real girl, well born, bred and shielded. She knew much less of life than she thought she did; and the mere idea of meeting and talking with a stranger and a criminal in a café was so appalling that she began to shiver again, and to shiver so violently that even he could not help noticing it. The twisted soul of Mr. "Silksocks" Brent could see that Edmée was not a man, and yet it was too twisted to imagine any other reason for the costume than a desperate need of disguise. He felt that she would make a charming and probably a very deft co-worker, and he put his hand on her knee to urge his scheme.

She edged away and began signaling the waiter. When he came she asked for the check, telling her crook acquaintance that she was late to another engagement. She took from her inside pocket that well-filled wallet.

The eyes of Silksocks widened with surprise, then narrowed with greed; but he said nothing. He allowed her to pay the bill and tip the waiter. And he bade her a careless "So long!"

He watched her as she walked out and shortly he followed her. That wallet of money was just the thing he needed. His versatility had carried him through many trades. One of them required the beating of women. At the first dark alley he would simply tap Edmée on the head with a little sand-bag he carried, or hoist her over into unconsciousness with an uppercut on the point of her dainty jaw, and relieve her of the money he needed so badly.

And so Edmée moved along the street, quivering with belated shame, eager to reach her hotel and conceal herself from the eyes of mankind. And a little after her skulked the footpad.

VII

EDMÉE was all unconscious of the menace that followed her. For yet awhile Providence smilingly and invisibly chaperoned her and kept her safe from the hideous calamities along whose brink curiosity was leading her.

She had already drifted into a questionable hotel and she had talked with a ruthless "cadet." But it was not her fate to spend the night in that hotel, nor yet to spend it as a bruised, penniless and senseless form in a dark alley. But Providence did not mean that she should go unpunished. Providence had not lost its cruel sense of humor. Edmée was destined to be rescued from the disgusted footpad as a minnow is rescued from the pickerel by the perch

(Continued on Page 57)

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Standard of the World

Public attention is focusing upon one car and especially upon a principle in that car which distinguishes it from others

Public attention is focusing upon one car, and especially upon a principle in that car which distinguishes it from other cars.

The car is, as you will surmise, the Cadillac; and the principle is its two-speed direct drive axle.

Partly because of that principle, the Cadillac rides differently, and, it is said, more luxuriously than most other cars.

The sales arguments of other makers tend to draw public attention in another direction—toward the more conventional types of construction.

And in spite of that powerful influence upon public opinion, in Europe and in America—professional and public interest insists on returning to the Cadillac and its two-speed direct drive axle.

This is only logical—it is merely Cadillac history repeating itself, as in the three other memorable cases in which Cadillac progression altered the trend of motor car practice.

The present tremendous interest in the 1914 Cadillac and in the splendid performances of the car can be traced directly to its source.

To begin with, more than 8,500 owners are now driving the 1914 Cadillac.

More than 8,500 people expatiating with unbounded enthusiasm, day after day, upon the unique riding qualities resulting from the latest Cadillac development, are stimulating the keenest interest, even among those driving other cars.

And this process growing and growing in volume, since the first of the new cars appeared last summer, received a pronounced impetus several weeks ago.

The second award of the Dewar Trophy to the Cadillac was an extraordinary endorsement.

Coming from the highest professional tribunal of its kind in the world—the Royal Automobile Club of Great Britain—it confirmed every Cadillac owner in his conviction that there never have been such riding qualities in any car.

THE DEWAR TROPHY

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And these two things—the zealous partisanship of more than 8,500 owners rendered still more zealous by the Dewar award—are being accentuated by press comment at home and abroad.

That is why the united volume of attention attracted by other good cars and other good principles of construction has not been able to distract attention from this one car with its peculiar principle.

That is why American and European journalists are venturing to predict that the Cadillac has impressed a fourth indelible imprint upon the industry as a whole.

World-wide interest has been aroused by a plain and indisputable fact—that the sensation of riding in the new Cadillac is almost like the sensation of floating through space.

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If you wish to guard against disappointment, don't delay ordering your Cadillac.

You have been told the same thing, year after year. And year after year, with an annual increased production, the Cadillac supply has fallen short of the demand.

If the qualities which won the Dewar Trophy—the qualities over which Cadillac owners are so ardently enthusiastic—the qualities which have become a topic of world-wide interest—are qualities worth getting in a motor car—see your Cadillac dealer at once.

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(Continued from Page 54)

The showers had stopped during her supper, leaving a balmy air. Edmée resolved to throw off her raincoat and turn up her hat. By marching so at midnight she would be the better rehearsed for the morrow's full sunshine.

She had gone about a block when she came to a big arc-light at a corner. Here a drug store threw red and green and white radiance on the walk, and a covey of newsboys lingered with the remnants of their stock, exchanging cigarettes and anecdotes of precocious depravity.

As she crossed the street she heard a yelp of derision. The journalists had discovered what she was. They swarmed in her wake yelling headlines.

"Get on to what's wearin' pants!" "Go on, it's de latest slit skoit!" "De soicus has come to town!" "Hay, mister, does your maw know you're out?" "Hay, miss, you forgot sumpin'."

Their wit was not exquisite, but it made up in volume what it lacked in inspiration. They danced about her, tugging at her coat, mocking her walk. She was suffused with shame and terror. Cabmen were turning to stare, night-prowlers were joining the mob of newsboys. She shoved the gnats aside and ran.

Some of the newsboys were so convulsed with mirth at the girlish wabble of her running stride that they could not follow. Others threw what they could pick up. Two or three pursued. And the footpad, disgusted but hopeful, followed at a run.

She came to a residence street, lined and gloomed with old trees. She turned down that and shook off all her pursuers but one. He was large for a newsboy, but smaller than she. He trotted alongside easily, taunting her with street-Arabian jibes.

She could run no farther. Her heart seemed to be beating the breath out of her lungs. She stopped short and panted:

"You go away now!"

The boy snickered and continued his comments. She walked on, he tagged after. She ran, he ran. She stopped, he stopped. Her humiliation made her furious. She became again the little twelve-year-old vixen that had fought her brother like a wild-cat. Her little brother had rarely fought back. He had learned from earlier experience that to strike his sister under any provocation was to bring down the most relentless punishment from their father.

But this newsboy had not received such schooling. He was accustomed to seeing his father mop the floor with his mother. Black eyes and bruised lips were his mother's constant portion when her criticisms were too warm or her coffee was not warm enough.

When then Edmée seized young Micky McWhorter by the lapel of his jacket and slapped his freckle-spangled face, it was like touching a match to a pinwheel. He paid her the compliment of considering her his equal, and generously overlooked the fact that she was much taller than he. But he could not give her the lifelong training even of so short a life as his. He could not give her the fruit of that male habit of mind which makes toddling boy brats fight for nursery supremacy, makes them settle the championships of the block next, then of the street, the ward, the town, and so on, up through all classes and districts from featherweight champion of the gas works to heavyweight champion of the world.

Consciously and unconsciously every male in every walk of life, from microbes to elephants, is preparing for a fight, how to evade it, perhaps, or defer it; but, anyhow, if it comes, how to conduct himself in it; where and how to strike and receive the first blow; what to do if he is whipped or if he wins. Consciously or unconsciously men estimate one another; their very handshake tends to be a contest in grip; they take one another by the triceps in friendly greeting; they go swimming together, work in gymnasiums together, have friendly bouts, wrestles, tugs of war, make notes like nations of one another's armaments. Who knows when his best friend may be moved to slug him, or when his worst enemy will cease to talk behind his back and begin on his face?

If we are afraid to attack a tyrant's muscles we call a policeman to tap him with a locust or put the bracelets on him, or we go after him ourselves with a chair, an ax, a stiletto or a gun. We overpower him and suppress him, or oust him one way or another, though he were Mr. Jack Johnson himself.

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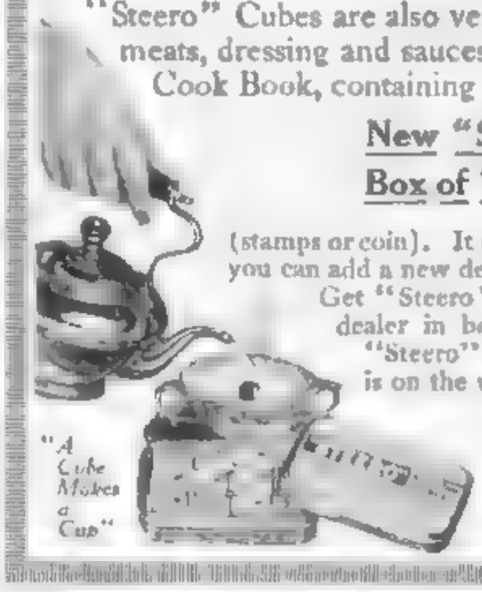

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all the ages and all the animals. The very opposite has been the habit or the inheritance of the females, and it can hardly fail to have its influence for some time to come. Females defend their young with frenzy, but not with science. Even those who believe in an equal distribution of wealth and of privilege can hardly expect to make a redivision of evolution.

But this interlude is already longer than was necessary to draw the curtain over the pitiful scene where a pitiless male taught a beautiful female that her power over him was a donation rather than a collectible tax. Fortunately Micky was not very well fed; he smoked too many cigarettes and was short of wind, and he was soon groggy from his own blows. Edmée had managed to shelter her face from his little knuckles and the grass where she fell was soft. In any case he did not inflict the damage the footpad would have inflicted.

Usually when Micky had brought an adversary to the ground he proceeded to kick in his ribs or jump on his face, but the ease of his victory made him merciful. Besides, a patrolman came along the street unheeded, took him by one ear, and held him at such a distance that his short arms beat only the air. The policeman gruffly ordered the weeping Edmée to get up and quit sniffling. He was astounded to realize from her first word that the boy was a girl. Here was an ugly looking case indeed. He must carry the two parties to it before the bar of justice.

"But what have I done," Edmée protested, "except to be attacked by this little scoundrel?"

"Scoundrel, is he?" said the officer. "Then what are you? What have you done, is it? Haven't you broken the lah of the land and made yourself a scandal and a disgrace?"

"What law have I broken?"

"The lah against wearin' men's clothes."

"Who told you?"

"Me eyes."

"Since when was there such a law?"

"Since Moses! If you had stayed at home and read the Good Book you'd have seen it, over somewhere ferninst the Tin Commandments. It says that nayther sex can wear the garments of ayther sex. Look it up when you get out of jail. And it's against the lah of Wickham, too, and high time somebody was enforcin' it with all the gerrils goin' round so you can't tell them from their brothers only be the way they're built."

And now Edmée was so terrified that he had to support her along the street with one arm about her; his other hand was twisted in the newsboy's collar. None of the books Edmée had read had even hinted at such an outcome to a holiday. All the blithe romance, the spice of adventure, had gone from the enterprise. Literature had run aground on the rocks of fact. She had taken fiction seriously and tried to work it out in the real world. But she could not control events or create characters as authors do. She had to take them as they came along. And the result was as ugly as reality is when seen through distorted eyes. It might have been still uglier if the newsboy had not preceded the footpad, and if the policeman had not unwittingly put him to flight. But it was a case of frying-pan or fire at best to Edmée.

VIII

OFFICER HALLORAN marched down the dark street with a prisoner on either side. He was glad that respectable people were in bed and he wished that he had had a pair of burglars or somebody really worth his while, instead of a pugnacious newsboy and a silly girl. He had been a pugnacious newsboy and he was the father of several silly girls.

Perhaps, therefore, it was not surprising that when the young McWhorter suddenly squirmed out of his coat and ran, Officer Halloran did not pursue, but tossed the shredded jacket on a fence. Next he constituted himself judge and jury and said in a voice of overdone harshness:

"Now, looky here, Miss What's-your-name, I've got gerrils about your age and they'd be as foolish as you are if I didn't hand them a clip on the jah when they do be needin' it. Now I'm not goin' for to take you to that jail. It's too far and I'm soon relieved, and I've another engagement the mornin'. I'm goin' to turn me back on ye for about wan minyoot, providin' ye promise to go home and put on your own clothes and behave yourself. Do ye so promise, so help ye?"

"I promise," she sobbed.

—"To My Valentine"

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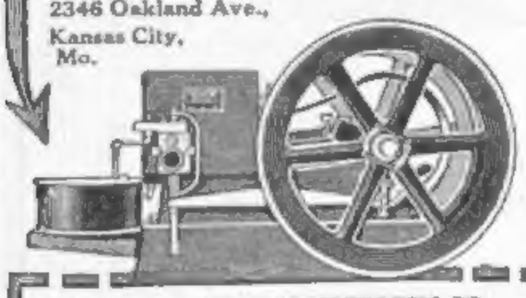

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Mr. Leeds

"Then be off wit' yerself and don't let me find you here when I turn round."

He waited a long while before he turned round, but she was still in sight, making sorry progress down a strange dark street, every muscle in her aching and her heart muscle aching most of all.

She must find her way back to her hotel somehow; and she must leave this hateful town at once. But she could not go home or to her aunts. Where could she go while her hair grew out again? She was afraid of the dark street with its ominous shadows and its endless ambushes. She was a lonely girl in terror, and that was all she was.

She leaned against a telephone pole and wished to die. She heard an automobile chugging in crescendo. Its headlights swept her, but she did not move. The car stopped short, the engine simmering like a kettle. From the gloom behind the headlights she heard a voice. It was that memorable voice and it thrilled her with its beauty, though all it said was:

"Well, young man!"

"Oh, it's you?" she cried. "I've been wanting to thank you. I—I oughtn't to have run away, but ——"

"It was the wisest thing you could have done, my boy. It's lucky I stumbled across you again." He did not mention the fact that he had scoured the town for her for hours afoot and awheel. He went on carelessly. "Where you bound for now? Do you live here in Wickham?"

"No, I live in Westbourne, but—I'm on my way to New York."

"I'm bound for New York too. I'm motoring through. What do you say, old man, to taking the trip in my car?"

"Oh, it would be just wonderful!"

She had not meant to display such enthusiasm, but the words had slipped out. Perhaps her adventure was not ended yet. He called her "old man." If she let him go she would lose him forever.

"Fine!" he said. "Hop in, my boy."

She hopped in and sat by his side, and they glided down the dark street on silent shoes. She smiled now at the ambushes and the dreary distance. He had robbed both of their dread.

"I've got to stop at the Transcontinental Hotel for my suitcase."

"The Transcontinental!" he gasped, the wheel wavering in his hand. "Do you stay there?"

"No, I left my suitcase there. I haven't stopped anywhere yet. I don't know Wickham."

"Oh!" he said, with what sounded like a sigh of relief.

They sped along as silent as the street for blocks and blocks before she ventured to say:

"Is it far to New York by motor?"

"Oh, not very," he said. "The night is so fine after the rain that I was going to spin over to Rathlin—that's about two hours from here and good roads—and put up at a hotel there—good hotel too. I've a couple of hours' business there tomorrow before lunch. Then we could start off about two. That ought to put us in New York late tomorrow night. Or if we're held up we can stop at a roadhouse and loaf in about noon the next day. How does the idea strike you, old man?"

She had been quivering with terror at the program, but that "old man" again was strangely reassuring. Once more she murmured: "It would be wonderful!"

"Fine for you, old sport. Here's your hotel. Hop out and hustle your suitcase down here and—or shan't I get it for you?"

She laughed as mannishly as she could at the suggestion:

"Why should you wait on me, old man?"

Then she hopped out, took her key from the sleepy, boozy clerk, who took her up in the elevator himself and waited while she brought out her suitcase.

He offered to carry it for her and she let him, as her father would have done. But she said in the lobby:

"You needn't bring it any farther."

She gave him a tip which he was too drowsy to acknowledge. She gave him her key and said:

"I paid in advance, you know."

"Yes, ma'am," he yawned.

But she did not hear this last. She was lugging a suitcase full of mixed togs and a heartful of mixed hopes and fears toward the man in the motor—whose name she had not yet learned.

It was fascinating, the way men get along together!

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Hansen's Gloves

Note reinforcement (on cuff) which prevents ripping or wearing out here.
Note seam on back of thumb away from the wear—leaving an unbroken surface of leather for strength and comfort.
Note thumb held in place by 4 rows of stitching and special integral strap over crotch where most gloves are weak.
Note thumb secured by several rows of stitching in crotch.
Note the little button stitches piled up at different points to add to the strength and durability of the glove. These are small cross "button stitches." They go deeply into the leather giving a lasting reinforcement.
Note absence of binding seams on fingers.

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This style for railroad men, farmers, lumbermen, etc. 500 other styles for firemen, iron-workers, etc.—for motoring and driving—all with necessary re-enforcements.

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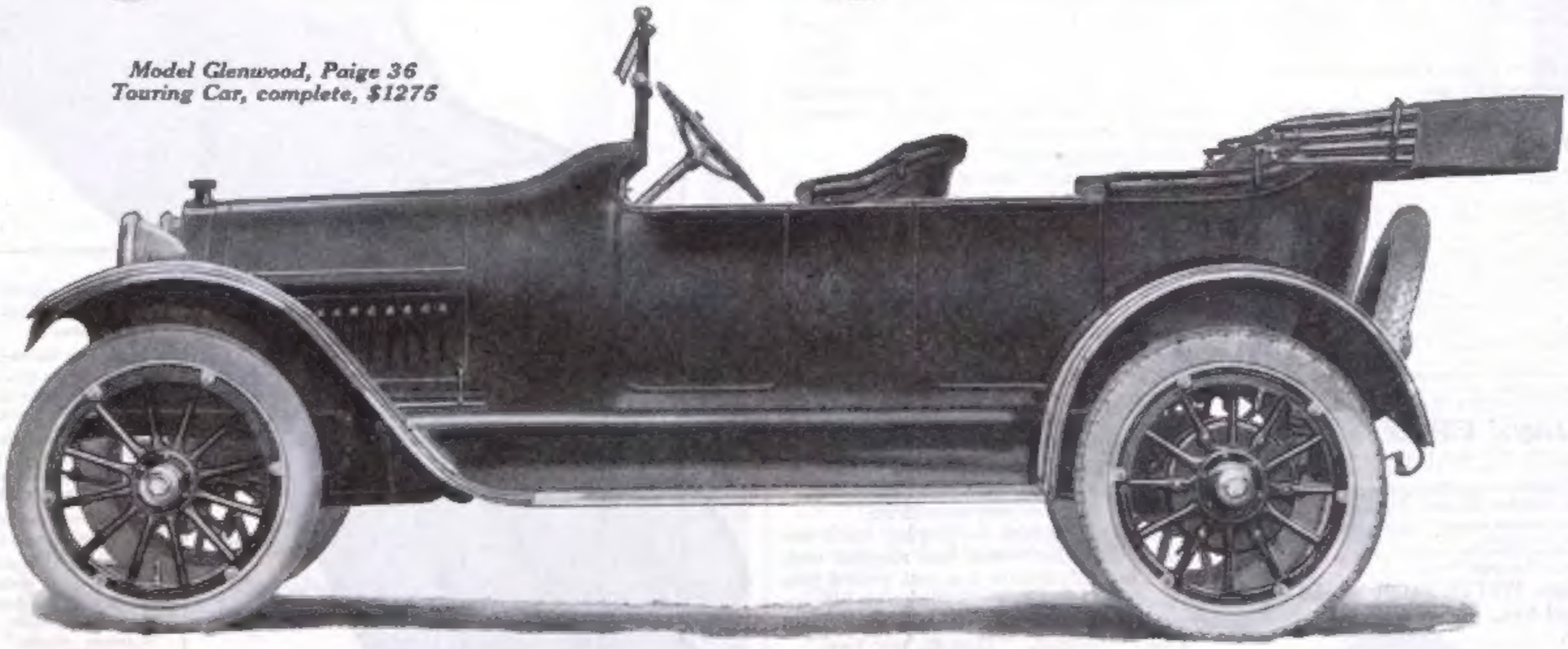

New, Pure Stream-Line Body Design

PAIGE 36

Gray & Davis Large Unit Starting and Lighting System

IT is just as we predicted. At the great New York and Chicago Automobile Shows the 1914 Paige has surpassed all former Paige triumphs. It has established Paige leadership yet more firmly.

All those men and women who really *compared values* at the Shows, *know* the Paige leads. *Comparison was proof.*

You who weren't at the Shows,—we want *you* to compare values, *too.* We want you to study *carefully* all the cars selling at prices as low as Paige prices, or even three or four hundred dollars more.

Don't slight your investigations. Don't stop at the *outside appearance* of the cars. Look into the *inside.* Find out *how they are made.*

If you aren't well posted on automobile values—we mean *inside values,* construction values—take someone who is an *expert* with you. Take the engineer or the car owner or driver who, of all your acquaintances, *knows most* about cars.

You will find that there are a great many automobiles *priced* like the Paige, or practically so, but none *built* like it.

If you are considering the Paige 36—that mechanically marvelous car for which at *no time* have we been able to supply the demand—you will quickly sense the value that lies in its long wheel base, 116 inches; its big, powerful 4 x 5 motor; its wide, deep-cushioned seats; and the beauty that radiates from its new, pure stream-line body design.

Then try to find, in any other car selling even near the $1275 price, these other extra-value features:

Gray & Davis *Large Unit* Electric Starting and Lighting System, the same *system identically* as used on many of the *high-priced* cars, with Bosch Magneto for ignition.
***Silent* chain drive for camshaft, pump and generator. Another high-priced practice.**
Multiple disc cork-insert clutch. The finest type of clutch.
Aluminum castings for strength and light weight.
Constant and *smokeless* lubrication.
Extra deep radiator and extra large water jackets.
Genuine rain-vision and ventilating windshield.
New five-bow top, preventing sag and wrinkle.
Gray & Davis headlights, with dimmers, doing away with sidelights.

These are only some of the features of the Paige 36 that you won't find in "competing" cars. And you are entitled to every one of these features when you pay $1275 or more for a car. You are entitled to up-to-date construction and up-to-date body design. You get them in the Paige.

This *Leadership Car* is left-side drive, center control, of course. Has deep body that permits sitting *in* the car instead of *on* it. Crowned fenders, invisible door hinges and hood latches. All general equipment, of course, such as extra demountable rims, tan-lined silk mohair top and top-boot, Jiffy curtains, Stewart revolving dial speedometer, non-skid tires in rear, electric horn, and a lot of little things like license brackets, tools, tire repair outfits, etc.

Five-passenger touring car $1275, 3-passenger roadster $1275, 2-passenger speedster $1275
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Last year we were unable to deliver cars to thousands who placed orders with our dealers. Our immense new factory greatly increased our production for 1914, but to insure reasonably prompt delivery, see your dealer or write us now.

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Coming or going, *here's tobacco that's got red-blood-man-punch!* Delicious to the limit in its flavor and fragrance, P. A. injects the spirit of peace and quiet and contentment right into your system.

You argue with yourself that here's honest injun stuff that you can smoke till your smoker is tired! Just isn't a bite or a parch in this Prince Albert tobacco. Because that's cut out by a patented process owned exclusively by the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

So, when you hear 'em howl and talk-a-few about the "near P. A.s" and the "same-things" and the like, just take a turn in the fresh air and realize that *no other* tobacco can be made like Prince Albert!

Why, that's the reason men fondly call P. A. "the national joy smoke!" *Can you beat it?*

It's your lead!

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'Frisco men and men from Boston—from up North and down South—all get their Prince Albert just like you do—as fresh and as fragrant and as bully bang-up! Anywhere any man travels—home or abroad—he can get Prince Albert. Toppy red bags, 5c, tidy red tins, 10c; also handsome pound and half-pound humidors.

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